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CALCUTTA  
PAPERCHASING RECORDS

BY

“ X ”

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CALCUTTA  
THACKER, SPINK AND CO

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1909







## PREFACE.

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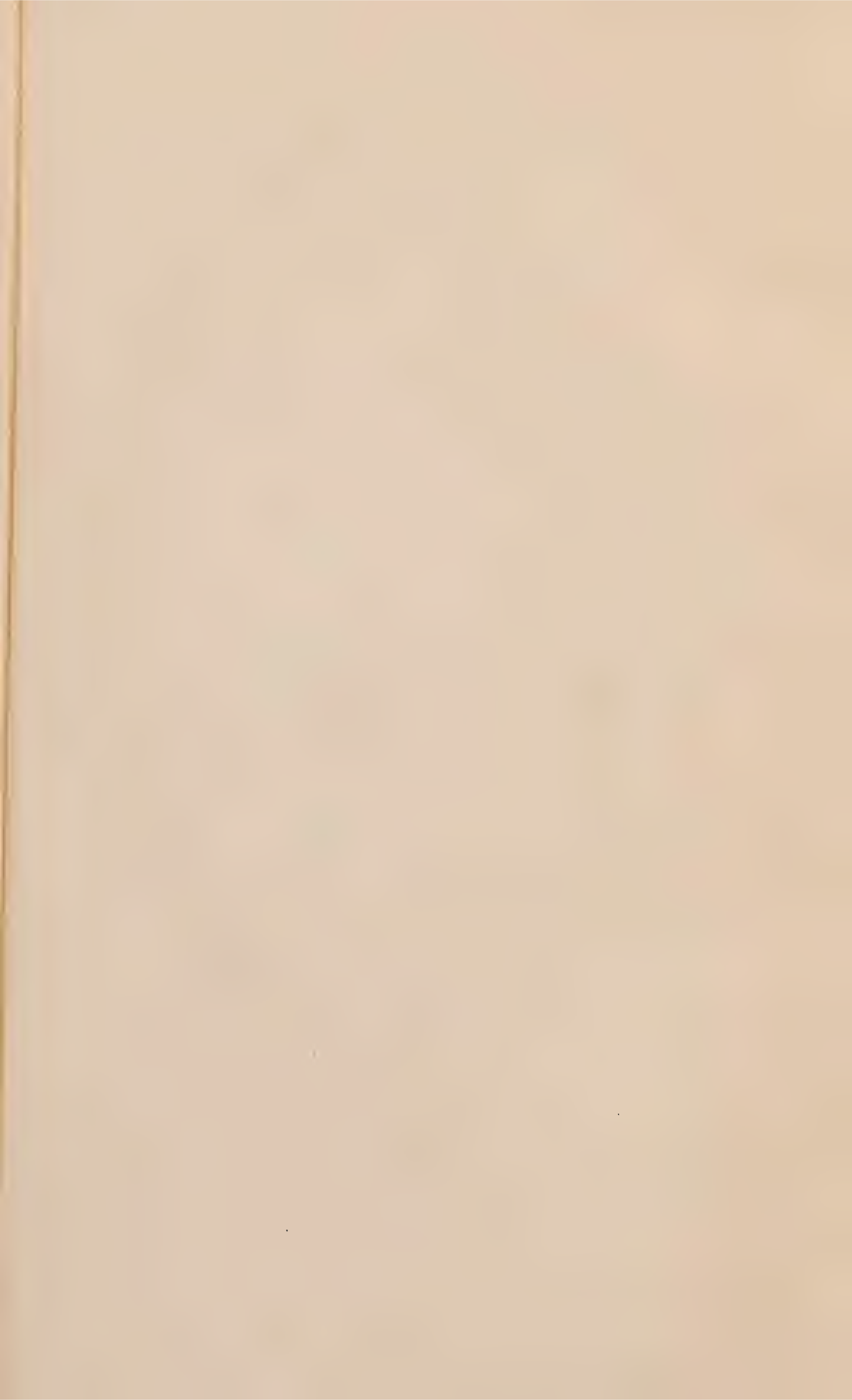
THE Editor desires to convey his acknowledgments to all those who have so kindly assisted him in the compilation of this, the Second Edition of the Calcutta Paper-chasing Records, the first book dealing with this subject having been published by "C. C. M." In the present volume "C. C. M.'s" book is republished and the records are brought up to the end of season 1907-08. Some attempt has also been made to give a short history of paperchasing and of its predecessor the old Calcutta Hunt, and, what may principally interest paperchasing people, a complete history of the Calcutta Paperchase Cup is contained in this volume. The Editor has been greatly assisted in obtaining these records by the kindness of the late Mr. Guy Temple of the *Asian*, and also by Mr. W. Newson, Manager of that Journal, also by Messrs. Dudley Myers, Thomas Watson, McLeod, Apostolides, West, Petersen, Bigge, etc., etc., by contributions, photographs, and last, but not least, advice!

The book goes forth with all its manifold imperfections thick upon it, claiming no literary merit, but hoping that its indulgent reader will be to its virtues ever kind, to its faults a little blind! The Editor cannot better close this short foreword, than by quoting another pilgrim, who toiled much both by night and by day:—

"The torch shall be extinguished which hath lit  
"My midnight lamp—and what is writ, is writ—  
"Would it were worthier!"

"X."







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# CALCUTTA PAPERCHASING RECORDS.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE OLD CALCUTTA HUNT.

TO attempt to accurately fix the date of the origin of paperchasing, as we know it in Calcutta to-day, is possibly a task beyond the capacity of man. The records of the past tell us that wherever youth and bravery have been in company, and the pursuit of some beast of venery has not been possible, a substitute of some sort or another has quickly been found. The fox, as we like to think, and parenthetically his brother the "Jack," stands top of the class in the category of things created to teach mankind how to ride and hounds how to hunt; and though history tells us that in the days when they knew no better, the stag was the Royal beast of the Chase, we may take it, that as soon as the fox was discovered, the stag receded in popularity, till to-day, as anyone may see from an inspection of the Hound List, the packs that pursue him are few indeed in comparison to those devoted to the hunting of the "Thief of the World."

The sporting people who lived in Calcutta in the early part of last century and from whose organisation the old Calcutta Hunt, the present Calcutta Paperchase Club, is lineally descended, were quite of this way of thinking, and it was in those days that we boasted a pack of hounds which was sent out every year and sold at the end of the season. The exact date when the Calcutta Hunt first came



into corporate existence, or who its founder was cannot be accurately determined, but this much is certain that they had a pack of hounds here many years before either Madras or Bombay aspired to this dignity and distinction. From the oldest available printed records it appears that before 1822 there was a pack of thorough-bred fox-hounds in Calcutta, and it was not until some years after this that Bombay followed Calcutta's lead and imported a pack every year, selling them off at the end of the season. In this connection, however, it may be mentioned that there is a record extant of a "Bobbery Pack" having been in existence in Bombay as long ago as 1811, and the following letter which appeared in *The Asian* in November 1906 gives some details of this fore-runner of the present flourishing Bombay Hunt.

To

THE EDITOR,

*The Asian.*

SIR,

I shall be glad to know whether there are any really old records of the period when hunting with a pack of hounds first became common in India. There is, I may mention, an authentic record of a bobbery pack having been in active existence in Bombay in 1811 and cared for by some "Sons of Belial" as a contemporary diarist terms them. The diary I allude to is that of Henry Martyn, the translator of the New Testament into Hindustani and Persian. As some of your readers may never have heard the derivation of the word "bobbery" as given in a foot-note which refers to the late Col. Sir Henry Yule's *Hobson Jobson or Anglo-Indian Glossary*, I add it here as it is given :—

"Bap-re"—'Oh Father'—the exclamation of Hindus when in surprise or grief, hence a noise, a row: hence a Bobbery Pack or Hunt is the Anglo-Indian for a pack of hounds of different breeds or no breed, wherewith young officers hunt jackals (*sic*) and the likes."

The young men of 1811 enjoyed sky races too, but they raised Henry Martyn's ire by contemplating "a great race on Sunday," and he had influence enough as one of the Company's Chaplains to get the meeting put off by the aid of his secular arm. "The Members of the Bap-re Hunt," he adds, "were exceedingly exasperated; some came to church expecting to hear a sermon on



hunting, but I merely preached to them on the one thing needful. Finding they had nothing to lay hold of, they had the race on Monday and ran *Hypocrite* against *Martha* and *Mary*."

Good old precursors of the Bombay Hunt !

Sd.—Thistle-Whipper.

The Calcutta Hunt of which, as we say, the Calcutta Paperchase Club of to-day is the lineal descendant, is of greater antiquity than the Bombay or Madras Hunts, and it continued a more or less prosperous existence till about the beginning of the seventies, when they began to think that it gave them very poor fun and it became necessary to go very far afield for their meets. In the old *Oriental Sporting Magazine* for July 1829, the following passage occurs relative to the country and pack of hounds in Bombay : " In Calcutta there seems to be no want of thorough-bred foxhounds, and it would be a hard case if there was, considering the immense prices given and the attention shown to the sporting men in whose ships they are brought out." The same historian regretfully continued :—

" From the want of a hunt similar to the Calcutta in the Island of Bombay one can never expect to see a pack of thorough-bred hounds on this side of India, at least for a continuance. Bombay itself is unfit for hunting—let alone the want of spirit for the thing—but what a splendid country is Salsette—scarce ten miles distance."

This historian turned out to be a great prophet, for Salsette is to the Bombay Hunt what the Ashby Pastures are to another celebrated institution in Leicestershire. However, we may take it from this that the Calcutta Hunt was in even those early days a very flourishing concern. The Bombay Hounds did not come into existence till 1830, or a little later, if one is to accept the authority of the Bombay scribe of the *Oriental Sporting Magazine*,



who, in the August number of that year, describes their inauguration. Hunting was naturally a somewhat more expensive game than paperchasing, and the subscribers perhaps did not have one-half as much fun for their money as we now do for our modest Rs. 20 per annum, which is the maximum cost of Membership of the Calcutta Paperchase Club. They used to hunt over the very country with which we are all to-day so very familiar, and writing in the *Bengal Sporting Magazine* in 1833, a sporting correspondent said in recounting his memories of the joyous days that had gone and of the gallops he had had with the Calcutta Hounds:—

“It was on the 6th of January 1826 A. D. that our fixture was Gurreah Haut (beyond the sixth milestone: Ed.); instead of crossing the bridge, as usual, we turned short into the covers on the left (Jungle we gallop through nowadays every time the fixture is at this place. Ed.) where we soon found, and away went one of the best jackals that ever was whelped, with old ‘Modesty’ close at his brush, pointing for Russapuglah (The point was evidently in the direction of the present location of the Tollygunge Club. Ed.). I got a good and a fair start at the time, but being on a new purchase who was a slow one, the pace beat me, though, thank God, by the time we reached Rypore Garden, I had plenty of companions in misfortune; ‘bellows to mend’ being the order of the day. Our huntsman on ‘Twilight,’ our Mainstay W. N., Esq., on his dear old Grey Mare, P. M., Esq., on the Miller and the Honourable J. E. were the fortunate few who really saw the run and lived up to the hounds; they were never off their line for a minute nor turned a yard to right or left till they ran their jackal to ground under the Prince’s House at Russapuglah, point blank five miles from where they found him. It was a smart thing—short—sharp, and I would almost add decisive, at all events the hounds accounted for him and well deserved to have tasted him. It was the ultra pace every mile of the way, and the fields were left in all directions. Many a clipping run might I narrate from my memoranda during those prosperous times, but I fear they would to our general readers prove uninteresting; suffice it that during that period everyone united in saying that the internal economy, as well as the field management of the pack, had flourished in a manner till then unknown in India.”

“Tarquin,” the historian, who penned this account of those early doings of the Calcutta Hunt, little thought



perhaps that eighty-two years afterwards a less worthy recorder of the doings of the Calcutta Hunt would gratefully garner his notes into a somewhat halting record of hunting in Calcutta. It is not difficult to follow the exact line that this stout "Jack" took, and thanks to the excellent map of the country, for which we are beholden to Dr. W. C. Hossack, it is possible to almost "ride" the run over again yard for yard. The Prince's House is, of course, the big house with the two clock towers just before the Tollygunge Bazar is entered, this side of the Tollygunge Club. The country they traversed was not very different possibly to that over which we frequently ride a chase at Christmas time, excepting that our "paper foxes" are, as a rule, marked to ground at the refreshment Kiosk in the Tollygunge Steeplechase Course enclosure! There were of course many other hunts flourishing in India at the time of the above record (1826), but the Editor thinks that it may be safely claimed that the Calcutta Hunt was the oldest of them all, and that it was "galloping" when many other establishments were, so to speak, in leading strings. There are, many other records of their doings in those old sporting magazines, but considerations of space must have a say in the matter, and with such a mass of material to be crammed in between the two covers of this volume, the Editor is reluctantly compelled to content himself with reproducing the above, one of the earliest, if not the earliest, record of the doings of this famous hunt. They apparently commenced operations about December, as we do now, and the country over which they hunted was a very widely extended one, taking in, as it did, all that part of the world over which we paperchase to-day, as well as Barrackpore (they frequently met at Coxe's Bungalow on the Barrackpore Road), Dum Dum, Budge Budge and even farther afield up in, the direction of Gourepore. There is a record of a run on the 4th February 1834 when



meeting near the Dum Dum Church at "Lieutenant K.'s bungalow" they ran for an hour and five minutes and their jack ran them out of scent somewhere near Cossipore, after having run a wide ring to the west almost up to Coxe's Bungalow. Perhaps, however, one could not do better in order to give our indulgent readers a pen picture of what the Calcutta Hunt was like at the end of Season 1833-34 than quote the following capital lines written by "Nim East" and published in the *Bengal Sporting Magazine* for that year :—

#### THE CALCUTTA HUNT.

"Thus runs this world away,"—Shakespeare.

Goodnight to the season !—'tis over—

Gay faces no longer are gay,

No more shall we meet at the cover

And pant for "hark forward, away !"

Now moping is many a hunter !

And napping is many a syce,

And thriving are Hooper and Gunter,

And Warman, retailers of ice.

Now sportsmen are lounging at Thacker's

Bewailing their wonted pursuits,

And their faces are well nigh as black as

Will soon be the tops of their boots.

Red coats are exchanged for white jackets,

(A blessing exchanged for a curse)

And whips are resigned now for rackets,

Or pens, or perchance something worse.

Deserted and lone is the kennel,

The hounds are "away to the hills,"

To a place,—but you'll find it in Rennel,

Or mayhap it is mentioned in Mill's.

Goodnight to the season,—the tumbles,

The jollity, humour and fun,

The laugh at our neighbours, the grumbles

Whenever we had'nt a run.



When we had won the honor and glory,  
 The cigar in the mouth going home,—  
 The sandwich, the big stack of straw we  
 Demolished outright at Dum-Dum—  
 The brandy and water, the bilkings  
 Attending our cover side meals,  
 The tank, into which our friend W—ns,  
 One morning, rolled head over heels.  
 The many and many a header  
 And roll which wide places entail,  
 And make many a red face look redder  
 And many a pale one more pale.

---

(Oh ! that verse making I were a dab at !)  
 There's,—Cruel, that capital bitch !  
 And the way, that our huntsman on Abbot  
 Rode over the Gourypore ditch ;  
 And how, on the best day this season  
 We rode a friend's horse called the Priest,  
 How that he too, without rhyme or reason,  
 Was ordained to be lamed by Nim East.  
 How the Clipper's leg came to be broken,  
 And how at his fate we were moved ;  
 How his master, by way of a token,  
 Kept a hoof of the steed he so loved.

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There's Lavender living in Clover,  
 There's the Colonel too touched to the core (corps),  
 Both lament that the season is over,  
 That hunting for them is no more.  
 Still we've plenty to talk of—the minute  
 And other discussions of late,  
 Schieroni, with notes like a linnet,  
 The bank, whose notes discord create ;  
 And steam, and now that the Coorg Rajah's  
 About from his throne to be hurled,  
 Th' Italian Society's adagios—  
 The feuds in the medical world ;—



The Company from the Mauritius,  
 The Forty thieves all of a row  
 The prancings of horsemen ambitious,  
 The capers of Madame Nouveau ;  
 And Agra, etcetera, the charter  
 ' Bout which all the world daily chat,  
 And while one says, " what can they be arter ? "  
 Another asks, " what are they at ? "  
 But really I cannot discover  
 How all this can interest you,  
 Goodnight to the season !—'tis over—  
 Goodnight ! Mr. Editor too.

NIM EAST.

The old hunt, as already noted, came to an end when paperchasing began, but in more recent times various private packs have at one time and another enjoyed an evanescent popularity. In 1885-86, for instance, Lord Herbrand Russell (as he then was), the present Duke of Bedford, who was then in the Guards, and on the late Lord Dufferin's staff, had a pack which used to hunt anywhere and everywhere excepting in Calcutta, and, if memory serves the Editor right, was whipped into by the late Lord Ava, who was then Lord Clandeboye. Mr. A. Milton has always been keen on hunting and has on and off had a pack of hounds of one sort or another, generally half fox-hounds and the rest *οι πολλοί*. But it remained for that sporting young nobleman, the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, to make the only determined effort to resuscitate the old days, and whilst on Lord Curzon's staff he hunted Calcutta for two seasons 1899 to 1902, with a pack which he had sent out from home to him, and he showed fair sport, but came to the ultimate conclusion that the country and the climate were all against hounds, and finally gave it up. Whilst they lasted, however, the S. & B. Hounds were a decided acquisition, and no more popular Master ever carried the horn than his Lordship.



Lord Suffolk, by the way, at the present moment is, one hears, hunting his own pack of harriers from Charlton, as his forbears used to do before him, and he has also been named as the next Master of the V. W. H., when Lord Bathurst retires.

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## CHAPTER II.

### THE ORIGIN OF PAPERCHASING.

WHEN the country round Calcutta was found to be by no means of the best for the pursuit of the "Jack," the hounds were given up and people turned about to find a substitute. Thus was it that paperchasing began. It is, however, as we have said, certain that where hunting has not been found possible, from one reason or another, some substitute has been usually adopted. Man is an animal, whose instinct is to chase something—the fox, the stag, the hare—or even sometimes a little dear!! Do we not all remember that pious Æneas and his followers, after a most troublesome voyage up the Mediterranean, when they landed on the northern coast of Africa, seasick as they were, first turned their thoughts to hunting? We have heard of what sort of horse it was that Puer Ascanius, the light-weight of the party, bestrode, and we are led to believe that even old Pater Anchises, who had not had a ride since his son carried him out of Troy pick-a-back, attended the meet on wheels (of sorts) possibly, a hand-propelled chariot, the Bathchair of that far-off period! Adonis again, who was killed out pigsticking, could not be persuaded by even the most beautiful of all the goddesses to stay and dally in the shade, when there was a chance of a *chasse* offering! Hippolytus, also killed when driving back from hunting, his chariot horses taking fright at a mad bull sent to worry him by Poseidon—the old reprobate—was deaf



and blind to the blandishments and attractions of Phædra, when he had a chance of going out and putting in a day's sport with Artemis! Even Adam, we believe, if he had not had such a troublesome wife, would have taken on hunting in the Garden of Eden, and one has always been inclined to think that, with all the horses in the world at his disposal, he must have been rather a muff not to have had a really top-hole stud! What would not some of us give for this misguided man's chances! Let us, however, try to think gently of Adam and forgive him, because he elected to confine himself to digging "tormots" and "taters" in preference to owning a stud and a pack of hounds, such as would have put Lord Lonsdale and the Quorn in their smartest days to the blush! He had a hatful of worries in the house, what with that pestilent Serpent, and Eve's nasty jealousies of a lady named Lilith. Adam, however, was possibly the one instance of a man who had a chance of as many horses as he could possibly want and did not avail himself of it! We have merely dipped into the past in this way to emphasise our point that wherever there has been a man and a horse, unless Giant Circumstance is one too many for him, he will devise sport of some kind or another to fill in his spare time and give dull care the go-by. Paperchasing, one is credibly informed, did not originate in this sporting city, for there is the excellent authority of the distinguished sportsman, to whom this volume has been respectfully dedicated, that it flourished exceedingly beyond the border in Scotland fifty or sixty years ago. This is earlier than 1868, the year in which it was first inaugurated in Calcutta. It is related that an old uncle of H. E. Lord Minto's was once carrying the paper in a paperchase organised in, we presume, the neighbourhood of the country hunted by the Duke of Buccleuch's hounds, when one of his constituents tried to stop him and talk politics.



To say the least of it the occasion was ill-chosen and the “hare” put his friend off by shouting that he ~~was~~ a “hare” and had no time to stop and talk about elections. The well-meaning tortoises who interrupt us when we are busy, doubtless have their uses, but when one is “on an engagement” to ride they are apt to be voted a nuisance. In the Crimea, also, it is said that “paperchasing” was popular, as unlike their more fortunate brethren in arms who served with Wellington in the Peninsula, they could not arrange to have hounds. In France, also, it is claimed that this form of sport has long been in vogue, and the French sporting press now and again contains accounts of things very similar to the Calcutta paperchase of to-day as being held by various sporting Cavalry corps. The Editor has been assured that such a thing has been known even in the Bois de Boulogne and at Fontainebleau, where it is said the country is excellent for this class of adventure, artificial fences being erected to supplement anything that may be offering in the way of natural obstacles. In Spain also they have to-day a form of paperchase, or at any rate a pursuit of some one who acts as a “hare” and carries a rosette on his shoulder, which has to be torn off by the “hounds” ere a “kill” is registered: and in Malta, as Mr. Dudley Myers, the President at many paperchase dinners, has told us, the garrison go in for it. There was recently a picture in one of the illustrated journals of Lord Charles Beresford, who was as plucky, if not as finished, a horseman as his brethren, Lord Marcus, and the ever-to-be-lamented Lord William, laying the paper in a paperchase organised by the officers of the Mediterranean Squadron, whilst it was at anchor in the beautiful harbour of Valetta. Perhaps Byron, who was a sportsman to the back-bone, meant something like this when he referred to “the joys of La Valette.” The Editor does not know: this is merely a surmise!





H. E. the Earl of Minto, P.C., G.C.M.G., on his Grey Arab New Minister.







Therefore, although Calcutta may pride herself upon possessing possibly the oldest organised Paperchase Club in the British Dominions, and to have had a larger succession of years of this form of sport than many other places, she cannot claim to have been the nest, in which was hatched this admirable substitute for that sport of Kings which Jorrocks has told us is the "h'image of war with only five and twenty per cent. of the danger." In his excellent preface to the previous records of the Calcutta Paperchases written by "C. C. M.," initials which do not conceal the identity of Mr. C. C. McLeod ("The Tougall"), and the results of whose laborious researches are republished in the present volume, he makes the following statement as to the actual date when the first Calcutta paperchase was organised.

Mr. McLeod wrote in November 1899 :—

As far as I can make out, the first attempt at paperchasing was made some time in 1870, the leaders in the institution being Crooke, Brancker, Alexander, Landale, Sam Carlisle, George Fox, etc., followed a couple of years later by Job Trotter, Fred Carlisle, Charlie Moore and others, and though in those days the fields were smaller and a gallery non-existent, the fun was as keen as now to those who did ride regularly in them. It should, however, be mentioned that at this time a pack of Fox-hounds was annually imported and sold after the hunting season to Regiments up-country. This coupled with such paperchasing, as there was, provided for those wants of riding men, which later were met by the greater development of paperchasing when, for various causes, hunting had to be abandoned. This greater development set in about 1876, and there were then two seasons, the first in the cold weather and the second in the early part of the rains. The commencement of the monsoon paperchases heralded the inauguration that year of the Monsoon Sky Races, and the combination gave a noticeable impetus to the sense of sport in our community, which brought about a large addition to the ranks of local sportsmen, and the acquiring of many a horse of the paperchase stamp by men who had before been content to tramp about on foot. In this year also the paperchases were for the first time reported in the press, which crowned them with a halo of prestige before wanting. The articles which appeared in the *Statesman* under the heading of "Midsummer Madness," signed "F. Golightly," appear to have originated the model which future writers followed, and included accounts of all the local amusements afloat. Since then the paperchases have been kept regularly going in the cold weather.



Although the new Railway and civilization generally have driven us quite out of Ballygunge, an extensive and most suitable part of the country round Jodpur is still available, and will be for many years, I hope. The popularity of this sport is so well known that it is unnecessary for me to say anything about it. Let the unbeliever find his way out to Jodpur on any paperchase morning and he will be more than surprised to see the large number of people who find their way to see a paperchase at such an early hour, while the Cup day seems to be the signal for a regular exodus of every person in Calcutta, who can raise a crock or pay twelve annas for a "ticca." Amongst them may be seen the winner of the first paperchase Cup together with two or three well-known sportsmen who took part in the first chase in 1870. The addition of an Average Cup last, and this year, has no doubt added very considerably to the interest taken in the weekly meets, while a cup for the heavy weights has also been presented by a sportsman who has won the Cup on more than one occasion, and whose record of spills and broken bones, not to speak of horses killed in paperchasing, will be difficult to beat."

Thanks to various good sportsmen who have kindly furnished the Editor of this book with their experiences, this account of what happened can be amplified and the date corrected. Mr. Edward E. Bigge, who left India about nineteen years ago, and Mr. Thomas Watson who is still in Calcutta to-day and therefore a most valuable witness, and Mr. G. W. F. Buckland, until quite recently in India, have given their testimony which proves that Mr. McLeod makes the date about two or three years later than the actual one, about 1867 or 1868. Mr. Bigge wrote to a well-known sportsman in Calcutta, when he heard that it was intended to compile a history of paperchasing, the two following letters :—

## I.

WATTON HOUSE, HERTFORD,

*April 7th.*

It is years since we met, but I have just been reading the *Overland Englishman* and see you were presiding at a Paperchase dinner and talking about the early history of Calcutta Paperchases. Strange to say, I can tell you the history of the first. It was got up either in December 1868 or possibly 1869 by Brancker of Ewing & Co., Butler of Gillanders, Beebee of the Educational Department, and a few friends joined; the meet was at the Racket Court, and they went along



out into the Tollygunge country. Butler, Brancker and I lived in a flat in Mrs. Ewing's boarding house, next I think to Jardine, Skinner's house in Chowringhee, and we spent the night previous in tearing up paper for scent. I was not present at the Chase, for I had no horse, save a Buggy horse. That was I believe the first Paperchase.

## II.

June 1st, 1905.

I was very glad to get your letter of 26th April and to know that my recollections of the early Paperchases were of some use. As regards your question as to the original home of the Paperchase, I am afraid I don't know anything about it in Spain or France, but I do remember of its existence in China. I was to have gone to China in 1866, and I know that I used to hear of Chases on Ponies, after a paper trail, as one of the forms of amusement to which I might look forward, but I never went out, as the financial crash of 1866 brought my would-be employers to grief, so my evidence is only hearsay. I fancy it was at Shanghai.

How it originated in Calcutta, is beyond me. Brancker of Ewing & Co., and Beebee of the Educational Department were certainly the moving spirits. Beebee lived in those days with Sutcliffe and Croft (of the Educational Department) and Roberts (E. T. Roberts). But I don't think they were any of them Paperchasers. [Our friend is of course wrong as regards Mr. Roberts as he was the winner of the first Paperchase Cup in 1874-75 on Red Deer.--Ed.] I think I remember a Chase once at Dum Dum, in which Tommy Watson and Geo. Fox had a part.

Mr. Thomas Watson was good enough to send to the Editor the following reminiscences :—

"With reference to your letter that appeared in to-day's '*Englishman*,' I enclose a cutting from the old *Oriental Sporting Magazine* that may be of interest to you. Before Paperchases were regularly started in Calcutta, fox-hounds were brought out every season from home, but they were found so unsatisfactory owing to the closeness of the country and the scent remaining such a short time after the sun got up, and so many jackals getting afoot at the same time that they were abandoned. Then towards the close of the season, a sort of hunt Steeplechase would be got up at Ballygunge, Barrackpore or elsewhere, and the enclosed cutting is an account of one of them. I may add that the Paperchases were originally started at Rowland House, Ballygunge, in the late sixties, where a sporting chummery lived consisting of—George Fox of Geo. Henderson & Co., Richard Brancker of Ewing & Co., Colin Smith of Graham & Co., Thomas Watson of Borradaile Schiller & Co. They first had a bobbery pack and then got up a subscription pack of fox-hounds which were

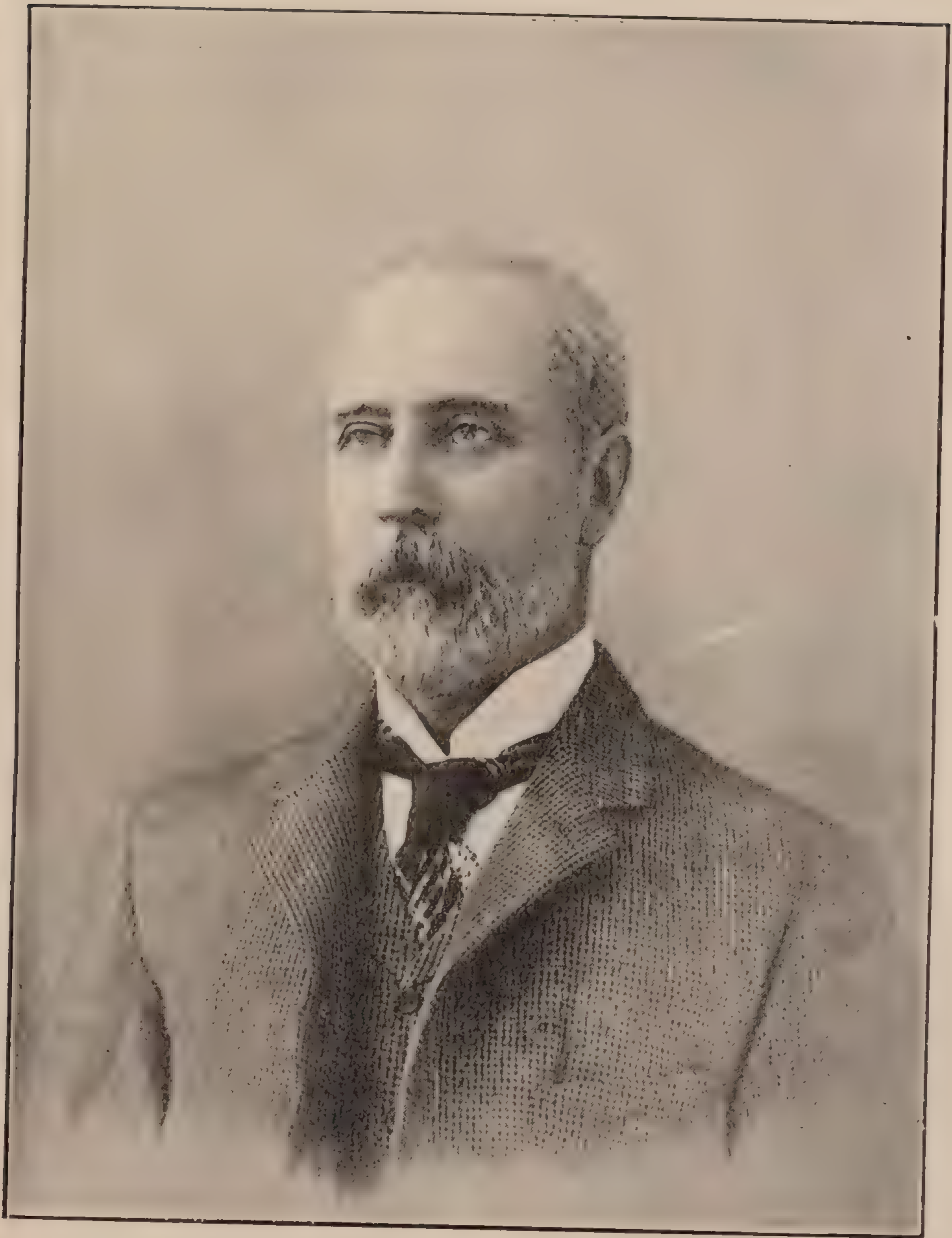


housed over the stables at Rowland House. Brancker was the Huntsman. Then finding no sport was to be got out of them, they started the Paperchases and Steeplechases. I well remember Brancker coming in quite excited one morning saying that he had discovered a natural Steeplechase Course at Tollygange, which is the present one used by the Turf Club, and that there was a mound of earth, that would do for spectators. This has since been converted into the Grand Stand. Lord Mayo, who was assassinated at Port Blair, used frequently to attend the Meets of the Fox-hounds, but had reluctantly to give them up, as he said it was more like chasing an old woman's cat round a village, than fox-hunting.

The following is the extract which Mr. Watson sends us from the *Oriental Sporting Magazine Racing Calendar*. It is headed "Barrackpore Steeplechase, June 21st, 1870" :—

"As there is nothing of any particular importance now impending in the way of sport, it may, perhaps, interest some of your readers to hear what was the result of a "Steeplechase" at Barrackpore in the "rains." Unfortunately two dry sunny days that had quite led us to hope for a light going course and a "close thing" ended on Sunday night with torrents of rain, that made the ground very holding—like a good wheatfield after a thaw. Monday morning broke cold and cloudy with a light drizzling rain, just similar to a first meet at home in November. Greatcoats and wrappers were in great request, and more than one short pipe and brandy flask were to be seen handed about. In spite of the "cheerless weather" to the astonishment of all, there appeared to be no end to the arrival of equestrians, and about half-past six, when the weather cleared, and men emerged from their respective shelters, there might have been numbered, as near as possible, 200 spectators, more or less well mounted, and bent on seeing the game played out. There was some delay in waiting for two good horses that had either gone to the wrong end of the course, or were otherwise absent, and meanwhile most of the spectators rode on to select their pet jumps and difficulties, but by half-past six 10 out of the 12 horses engaged were at the post, and got away to a good start. They arrived pretty abreast at the first post and rails, most uncompromisingly stiff, and considering the heavy nature of the ground very unpleasant for the little ones; a little grey smashed the top rail with a fall, and let through two doubtful ones, and the rest cleared it, with the exception of "Ivanhoe" who refused, but taken at it a second time cleared it cleverly, and put on steam after the field. "Faugh-a-Ballah" drew away and appeared to have it quite his own way for the next few fields, when he was joined by "Ivanhoe" and "Have-a-Care," the rest following pretty close. Then came banks and ditches—in and out post and rails—and a nasty drop into a lane, so far pretty well managed by the entire field, without any perceptible difference in





Mr. Thomas Watson.







their places, as the jumps were so close together and the turns so sharp, that any extension of the horses was impossible, and it was not over-easy to find the line. Up to the lane the running was much as above described, and the distance covered about three-quarters of a mile. Then some open country gave a chance of putting on steam, and the big walers walked away from the little country-breds just as they liked, and the race appeared a hollow thing for "Faugh-a-Ballah," but "Ivanhoe," judiciously ridden, had recovered his first loss in the slow in and out fencing, and was in the wake of the leading horse, closely followed by that exceptionally clever little country-bred "Have-a-Care." In coming out of the last stiff enclosure, poor "Faugh-a-Ballah" made a mistake over a bit of loose timber, and unseated his rider, and the hopes of Barrackpore with him, and gave the "pas" to "Ivanhoe" and "Have-a-Care" in which order they were landed, with "Faugh-a-Ballah" and "Rob Roy" well up, and the ruck headed by the grey mare "Polly" who had managed to get along in spite of previous disasters. The race was entirely in the hands of the walers after the first mile, and an unusually good stamp of walers they were.

But all praise is due to the wonderfully game little horse "Have-a-Care" and the way she was handled, though had the last two post and rails been as strong as the first, it is more probable that both the country-bred and "Rob Roy" would have had the wind knocked out of them. Barrackpore has failed to win its laurels on its own ground, better luck in the race meeting next October; but it is an undoubted satisfaction to see good horses well ridden, and let nobody despise the active well-bred country-bred. On such a course the betting was in their favour before the rain. All seemed delighted and well pleased, and the presence of the fair sex in goodly numbers, both on foot and horseback, kept everything in perfect propriety, and a shower of thanks are due to our energetic Secretary who improvised and carried out all the arrangements.

#### *Riders.*

Mr. Alexander's	... b.	w.	g. Ivanhoe	... Mr. D. Landale	... 1
Mr. Thomas Watson's	... b.	cb.	m. Have-a-Care	... Owner	... 2
Mr. Newcomb's	... b.	w.	g. Faugh-a-Ballah	... Mr. Kinnear	... 3
Mr. Charnock's	... b.	w.	g. Rob Roy	... Mr. Law	... 4
Mr. William's	... g.	cb.	m. Polyanthus.		
Mr. A. L.'s	... b.	w.	g. Butcher.		
Col. Fisher's	... b.	cb.	h. V. C.		
Mr. Ratcliffe's	... b.	w.	g. Philosopher.		
Mr. Weston's	... b.	w.	g. The Moor.		
Mr. Mitchell's	... b.	w.	g. The Codey,		
			scratched.		
Mr. I. Landale's	... b.	w.	m. Julia.		
Mr. Posner's	... ————		Happy Boy.		



This Extract from the *Oriental Sporting Magazine* would possibly be more fittingly included in the subsequent chapter upon the Hunter's Steeplechase and its history, but no apology is made for its insertion here as it was a direct outcome of the organisation which is to-day represented by the Calcutta Paperchase Club. There is one more very interesting letter which may with advantage be quoted in this preliminary canter over the initial fence of a very heavy undertaking, and which was sent to me by a gentleman who rode in the Paperchase Cup of the year before last and who in the old days was well known amongst the sporting blades of those times under the *soubriquet* of "The Bummer" (Mr. C. D. Petersen). It gives us a little side-light upon early days and brings back to some of us the face of many a missing friend, some, alas, who have jumped the big "boundary fence" into the Unknown Country, and some again whose actual connection with the East has long since been severed. Mr. Petersen's letter is as follows:—

10th March, 1906.

I am writing this on the spur of the moment after my return from the Paperchase dinner. I rode in my first Paperchase in 1878. It was started from the big trees on the Ballygunge Maidan and went straight through the Bodyguard lines and across the Ballygunge Circular Road through what is now Milton Park and finished somewhere near the Red Road, the paper taking a big circuit to the left before the finish. Of course there was no railway in those days. The paper was laid by Mr. Crooke of Crooke Rome & Co. (since amalgamated with Kettlewell Bullen & Co.) and I rather think Latham Hamilton was the other hare. Will Dickson, the facetious correspondent of the "*Statesman*," officiated as Starter on a grey waler and going from point to point in order to take notes, and I remember an indignant letter appearing in the issue of the paper following that in which the account of the Paperchase appeared, protesting against the practice of a man, who did not go over the jumps himself, being allowed to criticise the riding of the man who had to. Poor Will Dickson was as fine a rider as I have ever seen on the flat, or across country and was a great horseman and a good vet, though his legitimate business was to preside over the cash of the Bank of Bengal. He eventually died as Dr. Dickson, Professor of Veterinary Science in the United States of America,



having made a great reputation over there as a writer on the shoeing of horses, and he was eventually made Chief Veterinary Surgeon to the Government. Amongst the fellows who followed the paper in those days were Alexander, of Geo. Henderson & Co., alas long since joined the majority, Geo. Fox of the same firm, who caught a chill hunting at home and died of pneumonia, James Henderson, Millett, Cheetham *alias* "Jack Spraggon," Keith Douglas, Fred. Carlisle. The Andersons of the Park, Slater of the Bank of Bengal on a wonderful jumping cob, by name "Merrylegs," Charlie Muir of the Bodyguard, Geo. and Willie Thomas, Charlie Moore on Duchess, Edwards also of Gillanders Arbuthnot & Co. His *nom de course* used to be "Mr. Gateacre"—poor old Jim Thomas, who we thought had made himself immortal by the excellent manner in which he conducted the Sky Races, poor "Jock McInnes" (Mr. "Goit Jack"), "Dynamite" Thomson, "Harkaway" Simpson, who was killed being thrown from his dogcart on the Red Road, Mr. Peel, who was lame, and Henry Agnew who had only a leg and a half. There was good old Frank Barnes, also a cripple, but who used to ride as hard as any of them. He was a brother of Sir Hugh Barnes, who was Private Secretary to Sir Rivers Thompson at Belvedere. He is probably still hunting the wily paper on "Reindeer" in the happy hunting grounds he joined long since. Where is Captain Egan who used to show us the way on "Gang Warily," Captain Webb, who many a time steered Mr. Geo. Walker's "Squire" to Victory. Major Cook "The Meejor," as we used to call him, as fine a horseman as you could wish to meet, and who used to handle the ribbons to perfection, always a four-in-hand to any Meet, be it at Tollygunge, Dum-Dum or Barrackpore. Noel Watkins who used to go very strong on "Norma" is with us still, so is Mr. Collin who used to pilot that useful weight-carrier and pigsticker "Black Prince." Poor Bill Beresford has gone, so has Jim Petrie. Do you remember the sporting match between these two owners? Premier Lord William up and Mr. Petrie's Skipper, Charlie Muir in the saddle. Premier won by a head. What has become of Capt. Learoyd, commonly called the "Bricklayer" presumably because he was a Sapper, good-looking Charlie Burn then an A. D. C. at Government House, lately with us a full blown and retired Colonel, globe-trotting. Charlie Harbord, always very straight and hard-riding. James Hopkins of the old 90th, the owner of "Telegram," and Major Humphreys who developed into a Sporting Author—"Exeter" was his horse. Amongst the ladies of those days Mrs. Cook was *facile princeps*. She was an extraordinarily good horsewoman. She used to ride her husband's horses in their training work and won the Paperchase Cup on Champion in 1883. She was a broken-down old lady last time I saw her at home, very ill and feeble, and I doubt very much whether she is still alive. Spooner Hart was comparatively speaking a light weight in those days. He used to ride 10'0 when he was Veterinary Surgeon to Messrs. Cook & Co. He could not ride that weight now!! Poor Traill of the Mercantile Bank who used to win on Di Vernon and who was killed in a paperchase at Madras, being dashed against a tree. Reggie Murray



will not hunt paper again ; at least not the kind of paper we are speaking of. Nor will Mrs. Murray who used to ride to great purpose and very hard. Where is Mrs. Saunders who used to ride most regularly in the early eighties ? Where is Capt. Rochefort, R.A., as he then was. Waller and Harrison, the two latter very constant attendants at the Chases. "The Duke" Mr. Macnair on "Nancy" and many many others. Behar used to send its representatives and I remember riding against, or alongside Jimmy McLeod and Rowland Hudson who were then in their prime. It is getting late and I am afraid what I have put down will not be of much use to you. What I think you ought to point out however in your account of the Cup Chase is that Euler was about 31 years of age when he arrived in India in 81 or 82 and that he is now 57 years of age. I think that is a great performance finishing where he did yesterday."

The last "witness" it is proposed to call at this stage of the case is Mr. Dudley Myers who in his speech from the Chair at the Paperchase Dinner on 10th March 1906 said :—

"When I had the honour of presiding at this dinner last year, I little thought that I should be called upon to again occupy a similar position twelve months later. Had I done so, I might possibly have dealt less fully with my subject than I did on the last occasion, and so have left myself with more varied material for my remarks to-night for, as it is, I find myself more or less confined to current topics. Before, however, proceeding to discuss these I should like to clear up one or two points in connection with the remote past which I think are of general interest. To begin with, the date of the first paperchase has always been accepted on the authority of "C.C.M." as having been some time in 1870, but curiously enough, the newspaper reports of my remarks on this subject last year caught the eye of an old friend of mine at home who wrote to me that he was able to tell me the history of the first paperchase and that it was got up either in December 1868 or in January 1869 by Mr. Brancker of Messrs. Ewing & Co., Mr. Butler of Messrs. Gillanders Arbuthnot & Co., Mr. Beebee of the Educational Department and a few other friends. The meet was at the Racquet Court whence the field proceeded to the Tollygunge country. My informant, Mr. Bigge, tells me that he and a few others spent the night previous to the chase in tearing up paper for scent, and I am glad to think that our hares have long since ceased to be called upon to add this burden to their already heavy labours, otherwise the days of paperchasing would, I fear, long ere this have been numbered among the memories of the past. Last year I stated that I believed (erroneously as it has proved) that Calcutta was the home of paperchasing on horseback, a remark which occasioned some controversy. France, Spain, Jersey and Malta being all mentioned by my critics as probably possessing a claim to the parentage of the sport.





Mr. C. C. McLeod ("The Tough.")







I therefore wrote to my friend to ask him if he could throw any light on the subject, to which he replied that he only remembered that pony paperchasing was a fashionable pastime in China, at any rate in the middle of the sixties. I have, however, since learnt on the highest authority that not only was this form of paperchasing one of the amusements of the Officers during the Crimea, but that to go still further back it was in vogue in Scotland, at any rate some fifty to sixty years ago ; it would thus seem very difficult to locate either the country or the date of [origin] of the sport. Mr. Brancker and Mr. Beebee were, I am told, in any case the moving spirits in introducing it into Calcutta, and it is therefore to the energy and keenness of these two gentlemen some 38 years ago that we owe the present existence of the sport here. I commend these facts to the notice of our historian."

Before closing this preliminary chapter, it is only fitting that, whilst paying a tribute to those who started the game, we should not forget the names of those who have carried it on since, and been the backbone of the Paper-chase Club. The names readily occur to us of Messrs. Perman (our beloved "Old Man"), the Andersons, Tom and John, Mr. Tom, alas ! now gone to the happy hunting grounds, killed in a trap accident some few years ago, Mr. John still, we are glad to say, with us ; George Walker "The Squire" than whom few better horsemen ever sat in a saddle ; poor Lawrie Alston whose famous mare "Pilgrim" has given her name to a particularly bad corner near Jodhpore where she met her death ; Latham Hamilton that *beau ideal* of G. Rs. now enjoying his *otium cum* at home ; Tougall McLeod as hard-riding a man as ever came from the north of the Tweed ; Peter "Saxonbury" West ; the late Jim Petrie who after he left off riding as though he had half a dozen spare necks in his pocket, for many years undertook the onerous duties of Starter ; Jerry Prophit ; Ernest Gregory, Butler, Orrell, "Durance" Cartwright ; Verschoyle whose exploits on The Snob still live in our memory ; Mr. Rivers Currie, Reg. Murray, Dudley Myers, Dring, Albert Rawlinson, poor Donny Dickson, Col. Jim Turner, and a host



of others of the old school down to the more recent days of the present, Messrs. Barrow, Gresson, Deakin, Turner, Allen, Stokes, Wheeler, etc., etc. How greatly the Editor has been assisted in the present chapter by those who have nobly answered Mr. Myers' call the foregoing pages will most amply testify, and though the data may be still capable of further elaboration by the author, whose duty it will some day be to republish this book, it is in all humility advanced that enough has, perhaps, at present been said to give the indulgent reader some insight into the beginnings of the sport which we so ardently pursue to-day, and some slight introduction to the many good men and true to whose sporting instincts and to whose keenness paperchasing in Calcutta owes its inception.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### THE HISTORY AND RECORDS OF THE CALCUTTA PAPERCHASE CUP.

OUR third Chapter, and we hardly feel that "Chapter" is a correct way to describe so very large and important a part of these records, is to be devoted to the history of an event which is probably, in company with the Kadir Cup, one of the most difficult to win and most prized of any in India. It is the Amateur Cross Country Blue Riband, and certainly one of the hardest, hottest and most trying rides that mortal man can take on. It takes far more winning than any steeple-chase in India, by reason of the thousand and one added possibilities, the bigger fences, the hard ground, and last but certainly not least, the distance. The course is always nearer five miles than four, and there are, as a rule, anything from 20 to 25 fences, most of them substantial "mud" walls, *i.e.*, obstacles built out of cut sods, and in height varying from 3 ft. 9 ins. to 4 ft. 2 ins. and some even higher, the big bank at the end of the Bund Country having to the Editor's personal knowledge measured a good 5 ft. on a Paperchase Cup morning, when it happened, as it usually does, to be included in the list of obstacles.

Then, again, the Cup is run at a pace that is considerably faster than they usually go with hounds, and as most of the horses competing are thorough-breds and quite capable of holding their own in a far more ambitious arena, it can be well understood that they do not exactly crawl!



The first essentials are, therefore, something that can gallop, jump and stay, and that is hardy enough and sound enough to have come through the season without accident or mishap. Run as it is in the boiling month of March, by which time the Ballygunge Country has been baked to the consistency of bricks, and when the ploughs are little better than a collection of clods as solid and as unbreakable as cannon balls, when the lanes and the roads are deep in a choking dust, it gives those who have never participated in one of these hard-fought battles a small conception of what it is that the aspirant to fame has to take on. Taking all these things into consideration, imagine yourself on the back of a vigorous horse that takes a lot of holding, wedged in the midst of a field that certainly will number a couple of dozen, possibly more, charging a fence that is so narrow that scarcely six of you can have it abreast, a fall a certainty that you will have the rear rank in the small of your back, and probably a couple of them down on top of you, for it is quite impossible early in the race to pull out and avoid the "slain"; then a desperate jostle down a narrow lane with deep ditches on both sides, a greasy turn by a tank at the end of it, and a scramble through a belt of jungle where you will probably get more than one vigorous sapling, or a good imitation of the "wait-a-bit" thorn, tearing the nose off you—and all the while a dust-storm, and a steam bath from the sweating horses all round you—and you have a fair idea of how it feels to ride well up amongst the hard thrusters who go for this race! We have said nothing about the other, and the principal anxiety of keeping your weather eye open to see that you do not run off the paper trail, or to take advantage of very little *lapsus* on the part of the leaders in the event of their happening to do so! It is a *sauve qui peut*, and the "divil tak' the hindmost" fight from the start to the finish; quarter is neither



given nor expected, and there is only one spirit which pervades the whole of that galloping, hustling throng—"every man for himself, and if you can't get on, get out of the way, or take your chance of being knocked over." In our cramped Ballygunge Country both man and horse need to be as handy and as active as cats, and to have as many eyes as the intending purchaser of a horse!! Times there are, of course, when owing to various circumstances the field gets strung out and there is plenty of room and little discomfort, but, as a rule, there are at least a dozen of them left well in it, even after two-thirds of the journey has been accomplished, and there is no "let-up" to the fight. Have we not many a time seen the first flight come into sight in a compact mass in a cloud of dust and charge the last few obstacles in three solid troops; and have we not also, ere now, seen this same thrusting, galloping mass over-shoot the paper at the very last moment and let up some patient, toiling tortoise, who had long ago given up hope of ever seeing the faces of the leaders again, and who was a hundred yards or more behind, and apparently hopelessly out of the hunt? Such is this race and such some of its risks and anxieties.

The first Paperchase Cup was run in March 1874, and was won by the late Mr. E. T. Roberts on Red Deer. Mr. Roberts was then a hard-riding solicitor, and subsequently became head partner in the firm of Messrs. Roberts Morgan & Co. He then sold out and went home to eat his dinners and get called to the Bar; and it is probable that as a member of the higher branch of the profession that the few who were his contemporaries, and who are still in Calcutta, best remember him. Red Deer was only a 14-1. Mr. Otto Eck, who is still in Calcutta, all but won this Cup, as he was leading close to the finish, but his horse ran out at a fence, and let up Red Deer who had previously held a big lead but had likewise refused, and



Mr. Roberts was able to sail home a winner. There was apparently no further race for the Cup until February, 1876, when on the 17th of that month the second Calcutta Paperchase Cup was won by a Mr. Bartlett on a horse called Jolly Boy, who led all the way and won in a canter. On this occasion the Paperchase Cup Course lay over a portion of the old Ballygunge Steeplechase Course recently referred to in an interesting leading article in *The Asian*, and to quote from the account of the race given in "C. C. M's" excellent book, the following was the line which they rode :—

"The course commenced near the sheep-pens, crossing the Red Road (Dakuria Road), the paper leading over some natural bunds, and the remains of an old artificial Jump, round to the right across to the mud wall, which all negotiated in fine style, one veteran chaser taking the wing of the Jump as the wall was not big enough. Here there was a sharp turn through a patch of jungle and gardens, to two hurdles some sixty yards apart, then away to the left, with more natural jumps down to a hurdle in a hollow. At this point 'Jolly Boy' had a commanding lead, and, as the others came up, there were shouts from the Cavalry looking on 'to put on the steam.' The next jump of any importance was the water, which all got safely over, followed a little further on by a mud wall double. The course now laid over a portion of the old steeplechase country of 1870.71 and the jumps came fast and thick. Two small mud walls and a ditch in front full of water had to be got over, but this last obstacle unseated Mr. Bobstick (Mr. Lyall), who now became out of the hunt. A little later 'Duchess' brought her rider to grief, and at the next wall, the scene of the Badger's disaster, the rider of 'Mariner' had a narrow escape, but with a pair of strong arms and long spurs, he righted himself again, and eventually passed the post second, though a long way behind 'Jolly Boy' who won easily. 'Duchess' was third, and the Veteran on 'Maid of Kent' fourth. Mr. Bartlett's victory appeared very popular, and no doubt the best horse won."

In 1877 the Paperchase Cup was won by another gentleman who was, and still is, well known in Calcutta, namely, Mr. G. W. F. Buckland, another limb of the law; in fact, law and "lepping" in the history of the Paperchase Cup seem to have gone together, as there are several members of the profession who have won it, to mention a few names, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Buckland,









Mr. A. I. Butler on The Rabbit.



Mr. Acworth and Mr. Barrow. Mr. Buckland, who was in those days a bit lighter weight than he is to-day, and was by no means a stranger in races between the flags, rode a little mare named Mignonette. Then came Captain (as he then was) C. W. Muir's three victories. Captain Muir subsequently commanded H. E. the Viceroy's Bodyguard, and thanks to his three wins, the score of Cups won by the soldier men, and the Bodyguard in particular, is high, as Col., then Mr. "Jim" Turner has won this Cup twice, and Captain Keighley, who is now with the corps, has won a Heavy Weight Cup, Captain Holden the present Commandant twice, and Col. Hunt and Major Maxwell are also soldier-winners. The winner of 1881 was a Mr. Hopkins on Telegram who beat Lord William Beresford on Oliver Twist; and the next year, 1882, saw a lady victorious for the first and only time on record, Mrs. "Jim" Cook who won on Champion, her husband being second on Claret and Lord William third on Mariner, an old horse who had run second to Jolly Boy in 1876. In 1883, Lord William scored his first win on Premier, and in 1884 there was a dead-heat between Mr. D. B. Myers on Zulu, and Mr. subsequently Captain Learoyd a hard-riding Sapper on Handicap, poor Mr. Tom Anderson being third on Commissioner. The late Mr. Alston won it in 1885 on Pilgrim, Mr. Reg. Murray, who is still in Calcutta, being second on Zil, and Mr. Tom Anderson was again third on his faithful Commissioner. In 1886, Mr. A. L. Butler, who is also still with us, won it on Rabbit, who was only a pony, being little more than 14 hands. This horse was subsequently sold to Lord Roberts, who rode him for many years on parade and off it. The Cup of 1887 was a memorable race, as quite half a dozen people claimed it, amongst them Mr. Apostolides, Mr. E. H. Gregory, Lord William Beresford, Mr. Orrell, etc., etc., but finally it was awarded to Mr. Tom Anderson



English Lord, a clipper of the first water and a beautiful fencer. In 1905 Mr. Pugh won for the third time on a very fine hunter, named Mistletoe, who the following year took a bad fall at Tollygunge Steeplechases and completely knocked himself out. In 1906 Mr. R. H. A. Gresson won it on a clean-bred chestnut horse named Nevermore—this owner's second Paperchase Cup, and for the last two seasons Captain Holden on his good horse Lord Harry, probably the best horse for this game that we have ever seen out, has absolutely squandered his fields, nothing being able to even so much as make him gallop. Lord Harry bids fair to do the hat trick as he is still undoubtedly the best paperchase horse in India.

Before proceeding to set out *in extenso* the full true and particular accounts of every Paperchase Cup that has ever been run from the date of the institution of that event to the time of going to press, it is an opportune moment to publish the terms and conditions of the various Cups which now-a-days are presented for competition. The following is the list with General Conditions as to the qualifications of owners and horses :—

1. THE AVERAGE CUP.—For all Paperchase horses and riders, qualified under the General Conditions. The winner to be the horse ridden by its owner, placed oftenest in the first six places in the Chases excluding the Paperchase Cup and any special Chases. In the event of a tie the winner to be the horse with the best average, in calculating which the following marks will be taken :—

1st.	6 Marks.	4th.	3 Marks.
2nd.	5 Marks.	5th.	2 Marks.
3rd.	4 Marks.	6th.	1 Mark.

2. CHALLENGE CUP.—The Cup to be held for one year by the winner of the Paperchase Cup, but never to be won outright. In the event of any one winning the



Paperchase Cup for three years in succession, a replica of the Challenge Cup will be presented out of the Club Funds.

3. THE PONY CUP.—For all ponies qualified under the General Conditions 14-2 and under. W. I. 14-2 to carry 12st. Allowances as per C. T. C. Steeplechase Rules. Ponies to qualify for the Pony Cup must qualify in the Pony weekly chases. No Cup will be given unless six entries in separate interests are forthcoming.

4. HEAVY-WEIGHT CUP.—For all horses qualified under the General Conditions; Competitors to walk 11st. 7lbs. or over, and to ride 13st. or over. The winner will have to draw these weights at the scales immediately after passing the post.

5. THE PAPERCHASE CUP.—For all horses and riders qualified under the General Conditions. Catch weights over 11st. The winner will have to draw this weight at the scales immediately after passing the post.

N. B.—The Paperchase Cup and Heavy-weight Cup will be run off in one Chase, and Competitors will be asked to declare their weight at time of entry. If a Heavy-weight comes in first, he will have his choice of Cups. In the event of his electing to take the Paperchase Cup, the Heavy-weight Cup will not be given to the next Heavy-weight in.

The Challenge Cup to go to the first horse in with correct weight. Unless four start, no Heavy-weight Cup will be given.

6. LADIES' CUP.—Ladies may ride any *bonâ fide* Paperchase horse.

#### GENERAL CONDITIONS.

1. Paperchase Riders must be members of the Paperchase Club.



2. Paperchase Horses or Ponies must never have won a race of any description, value Rs. 550 or over, and in order to qualify for the Hunters' Races they must have been ridden by their owners in the Paperchases to the satisfaction of the committee.
3. All horses and ponies must be ridden by their owners in Cup competitions.
4. Such horses and ponies must be the unconditional property of their riders without any contingencies whatsoever, and have been so during the period of qualification, except those horses which have been bought through the C. L. H. Charger Fund.
5. All horses and ponies must be fairly ridden round the course in not less than six chases during the season or in the event of there being less than twelve chases then in half the total number of chases run.
6. Horses and ponies to qualify must be ridden by Gentlemen Riders in the required number of Chases and must be placed among the first twelve in at least two chases in the course of the season.
7. All horses and ponies must be ridden *by their owners* in at least three chases in the course of the season.
8. No horse or pony trained by a Professional Trainer during the period of qualification shall be eligible to compete for any of the Cups, or Races open to Paperchase Horses.
9. A register will be kept of all horses and ponies qualifying for the Cups and Hunters' Races, and no horse or pony will be deemed to be qualifying unless entered on the register at the owner's request.
10. A Certificate will be necessary for each Cup or Race of any description open to Paperchase Horses, and will be issued by the Committee.



11. The Committee have the fullest power, all rules notwithstanding, to exercise their discretion and judgment in the granting of certificates for the Hunters' Races and for the Paperchase Cup and in all other matters connected with paperchasing.

12. Subscriptions to the Club must be paid to the Honorary Treasurer.

The foregoing are therefore the conditions under which these sporting contests are open to the world and long may they continue to flourish. We now proceed to set out the full details of all the Paperchase Cups up to date, and we opine that, coupled with what has gone before, they will form a complete and extremely full history of a very interesting event.

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### 1872-78.

There are no regular records of what happened during this period of six years beyond the records of two Paperchase Cups, which were run for in March 1874 and February 1876, and some accounts which appeared in the *Statesman* from the able pen of "F. Golightly." So far, however, as it has been possible, the following is a complete record of the race up to date.

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### 1874.

The field numbered a round dozen including Millett, Alexander, Eck, George Fox on The Marquis, Roberts on Red Deer, etc.

The start was from the left of the Gurriah Hât Road near the Old Kennels, then down by the Railway towards Godpore and across the high ground towards the Sandy Lane, through the old gates and old brick wall to the finish on the Red Road.

Red Deer led out, closely followed by The Marquis and Mr. Eck for the first part of the journey when Red Deer increased his lead considerably and showed



a clear ten lengths at the water jump, about a mile from the start. Here he refused twice, but eventually was forced over, knocking off his rider's topee on landing. By this time half a dozen of the field, including Eck, Fox and Millett had shot ahead, and were leading alternately at a good pace. In the paddy field by the Sandy Lane, The Marquis made a mistake which let Red Deer come up again, and the pair raced neck and neck up the lane 50 yards behind Eck, whose mount was going strong, but his horse ran out a hundred yards before the last jump, leaving Red Deer and Marquis to finish. The latter, although the fresher of the pair, ran out, and before he could be turned round, Red Deer had passed the winning post the winner of the first Paperchase Cup. He was a small horse, just over 14-1, and the persevering way in which his sporting owner brought him home after losing so much ground at the water jump, was most creditable. The gallery was not large, but the cheers that greeted the winner were of the heartiest ; and so ended the first Paperchase Cup.

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### 1876.

The morning of the 16th February saw a goodly company of spectators assembled to witness the struggle for this trophy, as a wind up to a very successful paperchase season. Eight men faced the starter, who all meant "going," and, when the word was given, the pace was a regular cracker led by Jolly Boy, who took the lead from the start, and was never caught. The course commenced near the Sheep-pens, crossing the Red Road, the paper leading over some natural bunds, and the remains of an old artificial jump, round to the right across to the mud wall, which all negotiated in fine style, one veteran chaser taking the wing of the jump as the wall was not big enough. Here there was a sharp turn through a patch of jungle and gardens, to two hurdles some sixty yards apart, then away to the left, with more natural jumps down to a hurdle in a hollow. At this point Jolly Boy had a commanding lead, and, as the others came up, there were shouts from the Cavalry looking on "to put on the steam." The next jump of any importance was the water, which all got safely over, followed a little further on by



a mud wall double. The course now laid over a portion of the old steeplechase country of 1870-71 and the jumps came fast and thick. Two small mud walls and one with a ditch in front full of water had to be got over, but this last obstacle unseated Mr. Bobstick, who now became out of the hunt. A little later Duchess brought her rider to grief, and at the next wall, the scene of the Badger's disaster, the rider of Mariner had a narrow escape, but with a pair of strong arms and long spurs, he righted himself again, and eventually passed the post second, though a long way behind Jolly Boy, who won easily. Duchess was third, and the Veteran on Mare of Kent fourth. Mr. Bartlett's victory appeared very popular, and no doubt the best horse won. It was unfortunate that some others who had entered were unable to start, but in my humble opinion the result would have been the same. Jolly Boy sometimes has a playful trick of cannoning other horses at jumps, but on this occasion his owner appeared determined there should be no complaints on that score, as the result proved. Long may he live to drink out of his Cup which, we understand, is to be sent to the American Centennial Exhibition. I had almost forgot to mention that the paper was carefully laid by two old hands at the game, and the style in which they took everything without a mistake, was the admiration of those who were fortunate enough to see them. The course was probably rather over  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles and the time of the winner  $9\frac{1}{2}$  minutes.

"BALLIE PAPIER."

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1877.

In this year the Cup was won by Mr. G. W. F. Buckland, on Mignonette ; but the historian of the period gives us no aid and we have only the bare record. Mr. Buckland was then a light weight, and a limb of the law, and was by no means unknown in races between the flags where he used to score a good many successes, especially in the "Sky" Races.

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1878.

Saturday morning opened with rather a fog, which, however, did not interfere with a capital chase for this



annual Cup. Never were more people seen at the meet, the road being lined with carriages from Juggernath's Car up to the finish, besides which, there was quite a host of spectators on horseback. Mr. Gorge on Shamrock and Mr. Latham on Weaver, laid the paper, negotiating the course in finished style, and when they were let go, a field of ten were soon in hot pursuit. The lead was at first taken by Mr. Cheetham, whose horse, however, could not last the distance. The race presented the changing features usual to every race, a description of which in detail lacks interest on paper, though they are absorbing when viewed through the medium of a good pair of binoculars. We content ourselves, therefore, with a description of the finish, which is best told by the following brief sentence, applicable alike to this and the races for the Paperchase Cups for the past two years. Captain Muir on Warwickshire Lad *I facile princeps*. So we suppose it will go on for all time, when the combination enter the arena, but we noticed that the "Invincible Pair" that have for so long dwelt in happy and successful union are about to separate; a decree of divorce from saddle and stable having gone forth.

Nobody, I am sure, will deny that the feat performed by Captain Muir of winning this Cup for three successive years, on the same horse, in such a sporting community as that of Calcutta, is one of which he may well be proud.

However, in glorifying his powers we must not forget our other horses, and here record for the benefit of all whom it may concern that Captain Egan on Gang Warily was a good second, Mr. Harrison on Marshall third, Mr. Barnes on Beeswing fourth, and Mr. Macnair on I Want It fifth, the rest dropping in later, except one gentleman who was swept off his horse into space by the branch of a stray bamboo.

So ended a capital Paperchase Season, and with a hearty vote of thanks to the indefatigable Secretary, Mr. Latham, we wish the Club farewell for this, and as good sport for the next season as that just concluded.

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1881.

The growing interest taken by the good people of Calcutta in the Paperchases was amply illustrated by the



monster gallery that assembled in the depths of Ballygunge yesterday morning to witness the usual contest for decidedly the most sporting event of the season, the Paper-chase Cup Race. The field this year was known to be not only numerous but strong, and the entries being made public, and the general lie of the course indicated, guaranteed those who took the trouble to go so far from town against the possibility of disappointment. The Cup chase is always more or less a gallery one, and this year it was more than usually so, the onlookers with very little trouble being able to see the followers at a number of points on the journey. The road to the course presented a very gay and animated appearance and the amount of dust was a caution, yet everybody appeared determined to make the best of things as they were, and I felt sure I may say that no one who went out came back disappointed. The weather can no longer be called cold, scarcely cool even in the morning, and it was greatly to the credit of the gentleman who wore Belatee Cuppra, a Terai hat, and a stuck-up collar that he was able to put as pleasant a face on it as he did. Talking of hats, there is a great opening for all enterprising hatters at Ballygunge on paperchase mornings. It seems to be *de rigueur* now to lose your hat and come home with your head done up in a handkerchief.

Competitors for the Cup are of course the *élite* of paperchasers, hence the funny business is necessarily eliminated from the Cup Day performance. This was the case yesterday in an unusual degree, all the competing men and horses being tried performers at the game and past masters in the art of horsemanship. I was sorry to see some good men standing down who would, had circumstances permitted, have been only too eager to try conclusions with the best horse and most finished horse-man among the lot. I was glad to see Mr. Fred Buckland again in the pigskin, and hope to see him ride a winner or two on the 12th. There is not a "lep" race on the card at present, but I should say that a Handicap Hurdle Race for paperchase horses who have never won an open race would elicit a large entry and result in a fine race. The hurdles are all ready, and the only thing necessary would be to pick up the landing sides of the fences. I devote the idea as my subscription to the coming Sky Races, and trust the Stewards thereof will see the propriety



of sending me a ticket by way of return. There are a number of men who would be quite ready to enter and ride their own nags over hurdles, if they were only sure they would not meet cattle a little more than worthy of their steel. Telegram and Oliver Twist no doubt kept away a good many men from having a fly for the Cup ; but you can scarcely expect an owner of good horses to go out of his way to get one bad enough to meet the wishes of his opponent. I should be intensely sorry did bad feeling and squabbling spring up to mar the friendly aspect of our favourite cold weather amusement, and it might be well to have a more explicit set of Paperchasing Rules drawn up. But to yesterday's chase.

The paper was carried by Mr. Latham on The Weaver and Captain Muir on Shamrock, but I am free to confess that their performance over a country was not as faultless as I had expected, neither of the horses,—known fencers,—jumping in their usual form.

Punctuality was fairly well observed, which was a fortunate thing, as the morning was uncommonly close, and twenty minutes past seven saw the field starting on their  $2\frac{1}{2}$  mile journey. The pace, which was pretty stiff for paperchasing all through, was first made by Mr. D'Arcy on Escort, but he overran the paper on the Red Road, and carried Telegram and others with him, leaving Messrs. Mac and Collins to go on with the lead ; when the field hove in sight at the Sheep-pens Mr. Collins had a decided lead, Nancy and Oliver Twist some lengths behind. This order was maintained until Nancy persistently refused a bit of a hurdle any Polo Tat could clear, thus putting what would have perhaps been about the most popular win out of the question. Mr. Mac is one of the oldest and most consistent supporters of the *chasse au papier*, and it is a pity to see his chance time after time upset by the growing bad temper of his mount. Mr. D'Arcy and Telegram lost very little time in getting on terms with the leaders, whom Mr. Edward on his grand little mare Di Vernon had by this time joined ; in fact, after half the distance had been travelled, the only horses actually in the hunt were the two thoroughbreds, " Commotion " whose owner rode with his usual finish, and Mr. Edward's mare. Oliver Twist may be quicker than the old chestnut at racing weights, but Telegram, who was going well within himself till very near the last fence,





Mr. Latham Hamilton.







was at a difference of 2 stone quite well able to stall off Oliver's challenge, and although Lord William rode à la Fordham, I'Anson and the Bounding Jockey combined, the weight told on his mount and he was never able to get on terms with Telegram, who won all out after a magnificent race by a length, Di Vernon, who went admirably throughout, a good third, Mr. Anderson on Commotion fourth, Jack Spraggon fifth, and Mr. D'Arcy sixth. Thus ended the best paperchase I have ever seen.

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1882.

Never since Paperchasing was first started in the City of Palaces, has the Paperchase Cup, which is of comparatively modern origin, come off with anything approaching the *éclat* with which, from a variety of causes, it was yesterday invested. As I have already remarked in your columns, the field, though numerically large, was more even than has usually been the case, and this of itself gave the chase a special interest as almost any horse that started had a fair and square chance of winning that much coveted trophy—The Cup.

The attendance was more than a bumper; it was something enormous, and open as the country was for the finish, it was a matter of difficulty to get even standing room within sight of the winning flag, while the Red Road from the Gurriah Hât corner to the turn towards Tollygunge was lined three deep with carriages of all descriptions, from the lordly coach to the humble ticca. Coaching by the way has quite taken a start, and the four handsome teams out yesterday, lent quite a holiday aspect to the gathering. Lord William was there with his handsome team of whole bays, Mr. Hilledah with a very blood like black team, while "The Major" tooled a mixed team of browns and chestnuts, which had never been together before, and very well they looked and went. There was a perfect "Ladies Gallery" on Paikparah's coach which was horsed with three very handsome greys and a black.

The number of spectators on horseback was as numerous and varied as their different styles of horsemanship, which were indeed truly marvellous, and set me wondering why men who never cross a horse from one year's end to another should on this solitary occasion consider it either



correct or comfortable to get out on wheels in wondrous boots and breeches, and then abandoning their familiar and commanding seat in buggy, dog-cart or barouche, for, to many of them, a precarious perch on a slippery pigskin, submit to be taken about at the sweet will of some raw-bone waler or howling country-bred, over whose movements they have about as much control as had Mr. Walter Powell (poor man ! ) over the runaway balloon. I flattered myself I could drive quietly out and see the chase safely and comfortably on foot, but my immunity from peril I soon found was only fancied. They might have made some allowance for ladies, Mr. Editor, don't you think? I saw the gallant Colonel Fergus busy among them, and I heard he had a pocket full of ribbons, and a bag of light weight 8-anna bits to run in recruits. I wish him every luck, as a turn at Mounted Infantry would do most of them a power of good.

But I must now get on to the Race. The paper was carried by Mr. Lloyd on Shamrock, and Mr. Latham on Foxhall ; the former jumping, as he always does, like a bird. The following horses entered for the Cup, and with the exception of one or two occasional pursuers who were not qualified by the terms of the Cup to start, they certainly were the pick of our paperchasers.

Mr. N. S. Watkins	...	...	...	Rona.
Mr. Garben's	---	...	...	Nelly.
Mr. Lawrence's	...	...	...	Lowlander.
Mr. P. D. Estrian's	...	...	...	Cinders.
Mr. E. W. Collin's	...	...	...	Black Prince.
Mr. W. De Peel's	---	...	...	Skipper.
Mr. W. M. Beresford's	...	...	...	St. Patrick.
Mr. O'Malley's	...	...	...	Gipsy.
Mr. Alli's	...	...	...	Telescope.
Mr. A. L. Paske's	...	...	...	Anonyma.
Mr. T. S. Anderson's	...	...	...	Commissioner.
Mr. Lauderdale's	...	...	..	Ramorrice.
Lord W. Beresford's	...	..	...	Mariner.
Major Cook's	...	...	...	Claret.
Mrs. Cook's	...	...	...	Champion.
Mr. Gateacre's	...	..	...	Cripple.
Mr. R. G. Currie's	...	...	...	Magpie.

There has been such a keen interest taken in the Cup this year, that more than one sweep was got up on the Race. Mariner, in virtue of his previous majority of wins, was in most cases installed favourite, although Champion and Claret, his stable companion, also found a host of supporters. Mariner was very naturally supposed to be



favoured by the well-known ability of his noble owner across a country of any kind, but when next our crack lady rider elects to try conclusions with the very best horsemen we have, I fully believe that after her magnificent riding this morning, her mount will carry the public confidence and coin. I have never seen a finer piece of riding than the finish for yesterday's Cup, never have we had such a close thing within sight of home, and never was a race for the Cup, which might have been so easily lost, so prettily won; but of this anon. Claret, despite his gallant (Majors are always gallant, and this one is no exception) owner's weight, was by many good judges considered the best horse in the race. St. Patrick, despite the fact of his being one of Mr. Macklin's latest shipment, was also a good deal fancied, and, as the result showed, very rightly so. Gipsy, Cinders, Black Prince, and Telescope, all useful, safe horses, also met with a modicum of support; while the handsome little Ram's Hornie was a good deal fancied by her stable. What she may be able to do we must wait till next cold weather to see, as yesterday she and her rider dissolved partnership almost before entering on business at all. This is much to be regretted, as her owner was confident of success.

Nelly and Lowlander were absentees, the former being very wisely reserved for the Chota Cup, and the latter suffering, so his owner informed me after the Golf dinner from "staggers."

The foxes were allowed a wide margin, and it was more than twenty minutes past seven when the eager field was despatched on the momentous journey before them.

The first obstacle encountered was a good solid mud wall which was negotiated by the lot in great style. At the next obstacle, a hurdle, Mr. Haitland Meriot's mare pecked badly, unshipping her rider, whom subsequent proceedings interested no more, the running being taken up by Commissioner, who was not, however, ridden in his owner's best style, and trying to cut it at the up jump alongside of the gallery, he upset Mr. Peel's good horse Skipper and entirely lost him his chance—by no means a bad one—of the race. On an occasion like the Cup day, surely the least the rider of a doubtful jumper can do is to accept instead of trying to give a lead, and much sympathy was expressed for Mr. Peel's unlucky mishap. Over the



next fence Mr. Mountflummery led with Mrs. C. in attendance, Lord William, the Major and Archer lying handy, and in this order they negotiated the water jump, where Commissioner came a complicated cropper at a rather formidable double. From this point the running was taken up by Mr. Sniktaw, whose mare showed she possessed a wonderful turn of speed. Her temper is, however, by no means, her strong point, and after leading the field for  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile at a strong pace, she resented her rider's attempt to make it hotter by kicking him clean over her head. Mr. Sniktaw's ideas of things in general were a bit mixed for half an hour or so, but he was soon himself again and able to ride home. Lord William was now at the head of affairs, Mrs. C. waiting on him, Mr. Mountflummery, the Major and Mr. P. D'Estrian next, Black Prince, Gipsy and the Cripple some distance behind.

The straight run in was very properly a long one, and, although I could not make out the exact relative position of all the horses, I could see that a riding habit and the "Waterford caubeen" were well to the front. Half way home Mr. Mountflummery brought up St. Patrick, and Cinders looked very like going to the head of affairs, but the pace was too hot for him, and he speedily died away. Mariner too showed signs of having had enough, and despite Lord William's fine riding, lost a lot of ground, making way for Claret, who was gradually closing the gap between himself and the leaders of the hunt. At the last fence but one, St. Patrick swerved from distress, but, being quickly straightened, he came on again, and was soon on even terms with Champion. A well-timed reminder conveyed through the medium of a riding whip soon sent the speedy chestnut into his bridle, and it was, so far as one could see, going to be a ding-dong race for every inch, and so it proved, both horses rising at the last hurdle together. St. Patrick was, however, beat, his hastily acquired condition being unequal to such a strain, and, rising only half high enough to the hurdle, he came down a buster. Champion flew the fence in magnificent form at a pace we have never seen equalled on Cup day before, and despite the brilliant finish of the Major and Lord William, who were both hard at it, the Mem Sahib won the Paper-chase Cup of 1882, amidst the longest and loudest cheering Ballygunge has ever heard, Major Cook a good second, Lord William third.



The Chota Paperchase Cup which was run for yesterday morning resulted in a pretty close finish between Red Gauntlet and Gill, of which the former had a good bit the best at the finish, the rest nowhere. Regarding the proceedings of the other competitors the kindest thing I can do is to draw the veil of silence. If this year may be taken as any criterion, a Chota Paperchase Cup for "Asiatics" is a mistake.

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1883.

Let us hang up our spurs and whips and weep, for the paperchasing season has passed away, and the hot weather is upon us. No less than sixteen times have the worthy peasantry of Ballygunge been disturbed in their rural pursuits, by a long stream of frantic horsemen galloping wildly through their peaceful haunts, while the well-known sight of a mud-bespattered sportsman, limping painfully homewards, made them ponder in their gentle minds on the eccentric notions of enjoyment entertained by the *sahib log*. We are sure everybody is very grateful to the Honorary Secretary for the trouble he has taken. We never remember courses to have been so well laid out or fences better made. When Mr. Latham went home, it was rumoured that the paperchases would deteriorate. Rumour luckily proved a false prophet, and under the new management we have enjoyed as good, if not better, sport than the most sanguine anticipated.

We had whispered softly in our servant's ear on Friday night:—"When you're waking, call me early, call me early, bearer dear." His idea of earliness turned out to be the middle of the night. These little errors on his part do not now anger us, they used to, as being an intelligent native, we think that under the proposed new regulation he stands a capital chance of a judgeship. We also treat our punkha-wallahs with great gentleness, as the thought has struck us that though at present we may rebuke them for their tardiness in agitating the punka-rope, they may shortly be in a position to agitate us at the end of a very different sort of rope. We therefore now talk to each other like dear brothers. [This was written in the time of the Ilbert Bill. *Ed.*]

The sights that met us on the road to Ballygunge were very interesting. Every available vehicle appeared



to have been brought out for the occasion, from the evenly hung barouche of the rich merchant to the rattling bone shaker of the worthy Baboo, while the number of persons riding was a caution. Men whom we had always thought too timid to be conveyed in anything more dangerous than a humble but useful ticca-gharry now appeared to have cast prudence to the winds, and, arrayed in breeches and boots of an ancient order, boldly rode forth, on fearful and wonderful looking mokes, who took them where they pleased, greatly to the discomfort, not to say danger, of the foot passengers. The rain of Friday night made the weather charming, and we almost imagined ourselves back in January. The start took place just beyond the Juggernath Car, but owing to the late arrival of one of the horses proceedings did not commence until nearly half an hour after the advertised time. The paper was carried by Captain Muir and Mr. Hamilton mounted on Jack and Rocket. Both animals fenced splendidly.

The following were the starters :—

Mrs. Cook's ...	...	...	...	Saunteress.
Major Cook's ...	...	...	..	Zil.
Mr. Irwin's ...	...	...	...	Star.
Lord W. Beresford's ...	...	...	...	Premier.
Mr. W. W. Petrie's ...	...	...	...	Skipper.
Mr. S. A. Apcar's ...	...	...	...	Spec.
Mr. Petrocochino's ...	...	...	...	Telescope.
Captain Haines' ...	...	...	...	Manchester.
Mr. T. S. Anderson's ...	...	...	...	Commissioner.
Mr. R. G. Currie's ...	...	...	...	Magpie.
Mr. Tougall's ...	...	...	...	Blackwater.
Mr. Kilburn's ...	...	...	...	Red Knight.
Mr. Lawrie's ...	...	...	...	Pilgrim.
Mr. Probyn's ..	...	...	...	Grenadier.
Mr. Walker's ...	..	...	...	Cinders.

As far as condition went, Premier, Manchester, Saunteress, and Pilgrim, were the pick of the lot, Blackwater and Red Knight looked short of work, while Zil and Skipper were bags of bones.

At the call of time Blackwater dashed off with the lead over a low wall and a hurdle. The course now went in full view of the gallery, the jumps being a big ditch in front of a wall and a hurdle with a drop just beyond. Blackwater here had a long lead with Saunteress, Premier, and Red Knight behind. The field now wound round to the right, the going being rather heavy. The next jumps were a hurdle, a wall, and the double, all the



horses fencing admirably. After negotiating these leaps, we turned to the left, and up the road for a short distance. Saunteress about these parts slipped up and destroyed what appeared a very good chance, Star followed her example, and Mr. Irwin rolled out of reach of his legs with a celerity that showed he had not forgotten the rap he got in the first chase. We now went through some open ground with tanks on each side, the water jump being taken by all without a mistake, though some of the riders landed well on their horses' necks. The going now was very good, and Blackwater was still leading the field at a strong pace. A big mud wall here proved disastrous to Mr. Currie; his mount jumped very big, but his owner was in such a hurry to reach *terra firma* that he dismounted in the air. We now turned our heads towards home, and Premier rushed up to the leaders. The Tougall's face now showed great anxiety, as he boldly spurred his gallant black over the next two jumps, after which he pulled back as his mount was done. The last wall now appeared, and Premier led over it by about a length. He, however, was tiring fast, and Skipper and Pilgrim gained rapidly upon him. The welcome red flags now appear, and Premier and Skipper rose at the last hurdle together. Mr. Petrie now appeared to have the race at his mercy. The Irish Lord, however, was not to be done, and, applying his shillelagh with whacks that might have been heard at Government House, he shot Premier to the front and won a magnificent race all out by three quarters of a length, Pilgrim close up third, and if her young owner had only come sooner, he must have nearly secured the coveted trophy. Red Knight was fourth, Manchester fifth, Zil and Cinders next. Much regret was expressed at the Mem Sahib's misfortune, as, at the time of her fall, Saunteress was going so strong and well that it appeared as if the popular win of last year was about to be repeated.

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1884.

"Let those now ride who never rode before,  
And those who always rode now ride the more."

The contest for the Cup which took place yesterday brought to a close what has, undoubtedly, been one of the best paperchasing seasons we have ever witnessed. In



former years if a man was mounted on a sure jumper, he was pretty certain to be well up at the finish, but now a change has come over the state of affairs, and it requires a very fast horse to live with the flyers who compose the foremost division in these chases. Many of the horses who have been running this season knew very little about jumping when they arrived in this country, but with a little practice Walers soon pick up the art, and owners cannot complain that they have no opportunity of schooling their nags, as that popular and obliging sportsman, Dr. Morgan, is always glad to see any one on Sundays during the rains at his well-constructed jumping course, Ballygunge, and is also ready to let any horse have a trial over his fences whose owner may wish it ; some of the finest fencers in India have received their education in this school, and an owner may be sure that if a horse can successfully negotiate the stiff obstacles placed here to test his abilities, he will have no difficulty in getting over any steeplechase or paperchase course in India. It must be very gratifying to Dr. Morgan to find that this idea of his educating horses has turned out such a complete success.

The weather, yesterday morning, was very pleasant, being much cooler than what we have lately experienced. The main road at about a quarter to seven presented a very lively aspect, there being a numerous throng of vehicles proceeding in the direction of the Jodhpore Thannah, to say nothing of a motley collection of horsemen, amongst whom we noticed many who apparently had not ridden for many a long day. However, they appeared to thoroughly enjoy their unwonted exertions, as clad in curious and wonderful garments, and mounted generally on fearful mokes, they pounded gaily along, colliding with everything and everybody they could possibly get near in the most impartial manner. The number of spectators was greater than we have ever seen at the Cup Chase, the ladies especially appearing in great force, and their appreciation of the fun was amply demonstrated by the game way in which they tramped bravely through ploughed fields, in order to catch glimpses of the field as it swept by on its exciting journey. The course was undoubtedly the best of the many good courses we have had this year, the going was good, and the jumps stiff without being dangerous. The Calcutta





“The Tougall” (Mr. C. C. McLeod) on Jack.







public are greatly indebted to Messrs. Carlisle, Perman, Walker, and several other gentlemen, who by the trouble they have taken in making courses have offered so much sport during the past season.

The paper was carried by Mr. Perman and Mr. Latham, the start taking place to the left of the road just beyond the Jodhpore Thannah.

The following were the entries for the Cup :—

Mrs. Cook's	... Black Pearl.
Mr. T. S. Anderson's	... Commissioner.
Mr. S. A. Apcar's	... Tambourine.
Mr. W. M. Beresford's	... Godfrey.
Mr. A. P. G. Gough's	... Jim.
Mr. H. Helyar's	... Gladys.
Mr. W. D. Kilburn's	... Red Knight.
Mr. E. C. Apostolides Lazzaretto's	... Sappho.
Mr. C. D. Learoyd's	... Handicap.
Mr. Lawrie's	... Pilgrim.
Mr. D. B. Myer's	... Zulu.
Mr. R. Murray's	... Zil.
Mr. A. T. Rawlinson's	... Coronation.
Mr. P. Sandiland's	... Jimmy.
Mr. L. Walker's	... Othello.
Mr. G. W. Walker's	... Squire.

Time was kept by Major Cook in his usual precise way, and after getting the competitors into line, he despatched them to a capital start. Red Knight, Godfrey, and Pilgrim led over the first hurdle, and then over two ditches, and on to a big mud wall with a ditch in front of it. After clearing this obstacle, the paper lay to the right over a hurdle and across the road. Pilgrim, Zulu, Zil, and Handicap were now leading, with Black Pearl, Godfrey, Jim, and the Squire next. The leading division raised the dust so much on the road that the drop ditch just beyond it disappeared from view; the consequence was that Godfrey, Jim, and the Squire all rolled together on their backs, their riders luckily escaping without broken bones. Jim bolted and left Mr. Gough standing with a stirrup leather in one hand and broken bridle in the other. Mr. Beresford's saddle was broken in the scrimmage, and he was seen looking very much like a mud lark, leading his horse homewards. Mr. Walker managed to continue the journey, but could never make up the ground he had lost. After crossing the road, the field was led by Zil over a double. Zulu, Handicap, and Pilgrim lying close up. The paper now lay over a hurdle and into the open bund-



country, straight away, for about  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile over a mud wall, a hurdle, a big bank, another hurdle and mud wall, and into the jungle on the right. Zil, Zulu, Handicap now had a good lead, while Commissioner began to forge to the front, and Black Pearl and Coronation held out signs of distress. On leaving the jungle the course went over some rough ground and then curved round in the direction of the Thannah with a straight run in over a mud wall and two hurdles. Zulu and Handicap now raced up to Zil, who shut up like a telescope, and the other two took the mud wall almost together. Zulu now appeared to have slightly the best of it, but Handicap caught him at the last jump, and they raced past the winning post locked together, the Judge's verdict being a *dead heat*. Commissioner was third, Red Knight fourth, Sappho fifth.

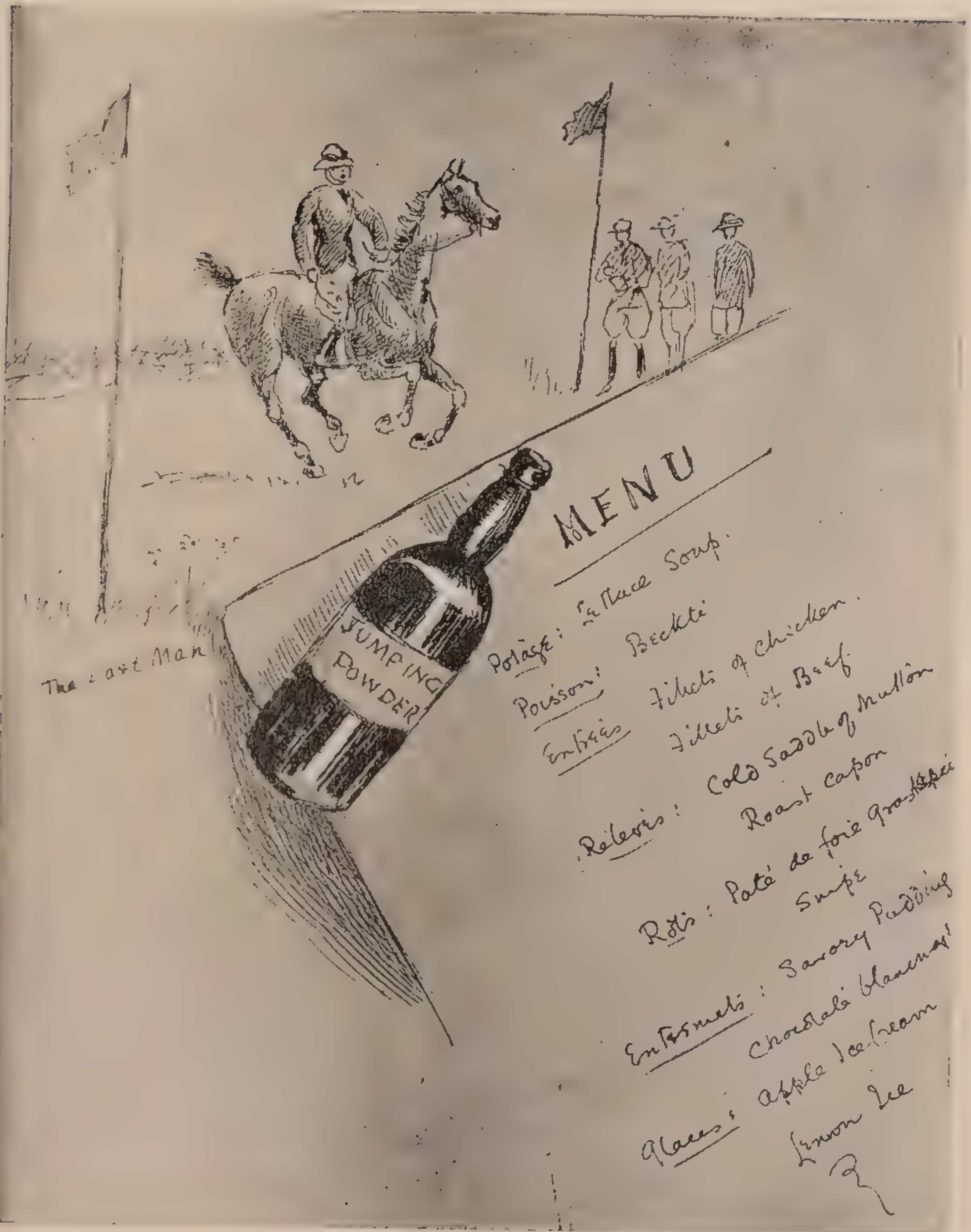
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#### 1885.

Yesterday (Thursday) morning broke with a dense fog over all things at Ballygunge, and up to 8 o'clock, it seemed probable that the race for the Cup would have to be postponed. At the hour, however, the fog suddenly lifted and the hares, Messrs. Latham and Walker, after three or four most determined refusals at the first wall, started on their journey. The Viceroy and Lady Dufferin were unable to be present, but the gallery was one that must have exceeded all expectations. We cannot say that the race was an unalloyed success. Four or five of the first flight, including the favourites, missed one of the jumps, and were disqualified. The Cup in consequence went to Pilgrim, who was first in of the batch that went the whole course. The *contretemps* was a pity, for Pilgrim was going so strong and well at the finish, and but for the mistake we should probably have seen a good race for first place.

Thirteen started, Mr. Apar's Tambourine, Mr. Murray's Zil, Mr. Anderson's Commissioner, Mr. Myer's Zulu, Mr. Butler's Rabbit, Mr. Apostolides' Sappho, Mr. Nairn's Red Gauntlet, Captain Burn's Tanderook, Mr. Alston's Pilgrim, Mr. Evelyn's Black Ace, Mr. Dunne's Peggy, Mr. Petersen's Scandinavia, and Mr. Johnstone's Master McGrath. Tambourine was decidedly the favourite, and justified the confidence placed in him by winning pretty easily from Zulu, with Captain Burn third, and Mr.





Paperchase Dinner Menu, 1892.









Apostolides fourth. As however, the whole of the leading division had missed one of the jumps, honours fell, as we have said, to Pilgrim. Mr. Murray on Zil was second and Mr. Anderson on Commissioner third, Mr. Johnstone's situation of tenth was transformed into fourth, Mr. Dunne fifth owing to the mishap; spills were numerous; Mr. Stanley, Mr. Butler, and Mr. Nairn succeeded in parting company with their mounts; Scandinavia caused some excitement by careering wildly amongst the spectators; and as coats had been discarded, owing to the heat, and the course led through some thick jungle, there was a good deal of torn linen floating on the breeze at the finish. This event brings to a close the Paperchase Season of 1884-85.

An informal meeting of the subscribers to the paperchase fund was held at the Old Race Stand yesterday morning, to consider the terms upon which the Paperchase Cup should be competed for next season.

The attendance was small. The proposal which found most favour was, that, in order to give the welter weights a chance, two Cups should be given, one for catch weights over 10st. 7lbs., and the other for catch weights over 13 stone, other conditions to be the same as this year.

The winner of the Cup in 1882 has generously offered to give a Cup to the rider who comes in first on the same horse oftenest during the season, and the offer, we need hardly say, was accepted with many thanks to the donor. [There is no record of this Cup having been competed for. It was however the original Average Cup—a trophy that came into existence at a later period. *Ed.*] Prospects for next season look bad, as a branch line from the Port Canning Railway to the New Docks is to be constructed through the best of the country.

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#### 1886.

The Paperchase Cup run on Saturday was won by Mr. Butler's b. w. g. Rabbit, Mr. R. Murray's Zil second, Mr. C. Richardson's Crinolette third.

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#### 1887.

The result for the Cup is disputed, the decision lying between Cocktail and Commissioner. With the Cup the



A meeting was held at the Old Race Stand on Saturday morning at 7 A.M. to discuss the question as to who was entitled to the Cup. Among those present were Lord William Beresford, Messrs. Walker, Petrie, Apostolides, Douglas, Currie, Sinclair, Orrell, Acworth, McLeod, Gregory, Thompson, and a few others.

The different reports having been fully discussed, it was found that Mr. T. S. Anderson on Commissioner was the only starter who completed the course, and it was unanimously agreed that he was fairly entitled to the Cup, a decision which will, no doubt, meet with the approval of the entire paperchasing community.

It is universally acknowledged that the paperchases this season have been an unqualified success and the warmest thanks of the sporting fraternity are due to Messrs. McLeod and Walker for their untiring efforts in bringing about this result.

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#### 1888.

Another season has come and gone, and yesterday morning saw the end of these popular meets. That the meets have been unusually successful is beyond doubt, for notwithstanding counter-attractions the fields have been above last year's average, while spectators on each occasion found their way to the start in larger numbers than usual. Accidents have been almost *nil*, which is satisfactory to record. This, I am inclined to think, is greatly due to the fact that the mud walls have been more formidable than in previous years, both in height and solidity. There have been fourteen chases altogether, including yesterday morning's chase.

Additional interest attached itself to the result of individual chases this season on account of the "Average Cup" presented by the sportsman who will not allow me to disclose his name. I wish we had a lot more of such sportsmen. The handsome trophy was won by Mr. Butler on Badminton who came in first in nine out of the fourteen, a very creditable performance for horse and rider.

[This, as noted in the chapter on the Average Cup, was the origin of this contest as no Cup was apparently run for prior to this. *Ed.*]



To return to yesterday morning's meet. Long before the appointed hour the road to Jodhpore was one string of all sorts of conveyances from the Government House coach down to the useful *ticca*. Her Excellency the Countess of Dufferin and suite, as also a party from Belvedere were present.

The course started on the low ground to the left of the Jodhpore Thannah. The first "lep" was a hurdle in the open, then it went on to a mud wall winding round by the tank to the two *pucca* jumps by the railway. Crossing the Station Road it went down towards the Gurriah Hât Road where another hurdle was placed, then straight out to the "Bund" country over the usual mud walls there. Turning round through a village the course skirted the Tollygunge Gardens and finally sighted the Gurriah Hât Road again, alongside of which was placed a very nice water jump. A little in and out winding and the road was crossed again, and the line continued close up to the station where the last corner was rounded, and the flags placed alongside the Station Road under the bamboos. The ground was in excellent condition from the recent rains, and the going throughout was all that could be desired. There were 22 jumps in all.

The following were the entries :—

Mrs. Murray's	...	...	...	Maud.
Mr. Murray's	...	...	...	Zil.
Lord William Beresford's	...	...	...	Diamond.
Mr. Fuller's	...	...	...	Shamrock.
Mr. Gauhe's	...	...	...	Fatzke.
Mr. Anderson's	...	...	...	Great Scot.
Mr. Acworth's	...	...	...	Blackstone.
Mr. Edward's	...	...	...	Job Trotter.
Mr. Verschoyle's	...	...	...	The Snob.
Mr. Butler's	...	...	...	Badminton.
Mr. Barnes's	...	...	...	Mustella.

All of these came to the starting post. The horses looked fit enough taking them all round and were a better class than last year's starters.

The hares, Messrs. Walker and The Tougall, were early at their work, and mounted on Malta and Jack started with the paper shortly after 6-30 laying a careful scent from start to finish. At seven minutes past seven o'clock the race was started. Mustella was taken to the front at once and took them along at a good pace to the railway jumps, where the gallery had assembled in force. The whole field took



these jumps in undeniable style. Job Trotter, Badminton, and Diamond clearing fully a foot above the jumps. The leaders overshot the paper after passing these jumps, but soon found out their mistake and turned sharp round to the left without losing much ground. Badminton, who was lying back, gained a lot here, and led for a little till The Snob came up and went on with the lead to the "bunds." Here Diamond came up and the pace increased to racing point till the close jungle through the village made them slow down. Returning homewards Badminton came to the front with Shamrock running up at intervals. The water jump was taken by Diamond and Badminton together, and a little further on the field was in a lump. Lord William was first out of the "Toddy Shop," and shot across the road followed by Badminton, Job Trotter, and Great Scot. Coming round the last corner Diamond held a lead of fully fifty yards, and although Badminton came within a length of him near the finish, he won rather easily by about two lengths, Job Trotter and Great Scot third, and fourth, The Snob fifth, and the rest close up. Thus ended the Paper-chase Season of 1887-88.

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### 1889.

"And some for their country and their Queen  
 Would fight, if the chance they had,  
 Good sooth, 'twere a sorry world, I ween,  
 If we all went galloping mad ;  
 Yet if once we efface the joys of the chase  
 From the land, and outroot the stud,  
 Goodbye to the Anglo-Saxon Race !  
 Farewell to the Norman blood !"

One of the most successful paperchasing seasons came to an end yesterday, when the Cup was run for. The going throughout the chases has been excellent, the jumps carefully built, and much fewer casualties have occurred than usual. There have of course been many falls, but in no instance have the results to man or beast, been of a serious nature, although several old hands at paperchasing have not appeared prominently during the season, the fields have nearly always been good, and as so many beginners at the game have appeared and have ridden in good style, it is not likely that paper-hunting will deteriorate in the future. Heads of houses are beginning to



recognise that paperchasing improves their assistants' minds as well as bodies and broken limbs are the exception not the rule. Accidents may occur in the same way as they occur at Cricket and Football ; but

“ No game was ever yet worth a rap  
For a rational man to play—  
Into which no accident, no mishap  
Could fairly find its way. ”

The weather yesterday morning was cooler than we ever remember it on a Paperchase Cup Day. As a rule, by this time of year the heat is ghastly. At an early hour traps of every description, from the Government House drag to the humble but useful *ticca* might have been seen making their way towards the Jodhpore Thannah. The Gurriah Hât Road was crowded with equestrians, many mounted on animals evidently pulled out for the occasion. A few, very few, pedestrians tried their stamina and strength of their shoe leather by footing it. Arrived at the Thannah, we found that the first jump was situated on the left hand side of the road in full view of the gallery. The paper was excellently laid by Mr. Walker on the Squire and Mr. Perman on Little Lady. The going was good but very dusty, which proved unpleasant to the hindmost division, who could not very well, in several instances, get a clear view of the jumps. The following were the entries for the Cup, all of whom we believe started :—

#### “ LIGHT WEIGHTS. ”

Mrs. Murray on Maud, Mr. Acworth on Blackstone, Mr. Alston on Beacon, Mr. Apostolides on Gazelle, Mr. Campbell on Norseman, Mr. Gauhe on Fatzke, Mr. Goward on Job Trotter, Mr. Murray on Rocket, Captain Turner on Britomarte, Mr. Verschoyle on The Snob.

#### “ HEAVIES. ”

Mr. Adye on Her Ladyship, Mr. Cartwright on Dunavon, Mr. Euler on Shamrock, Mr. Henry on Treason, Mr. Gerlich on Mozel, Mr. Mitchell Innes on Nell, Mr. McLeod on Lola, Mr. Shaw on Marigold.

Treason got spiked early in the chase, and had to be pulled up.

The paper was despatched sharp at 7 A.M., and eighteen minutes later the well-known warning was given



out by a flute-like voice, "two minutes more gentleman." By the manner feet were thrust home in the stirrups and hats jammed tight it was evident "If ever they meant it they meant it to-day," and at the word "time" the field jumped off together, and cleared the first hurdle in a cluster. The paper led to the Station Lane and on to the left. On arriving at the lane Blackstone, Maud, Lola, Fatzke, Britomarte and several others turned to the right instead of the left, which lost them a lot of ground. The remainder went on to the second jump over which Beacon led closely followed by Nell, Shamrock and Norseman, Marigold hit the jumps hard, but managed to recover herself. Keeping the Railway on the left the course lay towards the Jodhpore Thannah, Beacon still leading while Fatzke, Britomarte, Lola and Maud were rapidly making up their lost ground. Leaving the station behind, the paper led across the Gurriah Hât Road over a beautiful bit of open country in a westerly direction through a narrow jungle and on to the open high ground south of Tollygunge Gardens. The first lot consisting of Norseman, Fatzke, Britomarte, Beacon, and Shamrock were now all close together, followed by Maud, Job Trotter, Rocket and Blackstone. Skirting the gardens they went over a mile of open going through the jungle south of the bund, and on in a direction which looked as if the finish was not far off. The pace was now very fast, and many horses were hitting the jumps in the most impartial manner; Shamrock, Beacon, Norseman, and Britomarte at the time were going the best. A well-known bit of jungle now appeared with a narrow lane through it only wide enough for one horse at a time. Getting first into the lane meant a lot, and Britomarte and Beacon raced for the leadership, the rider of the former singing gaily

"Through the jungle lane could I make one dart  
I could baffle them all upon Britomarte."

Beacon, however, managed to nip in first and went ahead at a strong pace. On emerging from the jungle the paper led home through the brick kilns, and the finish was found to be about three furlongs distant over two hurdles. Beacon was now leading by several lengths and going easily. At the second hurdle from home, Britomarte on whom Mr. Turner was doing his utmost, began to



creep up, and getting on terms with the leader at the last hurdle, they raced home together, Mr. Turner on Britomarte finally winning the Paperchase Cup for 1888-89 by two lengths. Mr. Euler on Shamrock was third, thus securing the Heavy Weight Cup presented by Lord William Beresford. Mr. Campbell on Norseman and Mr. Goward on Job Trotter were close up fourth and fifth respectively. The Average Cup has been won by Mr. Acworth on Blackstone, who has ridden in the most consistent manner, and has been in the first six in almost every chase.

Britomarte, the winner of the Cup, is a bay Australian mare under 15 hands and shows a lot of blood. She is a very clean jumper, and is as clever as a cat. From the manner in which she won yesterday it is evident she can stay better than most of her bigger rivals.

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#### 1890.

Go-o-ne away! Hark forrard to him my beauties! Yes, I'm afraid it's the case, and all we're got to do is to "hark forrard" to next November at the best pace we can! Instead of being, as they usually are, the prelude to a clinking burst over the open, these words now are the farewell to the grand runs which we have all been enjoying for the past three months. We all feel a bit sad at the end of the season, for paperchasing and hunting bind men together in a way that no other sport under the sun does. There is a sort of good fellowship created, and a man who is a straight and plucky rider, and who never shirks or funks his fences, be they ever so big, is always sure of a hearty welcome, both in the hunting field and in our paperchase field here in Calcutta. The Cup yesterday morning was as well patronised as these functions always have been.

The carriage people and the rest of the gallery took up their position at the finish, which was situated on the Ballygunge Red Road opposite the first railway crossing. The field of starters was rather smaller this year owing to one or two unavoidable circumstances, as, for instance, Jim Turner's loss of "Weeks," both Mr. Butler's mares' accidents, Mr. Prophit's and Mr. Verschoyle's absence, Lord William's horse not starting, etc., etc. There were two



Cups to be run for as usual, the Light-weight Cup for men walking under 11st. 7lbs. and the Welter Cup for men walking over that weight, the latter being presented by last year's winner, Mr. Euler, who, I am sorry to say, has not been out at all this season owing to his having been broken into double harness! The list is as follows:—

*Light Weight.*

1.	Mr. Alston's	...	b	aust.	g.	Beacon.
2.	Mr. Goward's	...	b.	aust.	g.	Job Trotter.
3.	Mr. West's	...	b.	aust.	g.	Saxonbury.
4.	Mr. Acworth's	...	b.	aust.	g.	Laddie.
5.	Mr. Rees'	...	br.	aust.	m.	Charity.
6.	Mr. Ross'	...	bk.	aust.	g.	—

*Heavy Weight.*

1.	Mr. J. M. Petrie's	...	bk.	aust.	g.	Collard and Collard.
2.	Mr L. Walker's	...	bk.	aust.	g.	Othello.

The point of departure selected was the high ground to the left front of Jodhpore Thannah, and after our M. F. H. on good old Malta, and the Tougall on Badminton had gone round with the scent the field got into line, and after the "Old Man" had just looked them over to see that all was right, he let them go to a nice even start. The first obstacle to be negotiated was a flight of hurdles, and these they all jumped without any trouble. Mr. Alston now took Beacon to the head of affairs with Charity, Job Trotter and a few more lying handy, Laddie being about sixth. The course now went on to right over the Gurriah Hât Road and skirting the raised field on the right led over a wall. After jumping this they swung to the left down the lane and jumped the wall and drop on their way. Charity hit this rather hard and landed on her nose and finally rolled over. Mr. Rees escaped with a few scratches and was soon up again. Keeping to the lane and following it to the right, the Bund country steeplechase course came into view, and the following fences could be seen in almost a bee line—a natural bund, a built up bank, a mud wall, a bund built up into a biggish wall and a flight of sticks.

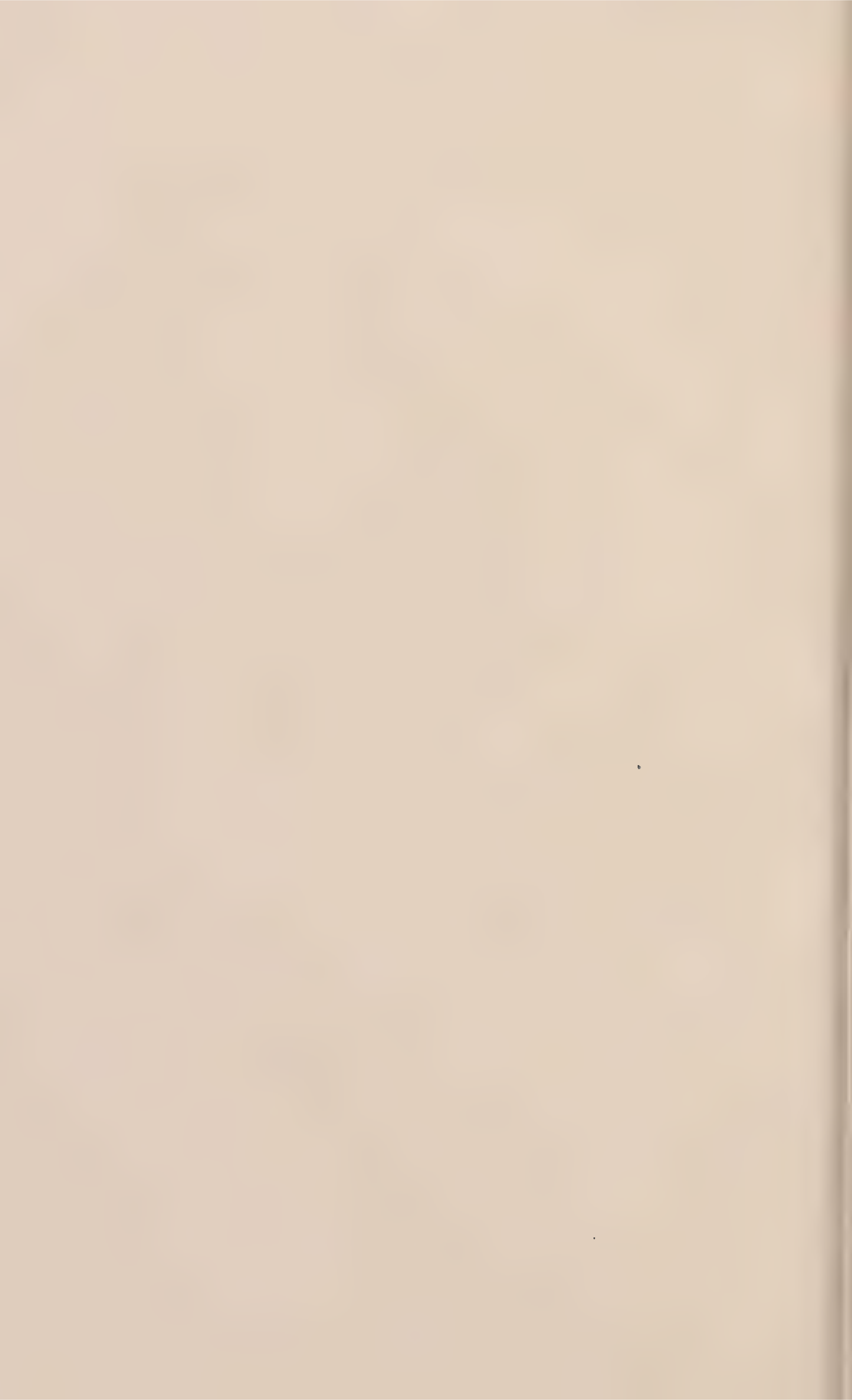
As may be imagined with such a nice line of leps in front of them, it was only natural the field quickened up and raced over them; the pace proving too hot for old Job, he clouted one of the banks, and as the beastly thing would not give sufficiently, tumbled head over heels. I do not know which 'lep' it was and Mr. Go-ard could





Chota Hazri on Cup Day.







not tell me, as when he got up he saw about a million mud walls all round him and about three thousand horses' hoofs, so I do not think it is quite easy to fix any one fence in particular!

After jumping the last of the Bund country course fences the line lay away to the right, heading back towards the Sandy Lane, and after rocketing over that brace of walls we rode over some chases ago, and jumping another flight of hurdles, they went for the old garden gates on the Sandy Lane, and rattling through the jungle reached the open country on the other side. Mr. Alston was still leading with Laddie second, Saxonbury, Charity, Collard and Collard and the rest a bit behind. Jumping a bund and a wall and bending right-handed, the course lay straight for the railway crossing, and the two leading horses now began to shove along in real earnest. As they crossed the 'metals,' Mr. Alston had the best of it by about a couple of lengths, but Laddie, who seemed as fresh as when he started, gamely answering Mr. Acworth's call, went up to Beacon and they raced at a pace wonderful to behold over the next fence, a flight of hurdles. They then disappeared for a moment behind the small mound of earth which acted as a grand stand for the gallery, and on coming into view again at the second last hurdle Laddie was seen in front, and he held Beacon safe from there to the end of the journey. The general feeling was sorrow that they could not have *both* win, as Mr. Alston richly deserved it for having cut out the work for the field the whole way round, and Mr. Acworth for the plucky and determined way in which he set to work to beat the champion horseman of the Calcutta Hunt! I was very glad to see Laddie win as he is a very intimate friend of mine. Mr. Acworth told me that before the start Laddie gave one of those funny little squeals, and he knew that the little horse then really meant to win or die in the attempt!

The next arrival after the first two was Mr. West on Saxonbury. The first of the two welter weights to arrive was Ballygunge Jim, who finished his symphony on the Grand Piano amidst the tumultuous acclamations of the populace. The rest of the field all arrived without any further accident to man or beast, and thus ended the Cup Chase.

The distance was about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles, with about 15 fences. "Good-bye" is a nasty word to have to say even to an



enemy, but so it must be until we all meet again at the covert side next season.

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1891.

“For in his hunting hath he such delight  
That it is all his joy and appetite.”

CHAUCER.

The “Father of English Poetry” expressed our feelings at the present moment in a way which I must say was neat without being effusive! “All our joy and appetite” is now gone until next season; perhaps, it is a rather good thing for the heavy weights amongst us that the *latter* is the case, as, by putting the muzzle on, they may next year manage to ride lighter!

As I remarked last week, having to chronicle the last of our cold weather fun is the very reverse of a pleasant duty, and I really hardly know where and how to begin.

The weather always being a safe sort of topic to talk about, I think it may be as well to let it come first in this veracious narrative. After having been already *once* put off by the rain, the race for the Cup looked as if it stood a good chance of again being further postponed, as rain fell pretty heavily on Monday evening, and gave promise of a sticky and heavy ride on Tuesday.

As it turned out, however, the going was nothing like as bad as was expected, and although it was heavy, it was not sufficiently so to make galloping over fences either dangerous or impracticable. Tuesday morning was a nice clear one and fairly cool for the time of the year, and consequently the turn-out was large. All sorts and conditions of horsemen and riders, and coachmen and people, who sit on coach boxes were there, as well as a good many on foot.

All the *elite* of Jodhpur Society were out, including the Paperchase Mali and Mrs. Paperchase Mali, and their large and handsome family of colts and fillies. Then there was a strong and fashionable contingent from the police station—I mean Jodhpur Thannah—headed by that fat and oily looking native “peeler” who never seems to have anything to do but sit in the front garden of the lock-up and take in provisions! Talking of policemen, it is with the deepest sorrow that I have to record that that eminent “Copper Samivil” of Howrah has deserted this part of



the world and gone into the country to practise up for next year's circus.

The following is the list of the starters:—

*Light weights* (walking under 11st. 7lbs.)

Mr. Butler	on	Favorite.
Mr. Rees	„	Charity.
Mr. Colville	„	Eskdale.
Mr. Verschoyle	„	Bannagher.

*Heavy weights* (walking over 11st. 7lbs.)

Mr. Taylor	on	Slim Jim.
Mr. L. Walker	„	Sonapet.
Mr. Bachrach	„	Timp Timmer.
Mr. Shawe	„	Marigold.
Mr. Pugh	„	Trumps.

The Squire and the Tougall, as is usual on occasions like this, were up with the lark and had finished distributing the extra superfine cream laid long before even the very earliest worm had arrived.

The point of departure on this auspicious occasion was Jodhpur Station over a hurdle on the station side of the Gurriah Hât Road. When they had had sufficient time to get comfortably settled in their saddles, Ballygunge Jim dropped the flag and despatched them on their way. The Slim 'un went to the head of affairs, at once followed by Charity, a Rees-onable distance behind and Favorite, and Trumps and Bannagher next, with the rest all convenient and Eskdale whipping in. Thus they went over the road and before reaching the jungle came over a small bund and a wall which they all did in excellent style, bar Eskdale who stopped. They went on through the jungle and came in view of the bund country. The order I have given above was maintained here. Charity perhaps drawing up a little closer. I noticed that this mare ran across almost all these fences in a rather disconcerting way. They then reached the Tollygunge lane, and turning to the right about, they commenced their homeward journey up the stretch of open running alongside the Sandy Lane. A wall and a flight of hurdles gave none of the field any trouble and they all then began to put on the steam, as they came down to the next fence a real live brook!

“No shallow dug pan with a hurdle to screen it,  
That bare-faced imposture a steeple-chase brook,  
But a wall and a ‘Yawner’ tell all those that mean it  
That the less they will like it the longer they look.”



Slim Jim was over and away before you could say scissors, and Charity came next, pecking a little as she landed. Favorite and Sonapet followed and the rest all got over without any mishap. They then swung round the corner to the right over another mud wall, and after that went left-handed, leading back for the Gurriah Hât Road. A hurdle and a ditch on the high ground, and the road was crossed, the pace was beginning to mend a bit ; up to this, owing to the heavy going, it had been the reverse of fast. Slim Jim was still leading with Favorite and Charity close at his heels. Another flight of hurdles and a bank was thrown behind them in elegant style, and they then swung round the corner near the railway line into that straight run in by Jodhpur Thannah. The Oriental Bank and a flight of hurdles were the only detrimentals now remaining, and as they came in sight of these, Favorite looked to have the best of it, but Charity came with no end of a wet sail, and caught the grey mare over the last flight of sticks and romped in a winner by about a length. Mr. Butler lost a lot of ground by going round behind Charity, after they had jumped the hurdles. He was on her off side, and instead of sticking there, he pulled back and then went up on her near side. We must all congratulate the winner and sympathise with the loser. Mr. Butler deserves to win after his bad luck last year, but let us hope he will pull it off *next* season ! Slim Jim came in third, and thus won the Heavy Weight Cup, Bannagher fourth, Sonapet fifth, and Trumps done to a turn sixth. I expect by this time you will all have got tired of reading this long rigmarole, and so I think I will shut up and say good-bye, or rather *au revoir* until next season.

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### 1892.

One of the most popular events of the Calcutta Season is undoubtedly the race for the Paperchase Cup. Every one in the place turns out to see it, and the crowd of spectators that swarmed down in the vicinity of Jodhpore Thannah on Saturday last showed that the fixture had lost none of its interest for the inhabitants of the City of Palaces.

From a comparatively early hour on Saturday morning the Gurriah Hât Road was blocked with one continuous



stream of carriages and equestrians, fair and otherwise, the former showing up in a very large proportion. The road was the worst part of the morning's proceedings, and to turn out early and have one's *chota hazri* jolted down into the heel of one's boots and one's eyes filled with nice red dust, for which the road is famed, was far from being pleasant.

Once on the other side of Jodhpore Thannah and clear of the crowd of led horses under the tree, the energetic spectators had breathing room and a less dusty atmosphere to breathe. The start took place about a quarter of a mile beyond the Thannah, the first hurdle being placed in the field near Jodhpore Station, and the line taken by the paper was over the road and straight for the Bund country, thus giving any very impetuous spirit a good mile straight within which to cool his ardour or tumble on to his nose, whichever proceeding he most fancied.

To return, however, to the beginning of events. The Tougall and Mr. Bartie arrived punctually to time with the necessary "scent," and were soon at work on the responsible task of laying the paper. Little Norah, Tougal's English mare, found the big fences and the heavy weight on her back a great tax on her abilities, and I think she deserves great credit for bringing her sporting owner round in safety.

The list of starters is as follows :—

Mr. A. J. D. Clerk's	... b. aust. g.	The Snob.
Mr. W. O. Rees'	.. b. aust. g.	Kettledrum.
Mr. J. D. West's	... b. aust. g.	Saxonbury.
Mr. A. S. Barrow's	.. br. aust. h.	Flatcatcher.
Mr. H. G. Warburton's	... gr. aust. m.	Molly.
Mr. Fred. Smith's	... b. aust. g.	The Cob.
Mr. L. Walker's	... b. aust. g.	Blazes.
Mr. A. L. Butler's	... gr. aust. g.	Grey Dawn.
Mr. G. W. Walker's	... b. aust. g.	Splasher.
Mr. J. S. E. Walker's	... blk. aust. g.	King Cole.
Mr. A. Kay Muir's	... b. aust. g.	First Spear.

After the usual interval they were let go to an even start, Flatcatcher and Grey Dawn taking up the running and showing the way over the first few fences which intervened between the start and the Bund country. At the first big wall—the second fence after crossing the Gurriah Hât Road—a large crowd of people were collected, and it was amusing to see how eagerly they watched for a



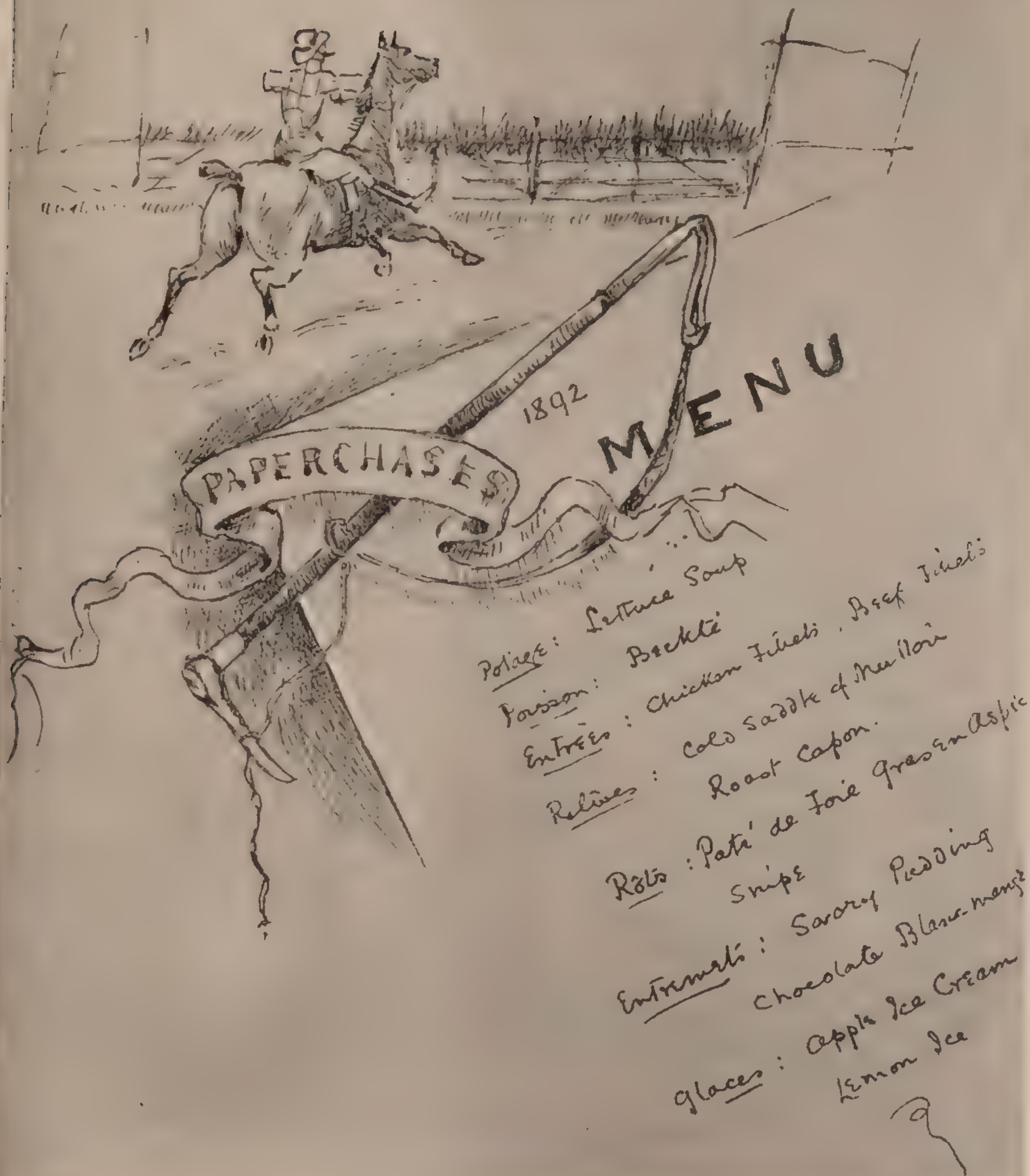
“downer.” They were, however, disappointed, as the only approach to an accident was when Grey Dawn nearly jumped on top of Flatcatcher. The brown’s diminutive size however stood him in good stead, and he just managed to get away from the fence in time. The chase then swept on over the Bund country, where Grey Dawn and Flatcatcher took it in turns to lead over the formidable fortifications that had been built. One of them very nearly proved too much for old Blazes, who rapped it hard and pecked badly on landing. His owner, however, managed to keep him on his legs, and he sailed on none the worse. We then took to the Tollygunge Lane, and going to the right for a short distance the line again took us across the ridge and furrow over a bank and further on a hurdle, which being placed in rather an awkward position to wheel straight for sent Flatcatcher and Grey Dawn off the scent.

Kettledrum and The Snob then chipped in and took up the lead, taking us through a small patch of jungle and across the Sandy Lane into the covert on the other side. A scramble over a hurdle and a scurry to the right past the tank brought us once more into the open at the old gates with two flights of hurdles in full view and the mounted vedettes of the gallery visible on the high ground beyond.

The pace now visibly improved, and Grey Dawn and Flatcatcher who had made up the ground they had lost joined the leaders, who with Blazes half a length behind raced over the next few fences neck and neck. Turning to the left over a big bank and the water jump Grey Dawn and Flatcatcher got in front once more, the former landing over the water about half a length in front of the brown horse who was separated from the rest of the field by about five lengths.

Mr. Butler and Mr. Barrow, however, were too eager to get home, and instead of turning to the right over the drop fence they shot off the line and went straight on. Messrs. Rees, Clark and Walker then got in front, and managing by this accident to secure a long lead they fought it out over the remaining two hurdles, Mr. Rees proving too good for Mr. Clark’s somewhat inexperienced jockeyship at the finish, Mr. Lamond Walker well up third, Grey Dawn fourth, Saxonbury fifth and Flatcatcher sixth. The rest arrived at intervals in more or less a





Paperchase Dinner Menu, 1892.







pumped-out condition, the distance and the big fences having proved a somewhat severe tax on the horses.

Mr. Rees is to be congratulated on thus winning the Paperchase Cup for the second year in succession. The result was somewhat a fluky one, as I fancy Grey Dawn would have made them all lie down if he had not been so unlucky as to get off the rails. Flatcatcher was going strong when we ran out, but I fancy Grey Dawn's stride would have smothered little Flatcatcher when it came to a hammer and tongs finish.

Mr. Lamond Walker deserves all praise for the way in which he has ridden Blazes this season, and he received many congratulations on winning the Heavy Weight Cup.

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### 1893.

"In the van of the battle, we heard the rails rattle,  
Says he : 'though I don't care for shunning  
My share of the raps, I shall look out for gaps,  
When the light weight's away with the running."

THE above lines themselves tell you almost as much as there is to know about the Cup Chase, though not quite all, as the light weight, although he was well away with the running, couldn't manage to stick there, for the last Saturday's fences it was a case of—

"Oh the devil ! a gap, she went into it slap,  
And she and her jock took a header."

Never I suppose has the Calcutta Paperchase Cup been so brimful of surprises as was last Saturday's. Two favourites down in the first half mile, and the outsider, who was making the running and who looked to be able to win in a common canter, went down when she was within three or four fences of home. And what a lucky thing it is for some of us that this event does not receive the attention of the knights of the Pencil. Last year calculation was a bit upset, and the third favourite got home, both the first selections running off the paper when only three fences from home, and this year the race is won by a horse whose price with any intelligent ringman would have been written at "twenties." Truly was the "glorious uncertainty" verified.



Out of an entry of nineteen, thirteen accepted, and of these the only ones considered to be really dangerous were Ratafia, Lady Flo, and The Drummer. Lady Flo's chances for the Light Weight Cup looked particularly rosy, as her owner has found the recipe to ride this mare successfully over a country, namely, to let the rest go on and knock holes in them for her, and then trust to her fine turn of speed at the finish to bring her home. Ratafia was a moral for the Heavy Cup, and had a great many supporters to win the chase outright. The Drummer was known to be a bit green and on occasion inclined to be headstrong, but with so good a horseman as his owner up was allowed to be by no means one that his opponents could afford to overlook.

Of the others little notice was taken. Dinah was known to be a nice little mare, and a grand fencer, but against the class she had to meet was deemed to be harmless. In my private opinion this mare would have won, and won easily had she not jumped carelessly over one of the smallest fences on the whole course and come down. Her feather weight was of course all in her favour, and as she is as fit as a fiddle and a lot cleverer than the ordinary cat, she would have taken a lot of beating if—but then it was “if” and the fences all seemed a bit inclined to be “if,” and had a disconcerting way of turning people over. Blazes and Flatcatcher, although honest hunters, could not be expected to really live with the class that Ratafia and Lady Flo represented. Tantalus is a very nicely bred horse, but has never shown up in the first three places all the season, though we knew him for a horse clever at his fences and a good stayer.

To come down to the cold facts, never in the memory of man has such a crowd foregathered to see a Cup Chase, and not only did all Calcutta turn out, but the whole country side for miles around was “up” to see the fun.

Our Aryan brethren mustered in shoals and posted themselves at every likely looking place. I always know when I am out paperchasing when we are coming up to a rasper from the expectant crowd of “critics” who congregate to wait for the collar bones. The trampled-on tiller of the soil has an uncommonly good eye for an accident, and when he sees two or three *sahibs* down in a heap with loose horses and “language” flying all over the place, he feels his day has not been wasted and goes on his way



rejoicing. Help they never will give beyond catching your horse in anticipation of the *douceur*!

The trysting place was Jodhpore Station, and the starting point from the same field as last year's Cup over a hurdle, and then on over the bund country and intervening fences.

Our M. F. H. and Captain Grimston laid the paper.

The field were speedily despatched, and on the word being given, Dinah at once rushed away to the front and led from The Drummer, Lady Flo and Ratafia, Snowdon coming next with the remainder in a cluster.

The first fence after the road was a bank with bush on top of it, and then a wall, and then some more hurdles all coming in quick succession. After these over which all bar Ratafia jumped well, the line went on to the celebrated "bunds."

These solid fences take all the jumping that a horse can give them, and liberties cannot be taken with them in any way. It's either jump or fall as they wont give an inch. Dinah was bringing them along a cracker as they swung into the open and came over these raspers fencing like a book. The first of them gave no one any trouble, but at the second the grief began. The Drummer rushed at it, hit it hard and turned over on top of his rider. Lady Flo coming next, got over the fence right enough, but cannoned into the fallen Drummer and came down also, pinning Mr. Butler to the ground. At the next one Snowdon turned a most imperial turtle and knocked his sporting owner out of time. Flatcatcher with a cleverness that did him credit stopped dead when he saw that he could not jump without landing right on top of the fallen horse and man. Ratafia now went up into second place, attended by Half Pay, Blazes, and Tantalus; Flatcatcher refused the fence following the third bund and lost further ground. This fence was another strongly banked bund and the one after it a very healthy thing in mud walls standing at the very least four feet. This last was the ninth fence in the first mile of the distance, and this severe tax on the jumping powers of the horses had visibly thinned the field and choked off all but the real "customers." Dinah still spun along in front best pace, and after crossing the Tollygunge Lane led her field through some extremely narrow and cramped lanes to the Molla Hât Road. The turn on to the pucca from this jungle lane was a wicked one, a narrow



little culvert with a tank on the near side to accommodate any restless ones. It is, perhaps, as well that the severe fencing had tailed them off a bit, for had there been a crush at this corner, serious grief must have ensued. For the half mile, the course was the same as last Thursday's, namely, down the Tollygunge Garden Lane through the hole in the wall and away again in the open over three walls.

Kailana took one of these a foot too low, and Mr. Green Wilkinson took a crumpler, landing in some of that pretty evergreen foliage commonly known as *cactus*. The paper then went straight on "forrard" over a hurdle, and then right-handed to a small wall heading back to the Molla Hât Road once more. It was at this obstacle that clever little Dinah came to grief. The little mare misjudged the distance, took off too close; clouted it and turned head over heels on top of her feather-weight owner. Mr. King was dazed for a minute or two, and unfortunately the mare got away from him. Had he managed to keep hold of her, he would even then had been well in it, as when he fell, the second man was not in sight. Ratafia now came on attended by Tantalus, Half Pay, Sir Colin, Blazes, Bannagher lying next, with Flatcatcher some distance in rear, being ridden as hard as his sporting mistress could shove him along, and making up his lost ground very fast. In the plough to the north of the Molla Hât Road was placed a diminutive water jump, one of the few small fences on the course.

Landing over this Banshee pecked and rolled over, the sticky plough being mainly responsible. Some hurdles came next and then on the other side of the high ground a wall. When they had reached this point, they were within measurable distance of their journey's end and after jumping the drop fence at Pilgrim's corner, they swung left-handed and headed straight for the Gurriah Hât Road and the finish. When they came in view of the spectators, Ratafia was seen to hold a slight advantage from Tantalus, and over the next two fences (hurdles) the positions remained unchanged. Coming over the road, however, Tantalus drew level, and racing up level at the last hurdle, he landed with a slight lead. Both horses hit them hard, but Tantalus was quickest away, and drawing to the front in the last few strides won a most sensational race by a very short length. Half Pay done to a turn was third two lengths



off, and Sir Colin a length off, fourth. Blazes cooked to ribend fifth, and Flatcatcher sixth, Mrs. Barrow receiving a well-earned round of applause as she passed the flags.

In my opinion, Ratafia could have won, done as he was, but Lord William very sportingly contented himself with the Heavy Weight Cup.

Mr. Dring rode a plucky and well-ridden race throughout, and thoroughly deserves the Cup which he and his clever little nag have won.

Had the others not fallen, I should have expected to see the order as follows :—Dinah home by the skin of her teeth from either Lady Flo or Ratafia, the latter for choice.

Below is the record :—

Mr. W. A. Dring's	Tantalus	...	1
* Lord William Beresford's	Ratafia	...	2
* Capt. Jenkin's	Half Pay	...	3
* Dr. Forsyth's	Sir Colin	...	4
* Mr. E. Ezra's	Blazes	...	5
Mrs. Barrow's	Flatcatcher	...	6
Mr. H. D. Cartwright's	Saionara	...	o
* Mr. Wilkinson's	Kailana	...	fell
Mr. A. L. Butler's	Lady Flo	...	fell
Mr. L. Walker's	Banshee	...	fell
Mr. Rees'	The Drummer	...	fell
Mr. Von Schmidt's	Snowdon	...	fell
Mr. L. King's	Dinah	...	fell

\* Heavy weights.

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### 1894.

THE Blue Riband of Amateur cross-country sport in Calcutta was run off last Saturday, and certainly may claim to have resulted in one of the best contested races of its kind that have occurred.

The Cup is always a popular fixture, and as it is one of those sporting events which is totally devoid of the allurements of "filthy lucre," and is purely an honour-and-glory competition, the attraction to the hunting section of the community is always greater. It is true that to-day a horse that aspires to win the Paperchase Cup must be a considerably better class animal than even so short a time ago as seven years he had to be, and as



good as little fourteen-hand Rabbit was when Mr. Butler used to cut out the work in such style, he would have but little chance against what goes now-a-days. Not only must a horse be a clever and consistent fencer, but he must be very nearly clean-bred or even quite so, and able to gallop and to stay. The course over which the Cup is run is as big as Tollygunge, and if anything stiffer, as there all the fences are solid, whereas at Tollygunge bar the banks, the fences can be chanced and the distance is a good deal (about a mile and a half) further than any race that is run at the steeplechase meeting.

Therefore it is perfectly patent that to win the Cup both horse and man require to be in very good trim indeed.

The tax on horse and man is always rendered more severe on account of the state of the thermometer in the month in which the Cup is as a rule run, and last Saturday proved no exception as the heat was quite as manifest as was comfortable, though it certainly was not over-powering. Notwithstanding, a large crowd of spectators, both on wheels and on horseback, turned out, and from a quarter to seven to close upon the half hour the road from Calcutta to Jodhpore was thronged with carriages and presented the spectacle of a moving pillar of dust, such as would have put the Israelites' pilot cloud to shame.

The start was from Jodhpore, and after the paper had gone, Mr. McLeod riding a new bay horse and Mr. West on Old Saxonbury, the following put in an appearance under Mr. Petrie's charge, almost all, bar Rosette, having accepted.

*Light Weights.*

Miss King	on	Dinah.
Mrs. Norman	„	Marigold.
Mr. Boden	„	Jackdaw.
Mr. Campbell	„	Miss Theo.
Mr. Von Schmidt	„	Hardface.
Mr. Moore	„	Merryboy.
Capt. Turner	„	Khalid.
Mr. Rees	„	The Drummer.

*Heavy Weights.*

Mr. Green Wilkinson	on	Kailana.
Mr. Cowie	„	Artaxerxes.
Mr. A. J. Pugh	„	Taffy.
Mr. Robson-Scott	„	Aurora.
Mr. Lamond Walker	„	Othello.
Mr. G. Walker	„	Splasher.
Mr. Smith	„	Nellie.
Mr. Cartwright	„	Saionara.



The course being a long one and the fences stiff, full law was allowed, and it was close upon a quarter to eight before Mr. Petrie let them go. The first fence was a hurdle, and when the signal was given, Mr. Robson-Scott jumped Aurora away to the front and went out a nice pace, leading his field over the hurdles, and then up alongside the railway line across the Monsoon Road, and further on across the Gurriah Hât Road. On both sides of the road were some deep narrow little ditches, which it is almost impossible for horses to see until they are right on top of them, the one at the Gurriah Hât accounted for three of the Welter Division.

Othello came down first, then Nellie and on top of the pair Saionara. The last-named was remounted, but both the riders of the others were more or less severely hurt. Mr. Lamond Walker sustained injuries about the head and was knocked out of time for a bit. The next obstacle was a wall this side of Pilgrim's corner over which Aurora still led from Jackdaw, Miss Theo, Kailana, Artaxerxes, Hardface and The Drummer, the rest close up; Dinah and Marigold whipping in with Saionara a long way in rear.

They went round the corner and ringed back towards the Gurriah Hât Road again, and then turned right-handed and were set going with an almost clear run of over a mile with the stiffest of fences in front of them. As they got into the open, Miss Theo, Jackdaw, and Kailana all ranged up to Aurora, and the quartette showed the way over the stiff fences almost neck and neck. Hardface, the Drummer, Merriboy, Khalid and Taffy coming next all close together, and Dinah and Marigold some lengths in rear. Merriboy hit the top of the first bund badly, and as they are not noted for much give-and-take, it sent him on to his head, and as he recovered very quickly, he shot Mr. Moore several feet into the air. There was not another disaster registered over these fences, and the field then drove straight ahead over two more big walls and across the Tollygunge Lane. After jumping a flight of hurdles, they ringed back on to it, and then crossed the Molla Hât Road, near the old bridge, and went on into the railway country. The Drummer had by this considerably improved his position and the order in the lane was: Aurora, Jackdaw, The Drummer, Miss Theo, Khalid, and Hardface, next to them coming Artaxerxes, Kailana, Taffy



and Dinah. Khalid ran up third immediately they got clear of the jungle and Jackdaw led at the next fence. It was a solid wall, and Khalid overjumped himself, touched the top of it, and the gallant Arab pony turned head over heels; Artaxerxes jumped crooked at it, and also rolled over; and Kailana's chances were also destroyed by a fall, his owner getting somewhat ironed out. Jackdaw was now left in command, and as the paper went right-about-wheel back to the Molla Hât Road, his sporting owner was somewhat slow at picking up the line, and though he held a considerable advantage through the cramped country where Jackdaw's handiness served him in good stead, he allowed The Drummer and Miss Theo to catch him before he got to the Molla Hât Road again. A ding-dong race home in the plough below the road then took place, Jackdaw holding the advantage right away up to the last hurdle where he fell heavily, being too cooked to rise. The Drummer and Miss Theo kept spinning, and after a good race, The Drummer won by a bare length all out. Hardface was a good third.

The official record is as follows :--

Mr. Rees's	The Drummer	...	1
Mr. C. C. Campbell's	Miss Theo	...	2
Mr. Von Schmidt's	Hardface	...	3
Mr. Pugh's	Taffy	...	4
Mr. G. W. Walker's	Splasher	...	5
Mr. Robson-Scott's	Aurora	...	6
Miss King's	Dinah	...	7

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1895.

WHEN the "Squire" characterised the Calcutta Paperchase Cup as one of the prizes that was best worth winning in the whole of India at the recent Paperchase Dinner, he went marvellously near the mark, for I know of no more sporting institution in the whole of India than the Calcutta Hunt, nor of a trophy that takes more winning than does the Paperchase Cup. The course over which the Cup is run is in good sooth as heavy a job to cross as any man might wish to meet with, and for a downright hard ride there is nothing to beat it. It is a steeplechase from start to finish, and one of the best chases to watch that any one could wish to see. The fastest burst with hounds or after pig is not as fast as they go in the





A Start. Mr. W. O. Rees leading.







Paperchase Cup of Calcutta, and considering the distance is three to four miles as a rule and sometimes more, it may be well understood that it takes both a fit horse and a fit man to win it. The race for the Cup kills anything that is "soft," and a slow one also has very little chance, though there is of course always the chance of the leader over-shooting the mark, and one that to all appearances is "beaten to the world" coming home, as happened when Mr. W. O. Rees cut in and won on Kettledrum when to all appearances two fences from home Grey Dawn and Flatcatcher were the only two left in. The race last Saturday morning was a good one, and the course ditto, but I thought somewhat on the small side, for none of the fences were so big as we have had them in former years. To Mr. C. C. Campbell we must all combine in offering our heartiest congratulations, for he has nobly deserved all the Cups he has won. Miss Theo in my opinion could have gone clean away from the field at any portion of the journey, as I consider she was 10lbs. in front of anything that started; Mr. Campbell nevertheless drew it dangerously fine and might well have lost it had Miss Theo blundered at all when she hit the last hurdle, but as it was, she cleverly recovered herself and galloped on without changing her stride—and got home. The mare, I am sorry to hear, has since the Cup been laid up with a lump on her knee as a result of that last hurdle, and it is a wonderful piece of luck that her one and only mistake should have come after she had won the Cup, for which her hard-riding owner had been keeping her. The course started from the bank by Pilgrim's Corner taking a bee-line for the Tollygunge Lane, the fences intervening being a fair-sized wall to start over, an open ditch, a flight of hurdles, and the big wall, on to the bund, a very fair bill of fare in so short a distance as you will admit. Then it went to the left down the lane till it came to the break in the underwood which lets us through into the lesser bund country and travelling over a flight of hurdles and a wall it eventually went to the left over the high ground, and through the short lanes to the bund country proper, jumping *en route* from the drop side, the fence by the Mahomedan graves. The bund country was taken from the Jodhpore side as usual, and after jumping it the line lay round the jungle belt for Molla Hât, the two walls in the hollow being the last of the mud fences. The finish was in the plough alongside



the Molla Hât Road over two flights of hurdles, and the run in must have been close on a quarter of a mile.

The Squire and Mr. Blackmore jumped the course on Splasher and Nellie, and the field were not kept long in suspense before Ballygunge Jim gave them the office, and those who went down to the first fence all so gallant and gay were the following :—

*Light Weights.*

Mr. Barnett	on	Ellerslie.
Mr. Campbell	,,	Miss Theo.
Mr. Gresson	,,	Asthore.
Mr. H. O. King	,,	Storm.
Mr. Butler	,,	The Cat.
Mr. Glasgow	,,	Blink Bonny.
Mrs. Barrow	,,	Flatcatcher.
Mr. Barrow	,,	Melton.
Capt. Agnew	,,	Carlton.
Mr. Whitby Smith	,,	Jericho.
Capt. Turner	,,	Damages.

*Heavy Weights.*

Mr. Pugh	on	Taffy.
Capt. Fuller	,,	Queen.
Mr. Toynbee	,,	April Fool.
Mr. Lamond Walker	,,	Dick.
Mr. Blair	,,	Boolka.

Melton jumped the first fence in front of everything, the only time by the way he was in front, behind him coming Queen, Blink Bonny and Asthore, next Queen, Ellerslie, Damages, The Cat, Storm, Flatcatcher, and a bunch of them all close up. At the big wall Blink Bonny took a clod off for anyone behind, but it was no time for picking and choosing as the straightest way was undoubtedly the shortest, with such a field of thrusters out.

They soon got to the road when Jim Turner by a judicious cut got in front of Miss Theo into the lane, but was passed by her as they debouched into the open once more. This was the only dusty bit of the whole ride, and anyone lying close up to the leading division could not see his hand in front of his face, but I know that Miss Theo, Ellerslie, The Cat and Damages were all doing their little bit in front, and led in turns, the pace being almost too good to enquire for any one else. I saw Capt. Fuller going in a style that did one's heart good, and Mr. Toynbee was riding as if fourteen—or is it fifteen Mr. T.?—stone was a “feather!” As we shaped back to the bunds, Miss Theo got in front, with Ellerslie and The Cat lying



close up to her, and Captain Turner, Mr. Glasgow and Mr. King and Mr. Gresson all well in it, they went over this bit of country in great form. Over the two walls in the hollow The Cat and Ellerslie held a slight lead of everything else, Miss Theo lying clear of them with a line of her own on the inside, and at the corner Mr. Campbell came to the front hands down, Ellerslie and Damages being sent along, and The Cat done with—all the rest dead to the world.

The three came on, Miss Theo waiting on them and many were the yells to Mr. Campbell to “go on.” Damages came every time he was asked, but he had done at the last hurdle, where for a moment it looked as if the ominous rattle was going to spell a r-o-l-l as Miss Theo made the top rail sing, but she quickly recovered herself, and though Mr. Barnett and Captain Turner persevered to the end, and rode every ounce out of their horses, Miss Theo won three-quarters extended by a short head; a length off Damages.

The Official order was :—

Mr. Campbell	on	Miss Theo	...	...	1
Mr. Barnett	„	Ellerslie	...	...	2
Capt. Turner	„	Damages	...	...	3
Mr. Glasgow	„	Blink Bonny	...	...	4
Mr. H. O. King	„	Storm	...	...	5
Mr. Butler	„	The Cat	...	...	6
Mr. Gresson	„	Asthore	...	...	7
Capt. Agnew	„	Carlton	...	...	8
Capt. Fuller	„	Queen	...	...	9*

\* Heavy Weight Cup.

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1896.

THAT an unfortunate *contretemps* should have marred what would undoubtedly have been a very hardly contested finish for the Calcutta Paperchase Cup of 1896 will ever be a matter of regret. Yet so it was, all the leaders missing the second last fence and one of the heavies, Colonel Hunt to wit, who had quietly been cantering behind in company with Postboy and a bad attack of the “floo” got home without so much as having to extend his hunter. The various reasons assigned for the leaders missing the paper are now stale news; but for the sake of making the records complete, I may put my private opinion down, and it was, I think, a combination of dust, impetuosity and scantiness of paper which caused the



leaders to go astray, but it is all over now, so the least said about it the better, the more so I hear that a generous sportsman is going to give the Calcuttaites an opportunity of doing it all over again under similar conditions: provided, of course, I suppose, there is rain to soften the ground withal.

The morning was particularly hot by comparison, but the going was, with the exception of about half a mile, hard as brick-bats, and the dust something too awful; on the roads it was impossible to see one's horse's ears, let alone one's next door neighbour, the only indication of whose whereabouts was the bump and the jostle which one received from all points of the compass. The distance was four miles, and the fences fully both large and numerous, the bund walls and the big wall being enough to tax the ingenuity of the most accomplished fencers.

The country chosen was the line from the Gurriah Hât Road across to the Tollygunge Lane, *viz.*, the bund country, then across the Molla Hât Road right-handed, a big ring in the railway country with a real big supply of jumping on hand, and home to a finish across the Molla Hât leading up to the Rifle Brigade *jheel*!

I was too full of dust and anxiety to remain to really count how many fences I jumped, but I've a vague idea that it was something inside of twenty, and they were most of them—as high as one would wish to meet so early in the morning.

The following is a list of the starters:—

*Heavy Weights.*

Capt. Grimston	on	Queen.
Col. Hunt	,,	Postboy.
Maj. Lyle	,,	Midnight.
Mr A. J. Pugh	,,	Sir Gareth.
Mr. L. A. Smith	,,	Woad.

*Light Weights.*

Miss King	on	School-girl
Mr. Barrow	,,	Flatcatcher.
Mr C. Campbell	,,	Miss Theo.
Lord Fincastle	,,	Freebooter.
Mr. Lauder	,,	Barmaid.
Mr. Rawlinson	,,	Snapshot.
Mr. Rees	,,	Caliban.
Mr. Swanston	,,	Leila.
Maj. Turner	,,	Damages.
Mr. R. Westmacott	,,	Maori.
Mr. A. L. Butler	,,	Unity.
Capt. Agnew	,,	Carlton.
Mr. Whitby Smith	,,	Jericho.



The paper was laid by Messrs. Blackmore and Gresson, but owing to its being such a long journey, it did not last out properly, so "scent" was fairly lost in the last mile.

Shortly after the advertised hour, 7-30 A.M., the field were let go, and the hurry everyone was in to get first over the preliminary fence showed there was no lack of keenness in the field, and there was an equal crush over the second fence, the drop. It was not until the bund country was reached that they had really shaken down into their places, and it was then seen that Leila, Damages, Miss Theo, and Flatcatcher were cutting out the work from Sir Gareth, Freebooter, Unity, Queen, Caliban, Carlton, and a few more all close up, the body of the field also in close order.

There were two big walls and an open ditch here, and further on the big wall on the bund and a water jump. Over the big wall, the jumping all round was very good, though Unity hit it pretty hard. At the water, which came as a bit of a surprise, Carlton fell on landing, though Capt. Agnew was not hurt. A hurdle only intervened between the lanes into the Molla Hât Road, and then we began putting up the average of that peck of dirt that it is the fate of us all to gobble. Mr. Rees came with a rattle on the road, and Unity and Freebooter also got nearer the front. Off the road into the railway country Miss Theo led, Damages second, then Freebooter, Leila, Caliban, Unity, Sir Gareth, Flatcatcher and Queen, and they jumped two more big walls before they cast up at the lane by the "Old Man's Crossing." At the corner here both Miss Theo and Leila were nearly down.

There was not much lane hunting before we again scrambled through the covert on our right, and got at the jumping game again, the order at the drop fence, the two walls, and the bush and ditch this side of the Molla Hât being Miss Theo, Damages, Freebooter, Flatcatcher, Unity, Leila, Caliban, Sir Gareth and Queen. At the ditch on to the road, the dust was so bad that those behind could not see it, and Flatcatcher and Unity both narrowly saved a fall. Then came the mistake, as owing to the dust and the angle at which they left the road all the leading division ran aside of the second last fence and only jumped the concluding hurdle. The actual order in which they passed the post seems in dispute; but when the mistake was discovered, Sir Gareth, Miss Theo, Flatcatcher, Freebooter



and Leila turned round and went back to correct their error, but in the meantime Colonel Hunt had come up and sailed home a very easy winner.

Mr. Rawlinson on Snapshot ought to have won, had he been able to get his horse straight in time, but he jumped only the left wing of the second-last hurdle, and was therefore disqualified.

The official order was given as follows :—

* Col. Hunt	on	Postboy	... 1
† Mr. A. J. Pugh	,,	Sir Gareth	... 2
Mr. C. Campbell	,,	Miss Theo	... 3
Mr. A. S. Barrow	,,	Flatcatcher	... 4
Lord Fincastle	,,	Freebooter	... 5
Capt. Swanston	,,	Leila	... 6

\* Winner of Paperchase Cup.

† Winner of Heavy Weight Cup.

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### 1897.

THE Paperchase season in Calcutta came to a conclusion on Saturday last, the 30th March, with the Cup Chase. This is the most sporting steeplechase in India, and probably a more severe test so far as the jumping goes than even the Indian Grand National, for the fences are decidedly more formidable and the distance greater; the pace for the class of horse that competes is also very sound. Saturday's race was considered to be the most open of all competitions of recent years, for, with Miss Theo absent, it looked as if quite half a dozen of them had a chance of winning. The race, however, is not always to the swift, especially over such country as is before the Paperchase Cup candidates, for there are a great many more chances against a horse in a competition of this kind than there are in a steeplechase over an open flagged course; he may find the turns and rough ground take more out of him than he contemplates, the fences probably are not so kind to him as the flying bush fences of Tollygunge and elsewhere, and he may make a wrong turn and run off the paper track and lose ground that he will find it very hard to regain. Aconite, the winner, is a big up-standing bay, who, were it not that he is as handy as a cat and very temperate, would be the very reverse of what one would pick for a pattern paperchaser. He is, however, an undeniable fencer and possessed of a



surprising amount of pace, and he was, without a shadow of doubt, the fittest horse that started on Saturday, as when he finished he was almost as fresh as when he started.

The line taken lay from Jodhpore Thannah over a flight of hurdles in the field to the left of the road, then along by the railway over a deep drop, and so on over some hurdles, the station road, an open ditch and some more hurdles to the Gurriah Hât Road. From here the line lay over the natural bund and a flight of hurdles as far as the drop fence, but it was not jumped, at that time the paper going away to the left and taking a turn in the open country before it returned to the drop, which had to be jumped from the reverse way up, and was a very big fence indeed. The bund country was then crossed, three bunds, the big wall on the bund and the water jump being the fences before the Tollygunge Lane: after this the course turned right-handed in the direction of Molla Hât, and the wall by the brick kilns was jumped, the straight run in after that being over two flights of hurdles and a bushed wall. The going was very hard for the most of the way, the bund country as usual being the only soft bit. The following is a list of the starters:—

*Heavy Weights.*

Capt. Gough's	... bay
Mr. H. D. Cartwright's	... b. aust. g. Saionara.
Mr. N. A. McLeod's	... br. aust. m. Dolly.
Mr. J. W. Orr's	... b. aust. g. Cockell.
Mr. G. W. Walker's	... b. aust. m. Marguerite.
Mr. A. J. Pugh's	... ch. aust. g. Golden Spray.
Mr. E. E. Martin's	... ch. aust. g. Barney.

*Light Weights.*

Lord Fincastle's	... b. aust. g. Islonsay.
Lord Geo. Murray's	... ch. aust. m. Marigold.
Mr. G. C. Benson's	... b. aust. g. Jabberjee.
Mr. D. S. Fraser's	... br. aust. m. Little Nell.
Major Turner's	... b. aust. g. Aconite.
Mr. W. E. Bayley's	... bk. aust. g. Troubadour.
Capt. Q. Agnew's	... ch. aust. h. Carlton.
Mr. A. L. Butler's	... b. aust. g. Saturn.
Mr. R. H. A. Gresson's	... ch. aust. m. Eau-de-Vie.
Mr. H. G. L. Panchaud's	... b. aust. g. Leda.
Mr. H. Whitby Smith's	... b. aust. g. Jericho.
Mr. Barrow's	... b. aust. m. Belinda.

Mr. West and Mr. Blackmore laid the paper and Mr. Petrie started. At a quarter to eight the large field were got into line, and no time was lost in sending them on their adventurous journey. The first to anticipate the



signal were Aconite, Marguerite, Belinda, Golden Spray and Eau-de-Vie, followed by Islonsay, Cockell, Saturn and Barney. Lord George Murray came down at the drop. The order remained unchanged till the Gurriah Hât Road was crossed, and the natural bund and hurdle had been jumped, but here Aconite missed the paper and let Marguerite get in front of him in the lane to the Mahomedan graves. Once in the open again, however, Aconite led, and was followed by the mare, Islonsay, Saturn, Eau-de-Vie, Belinda, Cockell, Barney and Golden Spray. The same order was maintained all the way to the bund country where Cockell improved his position, and Saturn also lay close up. Marguerite beginning to tire as they jumped the water. In the Tollygunge Lane Belinda went up fourth, and at the wall in the corner the order was: Aconite and Saturn leading, closely followed by Islonsay and Belinda, Cockell and Eau-de-Vie next, Marguerite whipping in. In the straight Aconite galloped clean away from them all and his field being all badly beaten two fences from home. Cockell ran out at the third-last fence, and lost Mr. Orr the Heavy Weight Cup, Marguerite being the first welter weight in. The following was the order:—

Major Turner	on	Aconite	...	1
Mr. Butler	„	Saturn	...	2
Lord Fincastle	„	Islonsay	...	3
Mr. Barrow	„	Belinda	...	4
Mr. Gresson	„	Eau-de-Vie	...	5
Mr. G. W. Walker	„	Marguerite (h)	...	6

Major Turner is to be congratulated upon a very excellent performance, and Mr. Walker's win was also immensely popular. After the run there was a *chota hazri*, at which the members of the hunt were "At Home" to all their friends.

### 1898.

He wins all the way, and the rest--sweet, they say,  
Is the smell of the newly-turned plough, friend;  
But you smell it too close when it stops eyes and nose,  
And you can't tell your horse from your cow, friend!

LINDSAY GORDON.

I HAVE a very stale subject to handle and a still staler stump of a pen. It has been talked of already by three





Mr. G. W. Walker ("The Squire.")

"

"







"competent critics" (copyright), and we have heard everything there is to be heard in connection with it. The beaten have been condoled with and the victorious congratulated; we have carefully re-ridden every yard of the line, re-jumped every fence, scratched our faces against the same thorns, shorn all the shine off our boots at the same time and re-delivered ourselves of that last effort in the straight! What, therefore, can I tell you? Would it interest your readers to know how some of us wished we had docked smoking earlier in our training, or been more diligent with the dumb-bells before our morning tub? How a bad flounder or a peck at the drop shook all the wind we had remaining out of us, how he tore at his bridle going at the big wall, and how we thanked our stars that India had still left us nerve enough not to mind if he had not measured that last stride right? How we hugged ourselves as he landed into the next field, and we looked between his ears for the next one? I don't know. Your sporting readers have perhaps felt all these sensations. In a long gallop across country one gets a whole heap of them, and it is a lesson in patience such as few other things are or ever can be. Perhaps he's pulling our arms out, and we feel he must know better than we can what pace he ought to go; perhaps we think the brown horse in front of us is getting dangerously far away, and we have to kick ourselves to keep from chasing him when we take the trouble to remember that he can't help coming back to us at the pace he is going, or down himself if he chances any more of them as he did that last wall.

Fortune does not always favour the brave, and after the gallant way The Squire cut out the work on Saturday, he deserved a better fate than that which awaited him at the last fence. Even if all had gone well, I feel convinced Drums would never have won, for both he and his rider were cooked to a turn. Molly Riley was coming the fastest of the lot, and was no doubt the freshest, but it would have taken her all her time to beat Ice Cream in spite of the latter's having had all that he wanted. It was a good finish spoiled by a most unfortunate accident.

"Squire Walker" is doing as well as could possibly be hoped, and we all hope to see him at dinner to-morrow night.

The course was as good a one as possible. The middle two miles of it were of the best, but both the start



and the half mile just before they re-crossed the Molla Hât were very unpleasant places in which to indulge in a *promenade à cheval*! The field ran off the paper two or three times on the return journey, but Mr. McLeod cannot be blamed for this as there was no country available.

A bigger gallery turned out to witness this race than I remember to have seen for many years past, and those who rode were not disappointed; for, owing to its being such a long course, they were able to see the start and then gallop across to the lower country where all the heaviest jumping had to be done, and then go on and be in plenty of time to see the finish. I suppose the distance was well over 4 miles.

Messrs. Mayne and Pugh carried the paper, and after it had got round in safety, Mr. McLeod martialled the field of ten runners and after a caution as to the broken ground let them go. Ice Cream and Molly Riley led from Drums, Mavourneen, Hammer and Tongs, the C.-in-C.'s staff, Barney and Jericho. After the first two fences the ground was very bad—that holey bit along by the railway. We missed both the ditch and the drop and only jumped a flight of hurdles before reaching the Station Road. Here a bullock cart got in the way and Molly Riley charged it and then bolted. Ice Cream led them into the bund country followed by Drums, Mavourneen, Hammer and Tongs, Barney, the staff, Jericho, Trombone and Molly Riley. At the first of the bunds Mavourneen went down, and getting away from her rider she accompanied the field for a long way on. At the big wall Molly Riley had regained a good deal of ground and over the Tollygunge Lane the first six were all close together, Ice Cream still leading. Down the Tollygunge Gardens Lane the order was: Ice Cream, Drums, Hammer and Tongs, Good Heavens, Molly Riley, Barney, Bushranger and Jericho; but as they got into the open country again Molly Riley went up alongside Ice Cream and the pair jumped the next fence level. A flight of hurdles at an awkward angle caused them all to run off the paper, and again this happened at the new embankment, Ice Cream and Drums getting away quickest after this mistake and securing a long lead from Hammer and Tongs and Molly Riley.

As they came into the straight Drums looked to be cooked, and Mr. Walker had hard work to keep Ice Cream



going, while Molly Riley, once she got a clear run, made up her lost ground very fast. At the last fence Drums was so cooked that he ran out and carried Ice Cream with him, Mr. Walker getting knocked off by the wing of the fence and taking a somewhat severe fall. Molly Riley was from four to five lengths off when this happened, but after it she had nothing to do but canter home. The order was :—

Mr. Barrow	on	Molly Riley	...	1
Mr. Hayden	,,	Hammer and Tongs	...	2
Mr. Martin	,,	Barney (H)	...	3
Capt. Taylor	,,	Bushranger (H)	...	4
Capt. Agnew	,,	Good Heavens	...	5
Mr. Whitby Smith	,,	Jericho	...	6
Mr. G. W. Walker	,,	Ice Cream (fell) (II)	...	0
Mr. Gresson	,,	Mavourneen (fell)	...	0
Mr. Souttar	,,	Trombone (H)	...	0
Mr. Birkmyre	,,	Drums (ran out)	...	0

H=heavy weight.

#### 1899.

THAT the greatest interest centred in the Cup race was evidenced by the numbers who turned out to witness the struggle for this trophy. From Ballygunge to the Red Road on Saturday morning a continuous stream of vehicles of every imaginable description poured along the route ; two four-in-hands were out, one bringing the Government House party, the other a nice team of bays represented Dr. Spooner Hart's stable ; tandems, pairs and tum-tums galore spun along towards the "The Old Man's Crossing," whilst bicyclists wended their way warily through the crowds of carriages. And last but not least Her Excellency Lady Curzon drove up in a barouche under escort of the Viceroy's Body-Guard. Her Excellency was accompanied by Lady Lonsdale, and both ladies evinced the greatest interest in the proceedings.

The start for the Cup was in the field to the left of the lane leading to the "Old Man's Crossing," and a field of seven only faced the starter, the diminished number from that of previous years being very noticeable. Those who lined up waiting for the flag to drop were : Mr. G. Walker on Ice Cream, Mr. Mayne on Baal, Mrs. Barrow on Flatcatcher, Mr. Barrow on Molly Riley, Captain Beatty on Reflector, Mr. Wheeler on Eau-de-Vie, Mr. Russell on



The field which lined up at the call of Sir Patrick Playfair was, as we have said before, a small one, the heavy weights being represented by Mr. Lamond Walker on Islander, Captain Tyrrell on Idolator and Mr. J. W. Orr on Blue Boy; the light weights made a better show, and comprised Mrs. Lamond Walker on Lilac, Mr. R. Pugh on Lady Bird, Lord Suffolk on Franciscan, Mr. Stokes on The Wreck, and Mr. Catto on Glentilt. At the word "go" Mr. Catto was the first away, followed by Captain Tyrrell and Mr. Stokes, Blue Boy lying last close behind Franciscan. This order was maintained to the Gurriah Hât Road where The Wreck assumed the lead, making the pace very hot. From this point as far as the in and out, The Wreck and Glentilt led alternately, the pace still continuing fast. In the straight bit of going after this jump Lady Bird came up with a rush with Franciscan on her heels; crossing the Tollygunge Lane and into the chota gully Franciscan made the running, and seeing the flag ahead both Lord Suffolk and Mr. Pugh sat down to ride. It was one of the prettiest things we have seen this season. Neck and neck they came on together, and then the water jump appeared ahead. Many thought that Franciscan would outjump Lady Bird, but on the contrary the mare cleared it by several feet more than the grey who could not make up the distance, and so left Lady Bird the winner by half a length. A slight gap, and then The Wreck with Glentilt close up passed the flags, and after this the heavy weights put in an appearance, but some considerable distance behind the others. Coming through the chota gully Idolator led from Islander, but Mr. Walker putting on the pace quickly diminished the distance between himself and Captain Tyrrell, but he had left it too late, and the latter was declared the winner of the Heavy Weight Cup by two or three lengths. Mrs. Lamond Walker then followed on Lilac, that gallant old charger Blue Boy carrying topmost weight bringing up the rear.

The following is the official order :—

- |    |                    |    |             |
|----|--------------------|----|-------------|
| 1. | Mr. R. A. C. Pugh  | on | Lady Bird.  |
| 2. | Lord Suffolk       | „  | Franciscan. |
| 3. | Mr. Stokes         | „  | The Wreck.  |
| 4. | Mr. Catto          | „  | Glentilt.   |
| 5. | Capt. Tyrrell      | „  | Idolator.   |
| 6. | Mr. Lamond Walker  | „  | Islander.   |
| 7. | Mrs. Lamond Walker | „  | Lilac.      |
| 8. | Mr. J. W. Orr      | „  | Blue Boy.   |









Mr. Gresson on Sligo.



1901.

THE Calcutta Paperchase Club brought their 1900-1901 season to a close on Saturday last, the 2nd March, by that ever popular fixture, the chase for the Cup, or rather, I should say Cups, as there are two given, one for Heavy Weights and one for Light Weights.

Although it has been warming up very rapidly during the last week, the weather on Saturday morning was very enjoyable, the sun being hidden by clouds and hardly shewing himself at all until the chase was practically over.

There was a very large gathering at the meet of spectators both on horseback and on foot. Her Excellency Lady Curzon graced the occasion with her presence, on horseback, attended by Lieut.-Col. Baring and Captain de Crespigny, and the members of the Viceregal Staff most hospitably entertained the field and spectators after the finish, under the shelter of a *shamiana*, in which *chota hazri* was provided, including cool liquid refreshment most grateful especially to those that had been riding in and after the chase.

The field was composed of the following :—

*Heavy Weight.*

Major Ferrar	on	Protection.
Capt. Martin	„	B. P.
Mr. George Walker	„	Ice Cream.

*Light Weight.*

Miss Hemingway	on	None Nicer.
Major Kenny	„	Tankar.
Capt. Holden	„	Eldorado.
Mr. Gresson	„	Sligo.
Mr. Stokes	„	Matchlock.
Mr. Deakin	„	Colebrook.
Mr. C. Cowie	„	Balmain.
Mr. Turner	„	Bacchus.
Mr. Griffith	„	Topsail.
Mr. Pugh	„	Ladybird.

In the chase for the Cup last year, there were the same number of heavy weights, but only five light weights. Of the riders that competed then, only two entered this year, Messrs. Stokes and Pugh, and of the horses, only one, Ladybird.

This year's Cup course was chosen by Mr. Wheeler, to whom great credit is due for providing about four



and-a-quarter miles of very excellent going. From start to finish, the course bore evidence that a very great deal of care had been bestowed upon it.

In many places the ground had been carefully levelled, corners cut away, several trappy little ditches filled up, awkwardly protruding branches of trees cut away, and at one point a new ride had been cut through a belt of jungle to avoid an awkward bend. In the sandy lane leading from the "hole in the wall" to the Molla Hât Road a *mali* had been employed to fill in the deep cart ruts, making the lane fairly good going for the occasion.

Starting near Jodhpur station at the end of the Monsoon ride, after the first hurdle the course led across the Gurriah Hât Road, and away due west in the direction of Tollygunge. Crossing a mud wall in the open, it turned sharply to the right to the "gates," where a couple of mud walls had been erected, forming a very neat "in and out" jump. From there the line bent to the left parallel to the Molla Hât Road. A hurdle was jumped, and then the Molla Hât Road was crossed by the brick pillars, and then a drop jump and bank. From this point the direction was first towards the Old Man's Crossing, but there was soon a slight bend to the left which suggested the next level crossing as the objective. But after passing the high banked tank on the left a mud wall had to be negotiated, and the course ran over a raised patch of peas to the "hole in the wall," and so into the sandy lane leading to the Molla Hât Road. Eastwards along the Molla Hât Road for about fifty yards, and then up a lane to the right, past an extension of the *durzee's* bustee, and out to the open where a rather big mud wall brought Topsail to grief, depriving Mr. Griffith of the lead which he had just gained at this point. Crossing the Tollygunge Lane a new cutting through a belt of jungle led into a nice stretch of open country running parallel to the bund country, the latter having been found too heavy to gallop over. Crossing the end of the bund country homewards the chase led close down to the Gurriah Hât Road, then through a cutting back again to circumnavigate a patch of jungle, past the small tank associated with Mr. Verschoyle's name, and over the Gurriah Hât Road in the direction of the railway, over a hurdle, and then bending to the left it ran parallel,



and to the railway, over two drop jumps and a bank, and round a bend to the left to the finish beside Jodhpur Thannah.

Lord Suffolk on Jericho and Mr. Magor on Return laid the paper, piloted by Mr. Wheeler on Hailstorm. The supply of paper ran out about two hundred yards from the finish, and to complete the course some of the paper laid at the start had to be hastily gathered up after the field had gone away.

Lord Suffolk officiated as starter, and despatched the field on fairly level terms. Sligo and Ladybird were the first to show in front, but after crossing the Gurriah Hât Road for the first time, Mr. Stokes took the lead on Matchlock, and showed them the way over the "in and out" jump. A number of the spectators had gone on ahead and were waiting at this point to see the field take these jumps, and a very pretty sight it was, as the thirteen horses negotiated the obstacles in fairly close order. The style shown by None Nicer and his fair rider was greatly admired, but on the other hand one or two of the other riders shewed a considerable amount of daylight between them and their saddles at the second of the two walls. After crossing the Molla Hât Road, Colebrook came down heavily at a mud wall. Mr. Deakin escaped without any damage, and was quickly in the saddle again, but Colebrook appeared to be a bit winded by the fall, and thereafter seemed unable to gallop in his usual style. Matchlock, Sligo, Protection and Ladybird formed the leading division until near the *durzee's* village Mr. Griffith went to the front with Topsail. On reaching the open the first mud wall brought Topsail down a regular buster, but no bones were broken. Mr. Griffith having dropped out of the chase, Major Ferrar essayed the lead, but presently overran the paper, and somewhere hereabouts Miss Hemingway also got off the trail and had to give it up. Matchlock began to shew signs of having had enough of it, and Mr. Gresson on Sligo assumed the command, increasing the pace considerably, hotly pursued by Ladybird. Across the Gurriah Hât Road, towards and parallel to the railway, Mr. Pugh on Ladybird tried to get on terms, but in vain, and Mr. Gresson went away from him at the finish, passing the post an easy winner. Ladybird second, and then came Major Ferrar on Protection third, giving a lot of weight to the two in front of him.



The official order at the finish was as follows :—

1.	Mr. Gresson	on	Sligo.
2.	Mr. Pugh	„	Ladybird.
3.	Major Ferrar	„	Protection.
4.	Major Kenny	„	Tankar.
5.	Captain Holden	„	Eldorado.
6.	Mr. Stokes	„	Matchlock.

Mr. Gresson, therefore, wins the Light Weight and Major Ferrar the Heavy Weight Cup.

Mr. Wheeler officiated as judge at the finish, and in the absence of writing paper was obliged to borrow the nearest white topee on which to officially record the names of the placed riders as they came past the post.

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### 1902.

THE Final Meet of the Season was held last Saturday morning, and the record “gallery,” which assembled to watch the finish of the Cup chase, must have gladdened the hearts of all paperchasing enthusiasts. The surest signs of the condition of any sport is the amount of popular support which it receives, and judging from the big turn-out at Jodhpore on Saturday paperchasing would seem to be in a very flourishing state.

Sir John Woodburn rode out to see the chase, and the Viceroy's Staff being “At Home” for *chota hasri* afterwards the company included nearly all the social stars who the exigencies of the public service and other attractions have left in Calcutta, so late in the year.

The first thing I noticed on arriving at the Meet was the beam scale at which the competitors were being industriously weighed out; the operation did not appear, however, to be so difficult or tedious, as some supposed it would be, and the result of the race showed the wisdom of the new rules, which have been established this season regarding the Cup weights. The field was brought together in a remarkable way and the eleventh horse passed the post within a very respectable distance of the winner ; in past years there has often been a quarter of a mile between the first and last horses with those intervening strung out into an almost ridiculous line.

I rode round the course, which was not nearly so long as last year, and could have been very little more than





Mr. Gresson winning the Cup on Sligo.







three and a half miles ; the going was good nearly all the way, and a track had been made through the plough land by beating out the big clods which are so distressing to a beaten horse. The course ran from the Gurriah Hât Road down the well-known " Bund country," and then crossing the Molla Hât Road reached out as far as the railway by an old but little known route. Swinging round opposite the Red Road crossing, the paper led back across the Molla Hât and out into the open stretch of country opposite the " Gates ;" the finish lying to the right beyond to the Bund country. There were fourteen fences, of which six were plain mud walls though good big ones, five were hurdles, the water-jump, an open ditch, and a wall with a ditch on the landing side completing the somewhat formidable list.

Mr. Weston on Jericho and Mr. Stokes on Rufus laid both the course and the paper.

There was some waiting at the start before the paper got round, and the air in the immediate neighbourhood was full of excitement, suppressed and otherwise; I recognised several familiar faces in the line of thirteen thrusters who so dauntlessly awaited Mr. Bankier's parting words of sympathy, but I feel that this is no place to jest and settle myself to give you a true and solemn account of the deadly and serious contest which then ensued.

They crashed over the first hurdle in close order and Morocco Bound was first into the lane followed by The Wreck, Eldorado and Ladybird. Coming out into the bund country Mr. Warburton gave rein to his ambition and to his gallant steed, leading the entire chase over four grim fences, under the admiring eyes of a sympathetic gallery. Next to him came Eldorado, Ladybird, Bush Girl, and Morocco Bound, with the rest in a bunch close behind, Nancy Lee and Colebrook whipping in.

The Wreck led over two more fences, but missed the turn off the Tollygunge Lane, letting up Eldorado, Ladybird and Bush Girl; these three led all through the jungle and round by the railway, the pace not being particularly hot. On the way home a narrow lane put them into single file and allowed the stragglers to close their distance ; by the time the open was reached, the horses had got a breather and as they spread out over the plough, Ladybird had a bit the best of it with Bush Girl and Eldorado close on her girths. Dunnabie, who had been



lying back for a lead throughout, was here set going in earnest, and began to overhaul the leaders rapidly, these four drawing away from the second division which was headed by Morocco Bound, The Wreck and Lucy Glitters. Coming up to the water the crowd of spectators including a lady with a red parasol, misled Messrs. Rees and Pugh, who started to "finish" forthwith; the result was that the pace over the water was simply terrific and resulted in a disaster to Lucy Glitters, who under eleven stone must have had about enough of it by that time. The sharp turn to the right over the Ladies Wall must have been a severe strain on the almost exhausted leaders, and Dunnabie turning in behind them drew level as they swung into the straight. Bush Girl was the first to give in, having expended her last ounce in the desperate set-to with Ladybird over the water, and Mr. Rees mercifully eased her; Ladybird game as ever struggled on desperately, but Dunnabie carried far too many guns altogether and striding on over the plough in fine fashion won handsomely by about four lengths, the next horses being thoroughly beaten. Eldorado, who had been outpaced when the leaders began to race, gradually wore them down in the run in and despite a shocking careless jump at the last hurdle, he managed to beat Ladybird and secured second place. Bacchus beat Bush Girl by a bare head and old Morocco Bound was the same distance behind Mr. Rees sixth; Franciscan was close up and Dundonald came next, then The Wreck followed by Colebrook and Paleface; Nancy Lee was well up until the last wall, which brought her heavily to earth; fortunately neither of the two falls was really serious.

In congratulating Mr. Bell-Irving on his victory, it is not too much to say that he rode with the greatest determination and with excellent judgment; the grey is by no means an easy horse to steer round a twisting paperchase course, and only a good man could have done it.

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### 1903.

A most successful paperchase season was brought to a close on Thursday morning last, when the run for the Cup, postponed from the previous Tuesday on account of the heavy going, took place. A large crowd of spectators on horse, foot and bicycles went out to see the fun, and the





Dunnabie—Winner of Paperchase Cup of 1902.







course was so arranged that they were able to see the start half a mile of the course about half way round and the finish, without any trouble. Quite a feature of the day was the number of old hands who went out to tell the present generation how it ought to be done. It was worth going to see alone, without the additional attraction of the chase, such a gathering of the lights of other days as Mr. C. C. McLeod, Mr. "Jock" McInnes, Mr. Anderson, Mr. West, Mr. Butler, Mr. Justice Henderson, Mr. Lamond Walker, Mr. "Squire" Walker, Mr. Apostolides and Mr. Reg. Murray.

Though the air was quite clear in Calcutta, beyond the Red Road there was a slight fog, not thick enough to delay the start, but sufficient to make it far from easy to pick up the paper and to make the jumps look even more formidable than they were. Thanks to the showers of the past few days, the going was very good, and better than has been the case for the Cup run for some years.

The entries this year were fewer than usual, and with three of the entrants not starting, the field was reduced to a dozen, of whom six entered as light weights and six as heavy weights. Beeswing started favourite for the Challenge Cup and Sylvia for the Heavy Weight Cup, and for once the Prophets were right, and Mr. Pugh on Beeswing and Mr. Curtis-Hayward on Sylvia are to be congratulated on their victories. Mr. Pugh especially has done well with Beeswing who, under his management, has been converted from a flighty cross-grained and currish performer on a race course and over a regulation steeplechase country into as nice a paperchaser as one could wish to ride. Her first appearance at a Paperchase, when she put Mr. Pugh down twice in one morning, was not promising, but since then skill and patience have worked wonders. On Thursday she jumped perfectly, and carried 11st. over five miles of difficult country in as bold a manner as could be wished. The winner of the Heavy Weight Cup, Mr. Curtis-Hayward's Sylvia, is a small though well bred mare, and the way in which she has carried 13st. all through the season is one more proof of the old adage that blood will tell. She jumps in rather risky fashion at times, but is all heart and as bold as they make them. Mr. Curtis-Hayward is fortunate to own such a mare, and also deserves great credit for the way in which he rode her on Thursday.



Mr. Allen must have taken a great deal of trouble over the course which was as good as could be wished from either a rider's or a spectator's point of view. It was about five miles long over fourteen jumps. The walls had been slightly built up for the occasion and were solid formidable looking obstacles which permitted no liberties and had to be jumped. The start was in the open by the Railway Lane to the west of the Guriah Hât Road. The paper led over a hurdle before it crossed the Guriah Hât Road and circled round by the station back to the road which it followed for nearly half a mile. It then turned to the west and followed a very tricky line along a number of lanes between raised gardens and through tree jungle with any number of unpleasantly low hanging branches. To negotiate this part of the course safely the horses had to be well in hand, and it was here, unfortunately, that Dundonald got the better of his rider and spoilt all chance of his finishing in front by running clean off the paper and wiping his owner off against a tree. Then came the Bund Country. One of the jumps here—a drop which was approached from the reverse side—was the stiffest one in the course to get over. It must have been a good five feet of solid earth, but coming at it round a sharp corner and in the slight fog, it looked about seven. However, there were no accidents there. Leaving the Bund Country the line crossed the Tollygunge Lane, led through the gully to the open by the Molla Hât Road, over a hurdle and two walls round the corner, and over the Ladies' wall to a finish in the Bund Valley.

Mr. Allen on Jimmy and Mr. Gresson on Skewey carried the paper, both horses, particularly Skewey, jumping perfectly. At 7-30 Mr. "Squire" Walker lined up the starters, Lucy Glitters and Sylvia giving some trouble. Mr. Turner on Mascot led over the first hurdle followed by Bush Girl and Dundonald, Sylvia lying last. Where the paper rejoined the Guriah Hât Road were three awkwardly placed trees and there was some bumping, in which Vixen came off badly. Mascot still kept in front, but soon after leaving the road, Dundonald bolted and went past the leaders with a rush like an express train. His owner could not keep him on the paper and did not finish. Entering the bund country, the order was, Mascot, Sylvia, Bush Girl, Beeswing and Lucy Glitters, with the rest following in very extended order. At the second wall in the bund



country Sylvia pecked badly, unseated her rider, and all but came down. This threw her back to nearly last, but by the time the gully was reached, she was again third. In the open by the Molla Hât Road Beeswing and Bush Girl came up, and over the Ladies Wall Beeswing was in front, with Bush Girl and Mascot second and third. This order was maintained to the finish where Mr. Apostolides placed them as follows:—

Mr. R. A. C. Pugh	on	Beeswing II	...	...	1
Mr. W. O. Rees	„	Bush Girl	...	...	2
Mr. M. Turner	„	Mascot	...	...	3
Mr. T. Curtis-Hayward	„	Sylvia	...	...	4
Dr. Hossack	„	Lucy Glitters	...	...	5
Mr. Dring	„	Douglas	...	...	6
Mr. Warburton	„	The Wreck	...	...	0
Mr. Birkmyre	„	Drums	...	...	0
Mr. Hadow	„	Yarn	...	...	0
Mr. Pike	„	Vixen	...	...	0
Mr. Macdonald	„	A bay	...	...	0

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#### 1904.

THE Thirtieth Anniversary of this now famous contest came to pass last Tuesday, when an excellent race was witnessed over the best of going and in open country, where an excellent view of the morning's proceedings was obtainable. The first Paperchase Cup was run in 1874, though the game itself had started four years earlier, and looking back over the old records one finds that the ground over which this race has been yearly fought out has been very much the same year in year out. For instance, the first Paperchase Cup finished at the "Red Road"—nowadays known by the aid of a Municipal signboard as Dhakuria Road. This year, however, for the first time on record the scene of operations was shifted to the sixth milestone country, *i.e.*, about a mile and a half beyond Jodhpore Thannah, because owing to the recent rain all the country round Jodhpore itself was too deep to ride.

In spite of this, however, a very excellent course was obtained, though it was slightly shorter than the average Cup course which is anything between 4 miles and  $4\frac{1}{2}$ —the course on Tuesday must have been well under the four. The fences were decidedly stiff ones and there were about fourteen of them, mostly walls about 3 ft. 9 to 4 ft. high. The pace was brisk all through and there was a fair



amount of grief, one of the most dangerous horses to the chances of English Lord, who was the popular favourite, namely, Mr. Deakin's Blue Bell, falling four fences from home, whilst Captain Rennie's accident with Rivalry interlered with the chances of several of them as it occurred quite close home, in fact at the third last fence. The attendance of the spectators was not as big as usual, though H. E. The Viceroy's Staff were hospitably "At Home" to *chota hazri*, and amongst the distinguished onlookers was Lord Kitchener, who rode, and Lady Fraser was also present, having driven over from Belvedere. The course started on the left of the Gurriah Hât Road and went out as far as the Tollygunge Lane, and then came back again across the Road to a finish hard by the start. There was no delay in getting the twelve competitors down to the post, and they jumped the first two fences in full view of the gallery; the last three were also in view to those on foot, but the mounted division were able to see almost the entire run. The following were the starters: Light Weights—Mr. Hadow's Yarn, Mr. Deakin's Blue Bell, Major Maxwell's English Lord, Mr. Ralli's Othello, Mr. Mile's Bacchus, and Mr. Wheeler's The Judge. Heavy Weights—Mr. Dring's Douglas, Captain Keighley's Marquis, Mr. Macpherson's Rufus, Mr. Curtis-Hayward's Sylvia, Mr. Sheriff's Kinchinjunga, Captain Rennie's Rivalry, and Captain Brooke's Paleface.

When the word was given, English Lord at once took up the running and was followed by Blue Bell, Marquis, Othello, Yarn, The Judge, Bacchus, Rivalry, Sylvia, Rufus, Paleface, Kinchinjunga and Douglas, and they went out of sight in to the lane in this order. There was very little change as they went away beyond the road, English Lord still cutting out the work, and nearest to him lay Blue Bell, Yarn, Bacchus, Rivalry, The Judge and Othello. At the last fence before the road, which was at rather an awkward angle, Blue Bell came to grief, and The Judge then worked up second, but English Lord had still a very solid lead and was going very well. Three fences from home Rivalry got down over a bushed wall and interfered seriously with Sylvia, Yarn, Rufus also, Bacchus, Othello and Marquis. The Judge made an effort to catch the leader and came down heavily at the last fence and Bacchus refused the second last one, so that English Lord





The Hares: Mr. J. D. West on Saxonbury, Mr. C. C. McLeod on Collard and Collard.







cantered in virtually unchallenged, Othello being next and Marquis third, the first heavy weight up.

The following was the official verdict :—

Major Maxwell	on	English Lord	...	1
Mr. Ralli	,,	Othello	...	2
Capt. Keighley	,,	Marquis (H. W.)	...	3
Mr. Hadow	,,	Yarn	...	4
Mr. Curtis-Hayward	,,	Sylvia (H. W.)	...	5
Mr. Macpherson	,,	Rufus (H. W.)	...	6
Mr. Dring	,,	Douglas (H. W.)	...	0
Mr. Miles	,,	Bacchus	...	(ref.)
Mr. Wheeler	,,	The Judge	...	(fell.)
Capt. Brooke	,,	Paleface (H. W.)	...	0
Capt. Rennie	,,	Rivalry (H. W.)	...	(fell.)
Mr. Sheriff	,,	Kinchinunga (H. W.)	...	(fell.)

H. W.—Heavy Weight.

Major Maxwell's win was a very popular one, and he rode an excellent race all through. Both he and Captain Keighley, the winner of the Heavy Weight Cup, belong to the 18th Bengal Lancers, and this gallant corps has every reason to be proud of the achievements of its representatives.

### 1905.

THIS year's race nobly sustained the traditions of its past: there was a good field, an exciting race and a fine finish. The fences were big and numerous, and the course excellent in all respects, save and except that it would be better in future years to make the fences much wider so as to give more room. The line selected was from a point at the foot of what is known to the paper-chasing community as "the Bund Country," and both start and finish were close together. After jumping a hurdle which faced back towards the Gurriah Hât Road and Jodhpore, the line lay right-handed across the Gurriah Hât and out again into the open, arriving at the Bund Country *viâ* the old drop fence. Here there were five big walls in succession. The line then lay over the Tollygunge Lane, and again recrossed it this side of the Molla Hât Road, and came up the plough below that road over a couple of very stiff walls round to the right over the "Ladies' Wall," which was the second last fence on the course, and home to a finish over a hurdle. The course was an excellent one for the sight-seers, and there was



consequently an enormous crowd the stiffest part of the course, the Bund Country being lined on both sides by a strong cavalry force, whilst the high ground on both sides was positively black with spectators of the Aryan persuasion. Our friends out Ballygunge-way, despite the heavy *bucksheesh* in which they mulct the Paperchase Fund for damages to crops, are sportsmen to the backbone and keenly interested in all that goes forward or backward, or end over end, as the case may be! The paper was laid by Mr. J. H. Allen, the Honorary Secretary, and Mr. J. M. Turner, and shortly after the advertised hour the field were sent on their journey by Mr. "Squire" Walker, who had also seen them all weighed out. There were fifteen runners, ten light and five heavy weights, and the following is the correct card:—

*Light Weights.*

1. Mr. E. A. Watson's Snowdon.
2. Mr. G. B. Deakin's Blue Bell II.
3. Mr. D. B. Myers' Commerce.
4. Mr. T. H. Wheeler's Jacinth.
5. Capt. H. N. Holden's Lord Harry.
6. Mr. E. W. Antram's Myrene
7. Mr. T. G. Evers' Forlorn Hope.
8. Mr. J. G. Ballantyne's Fairy.
9. Mr. A. L. Butler's Lady Marjorie.
10. Mr. R. A. C. Pugh's Mistletoe.

*Heavy Weights.*

11. Mr. C. B. Bailey's Monsoon.
12. Dr. Forsyth's Corydon.
13. Capt. Rennie's Rivalry.
14. Mr. A. G. H. Macpherson's Rufus.
15. Capt. Lambert's Wandering Willie.

There was no time cut to waste in starting them, and when they got off, Myrene led the field over the first obstacle, Jacinth lying second, Rivalry, Forlorn Hope, Lady Marjorie, Mistletoe, Corydon, Fairy, Wandering Willie, Blue Bell II, Lord Harry, Commerce, Manson, Rufus, Snowdon next. Forlorn Hope went up to the front at the second fence and Jacinth was steadied, Lady Marjorie and Myrene lying next. Fairy, Corydon, Rivalry, Blue Bell II, Mistletoe, Lord Harry, Wandering Willie, Rufus, Commerce, etc., next, and there was little or no alteration till they began to get to the Bund Country, when Lady Marjorie went through the field and got first into the lane, holding a slight lead from Forlorn Hope, Myrene and Fairy. At the first wall in the Bund Country



Lady Marjorie fell and Forlorn Hope shared her disaster, jumping on top of the fallen mare but luckily missing Mr. Butler. This left Myrene in front with Fairy, Corydon, Rivalry, Blue Bell II, Mistletoe, Lord Harry, Rufus, Commerce, and Jacinth next. The fences seemed to take a lot of doing as there were several of them pecking and dipping at them in a most alarming manner, and Myrene finally compounded at the big wall which is the last of the series, and turned head over heels, but was quickly remounted. Fairy then led with Corydon and Rivalry, the two heavy weights next, Blue Bell and Mistletoe next, Lord Harry, Rufus and Commerce being all that were close up of the rest. After turning for home the second fence from the Tollygunge Lane turned Blue Bell over, and Mistletoe then went up second to Fairy, and Corydon was third, Lord Harry and Rivalry next. Over the second last fence, the "Ladies' Wall," Mistletoe drew level, and soon had Fairy beaten, but Corydon was by no means done with, and coming up hand over fist, looked to be going to catch the winner at the last fence. Mistletoe, however, stayed it out and won by a length. The following is the official record :—

Mr. R. A. C. Pugh	on Mistletoe	...	1
Dr. Forsyth	„ Corydon (Heavy)	...	
	Weight Cup	...	2
Mr. Ballantyne	„ Fairy	...	3
Captain Holden	„ Lord Harry	...	4
Captain Rennie	„ Rivalry	...	5
Mr. A. G. H. Macpherson	„ Rufus (H)	...	6
Mr. D. B. Meyers	„ Commerce	...	7
Mr. Antram	„ Myrene (fell)	...	8
Captain Lambert	„ Wandering Willie (H)	...	9
Mr. Wheeler	„ Jacinth	...	0
Mr. Evers	„ Forlorn Hope (fell)	...	0
Mr. Butler	„ Lady Marjorie (fell)	...	0
Mr. Deakin	„ Blue Bell II (fell)	...	0
Mr. Watson	„ Snowdon (fell)	...	0
Mr. C. B. Bailey	„ Monsoon	...	0

While tendering Mr. Pugh our congratulations, the big performance of the day was Corydon's. Dr. Forsyth weighed out 13st. 7lb., and to carry this weight right up to the front all the way in a four and-a-half mile steeplechase is a creditable achievement indeed. The old horse never laid an iron on one of them, so the Doctor says. Mistletoe the winner is a big four-year-old colt over-grown and by no means at his best yet. He is bred by Grafton—



Liberty and was purchased by Mr. Pugh from Dr. R. Spooner Hart at the beginning of the season. He must be a rare good game bit of stuff to go as he has done half fit, and Mr. Pugh will probably steer him to victory many and many a time in the future.

### 1906.

THIS year the race was run over the Salt Lake country for the first time on record, as all the rest of the Ballygunge country is, owing to the recent rain, practically unrideable or at any rate far too deep to make it feasible to go over the old "Bund Country," where so many a good hunter has been floored and so many a good man has sighed a sigh of relief when he finds himself landing safely over the last of this formidable series of big banks. It is a part of the world in which one may say there have been a large number of "bank failures." The venue chosen for this year's contest enabled an excellent view of almost the entire course to be obtained and the mounted spectators were able to gallop from point to point and see the best of it. The distance must have been a bit over four miles and there were about fifteen fences, most of them big walls, also a water jump and the usual complement of hurdles. The crowd was a large one and H. E. the Viceroy's Staff were "At Home" after the race to *chota hazri*, the Paperchase Club also dispensing hospitality to all and sundry. The road was crammed with carriages and there were a couple of drags, the Government House coach and the Bodyguard one, the former tooled by Captain Bulkeley and the latter by Captain Holden. A party from Government House also came out, but H. E. the Viceroy was unfortunately unable to be present, much to the regret of everyone. The course was planned and built by Mr. Pauntley, one of the Joint Hon. Secretaries and he and Mr. Antram laid the paper. Mr. J. H. Allen presided at the scales and the field of twelve were weighed out in good time. The following is the list of starters :—

#### *Light Weights.*

Mr. Gresson's	... ch.	aust.	g. Nevermore, 11-0.
Mr. Turner's	... b.	aust.	g. Fusilier, 11-0.
Mr. Evers'	... b.	aust.	g. Cain, 11-0.
Mr. Myers'	... bk.	aust.	g. Commerce, 11-0.



Mr. F. C. Halliday's	... ch.	aust.	g.	Ruddigore, 11-0.
Mr. Shearme's	... b.	aust.	m.	Little Ray, 11-0.
Mr. Macdonell's	... b.	aust.	g.	Orphan Boy, 11-0.
Major Brooke's	... b.	aust.	m.	Gaiety Girl, 11-0 (car. 11-7).

*Heavy Weights.*

Mr. K. M. Macdonald's	.. bk.	aust.	g.	Belfast, 13-0.
Mr. Butler's	... b	aust.	g.	Sultan, 13-0.
Mr. Euler's	... ch.	aust.	g.	Alarm, 13-0.
Mr. Peterson's	.. bk.	aust.	g.	The Nigger, 13-0.

Very shortly after 7-30 A.M. they were got into line and Mr. Pauntley gave them the office to get forward without any delay. At the first fence Nevermore led, followed closely by Alarm, Sultan, Cain, and Fusilier. At the second fence Alarm led, but at the third, Cain took command and was followed by Alarm, Nevermore, Sultan, Little Ray, Fusilier, Orphan Boy, and Gaiety Girl next, Commerce and Belfast next, The Nigger whipping in, and they went on over the brick-kiln road and on to the water jump in this order. As they turned back to recross the road and traverse the open parallel with the Monsoon Ride, Cain, Little Ray and Sultan were level, then Nevermore and Fusilier close up, Gaiety Girl and Orphan Boy next; the rest as already mentioned. The pace as they came over this fortification was very hot indeed, and both Sultan and Little Ray were slipping along as if there was only another furlong to go instead of the better part of another mile. At the next one Sultan came down very heavily, breaking his own neck and his rider's collar-bone. They then swung right-handed to go on to the Monsoon Road and there was a wall to be crossed before they got into the lane. This one settled Orphan Boy who toppled over but did no damage fortunately to either himself or his owner. On the road Cain, Little Ray, Fusilier, Nevermore, and Gaiety Girl were the only ones left in it. In the scramble to get into the lower ground again Fusilier got knocked into a ditch and took no further part in the proceedings. Nevermore then went up alongside Cain and waited off him till the second last fence from home—a wall—had been negotiated, and coming away over the final obstacle, won it in very good style by one and-a-half lengths; a good third.

The following is the official award :—

Mr. Gresson	on	Nevermore	Light weight	... 1
Mr. Evers	..	Cain	"	... 2
Mr. Shearme	..	Little Ray	"	... 3



Major Brooke	on	Gaiety Girl	Light weight	... 4
Mr. Dudley Myers	„	Commerce	„	... 5
Mr. Halliday	„	Ruddigore	„	... 6
Mr. K. M. Macdonald	„	Belfast	Heavy weight	... 7
Mr. Euler	„	Alarm	„	... 8
Mr. Peterson	„	The Nigger	„	... 9
Mr. Turner	„	Fusilier	Light weight (fell)	... 0
Mr. Macdonnell	„	Orphan Boy	„ (fell)	... 0
Mr. Butler	„	Sultan	Heavy weight (fell)	... 0

Mr. Gresson rode in excellent style and thoroughly deserved his success. Nevermore is a horse he purchased late on in the season from Mr. B. Allen and had never jumped a fence before Mr. Gresson took him in hand, so that his success in such a severe race as this is all the more creditable. Mr. K. M. Macdonald is a new-comer and rode with great patience. Mr. Butler was very unlucky to get down as he had the Heavy Weight Cup absolutely in his pocket, but it was evident that his ambition soared to defeating the light weights also, and who knows how things might not have gone had Sultan stood up. He has all our sympathy for the loss of such a good one, and we hope that his own hurts will soon be healed.

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### 1907.

THE Calcutta Paperchase Cup has now reached its 33rd anniversary, and was this year decided over the well-known happy hunting grounds in the neighbourhood of Jodhpore, the scene of such a number of cross-country battles. The race drew a capital field, the majority of which crossed the fences in safety, and it was won by a good sportsman, Captain H. N. Holden, of the Viceroy's Bodyguard. This makes the sixth Paperchase Cup which has gone to officers of H. E. the Viceroy's Bodyguard. Captain Muir won it three times on Warwickshire Lad, 1878, 1879 and 1880, and Colonel "Jim" Turner has won it twice, namely, in 1889 on Britomarte, and 1897 on Aconite. Captain Holden has had a good many tries for it, as is usually the case with those who have aspired to victory in this hard, rough ride, and on Eldorado, Eric and again on Lord Harry he has made strenuous efforts to get there. Fortune has at last smiled, as she invariably does, upon the brave, and Captain Holden's perseverance has been rewarded by a season of record success. He won both the Hunters' Steeplechases at Tollygunge with Lord Harry ;



he won a Pony Hunters' Flat with Pathfinder II, the Pony Paperchase Cup with the same animal, and now he has got away with the Paperchase Cup itself on Lord Harry, the invincible! It is a really good record to have put up in one season, and has never been equalled in the annals of Calcutta Paperchasing. Captain Holden rides a very good race, and yesterday morning gave us yet another taste of his quality by pursuing waiting tactics with the greatest possible success, and yet he did not commit the fault of lying too far out of his ground, but was within easy striking distance of the leaders all the way, and handy at the crucial moment when it became necessary to finally settle all the opposition. This Lord Harry did very effectually the moment he was called upon, and a good three-quarters of a mile from home he had Cain beaten and Fairy, who was leading at the Tollygunge lane three fences from home, could never have lasted even if she had not run off the paper. As to Corydon, the Heavy Weight Cup winner, the 21lbs., approximate difference in the weights was more than even so good a horse as Dr. Forsyth's was quite able to concede. Lord Harry is a great stayer, a magnificent jumper and handy as a cat, all three things which go to make a perfect ride for this trappy country over which our paperchases are run. The Cup is usually a good five-mile point with anything from 16 to 20 fences of all sorts, but mostly strongly-built mud walls ranging from 3 feet 9 inches to about 4 feet 6 inches, bamboo fences of the hurdle description, natural banks, narrow raised roads, about 3 feet 9 inches to a foot from the level, and which are particularly upsetting to a horse who does not "double" them properly; whilst under foot the going is usually of the roughest, plough, hard stubble land and every field is intersected with narrow little bunds, which sometimes are as high as 3 feet, but average about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  feet to 2 feet and are very apt to throw a horse that is not used to them out of his stride. Then there are the lanes, narrow places with sharp and often slippery corners, jungle paths, where the rider stands a very good chance of emulating the hirsute Absalom; drops out of high fields into low ones, blind ditches, dust, heat, and thorns, to scratch the face off you: these are some of the little items that are encountered in a ride over the Ballygunge country. In the Cup, of course, it is every man for himself and the 'deil tak' the hindermost, and very often at a cramped place, or if it is a case of getting first into a narrow lane,



you stand a fairly average chance of being sent spinning into the middle of next week by a bump from a rival. There is also not a great deal of room sometimes at the fences, especially near the start, and you see men charging a stiff line of walls in line with the rear rank treading the heels off the leaders—a fall would mean 20 or 30 of them in the small of your back for a moral certainty. So that if you would win, you must be prepared for a real good old rough and tumble (with the tumble left out if possible) with no quarter from even your dearest friend. The course yesterday was a good, five-mile, a trifle over, if anything, as on the map, as the crow flies, it is five, and allowing at least another half to three-quarters for the way in which it was ridden and the many twists and turns in the lanes we should estimate that it was nearer six than five. It started from the foot of the Bund Country, went up in the direction of Gurriah Hât Road for about three-quarters of a mile, then back over the Bund Valley, left-handed into the Tollygunge Gardens direction, gradually working back with many twistings and turnings to the Gurriah Hât Road, which was crossed just above the Jodhpore station, and recrossed just below it; then round over the Ladies' Wall up the long strip of plough below Molla Hât and into the Tollygunge Lane, coming back finally to the starting point. A good sporting course with a bit of country to suit all sorts and descriptions of horses, but entirely unsuited to any horse that could not both jump and stay. It soon found out the weak spots, and in the last mile there were only three horses who looked to have any puff left in them at all, namely, Lord Harry, Corydon and Fairy. The gallery was a huge one, as a convenient fixture, and the knowledge that it was a good course for spectators was bound to draw a big attendance. H. E. the Viceroy and Lady Minto, the Ladies Elliott, H. R. H. Princess Patricia of Connaught, H. H. the Maharajah Scindia of Gwalior, were amongst the distinguished crowd, and Their Excellencies, who both rode, took the keenest interest in the proceedings and galloped from point to point to see as much as possible of the race. The following is the list of starters :—

*Light Weights.*

Mr. Evers	...	...	on	Cain.
Mr. Antram	...	...	,,	Myrene.
Mr. Tanner	...	...	,,	Ruby.



Capt. Holden ...	... on	Lord Harry.
Mr. Deakin ...	... „	Trilby.
Dr. Hossack ...	... „	Lady Gold.
Mr. Levetus ....	... „	Jorrocks.
Mr. Ballantyne ...	... „	Fairy.
Mr. Pierson ...	... „	Queen of Hearts.

*Heavy Weights.*

Mr. Radmore ...	... on	Toastrack.
Capt. Webber ...	... „	Bijli.
Mr. Halliday ...	... „	Ruddigore.
Dr. Forsyth ....	... „	Corydon.
Mr. D. B. Myers ...	... „	Sir Walter.
Capt. Fitzgerald ...	... „	Fermoy.
Mr. Ralli ...	... „	Iona.

Mr. Pauntley and Mr. Holmes laid the paper on Ledbury and Nevermore and all the competitors were weighed out in good time. There was no difficulty in getting them away on their journey, and over the first two obstacles they were all in close order, Cain leading with Lord Harry, Fairy, Corydon, Jorrocks and Trilby, in line behind him, Lady Gold, Sir Walter, Ruddigore next. The order remained unchanged over the Bund Country and as they went single file through a plantation, Lord Harry was lying second, Fairy, Corydon, Jorrocks, Trilby, Lady Gold next. They then disappeared from view and were not again seen till they came over the Gurriah Hât Road, and were going towards the Ladies' Wall. Lady Gold was then missing, having slipped up and rolled into a tank. Cain still led with Lord Harry and Fairy, next Corydon, Jorrocks and Trilby, next Queen of Hearts, Fermoy, Ruddigore next. At the Ladies' Wall, Queen of Hearts fell and Fairy then took the lead. Lord Harry ranged up alongside Cain, who was showing signs of the pace and labouring badly in his gallop, Corydon was close up next, Trilby next, the remainder practically beaten off. At the Tollygunge Lane, Fairy had a good lead, but at the turn to the left, a very sharp and awkward one, she over-shot the paper and charging into a tree, Mr. Ballantyne was knocked off but quickly remounted. Lord Harry then had his field well beaten and going on won by between 7 and 8 lengths, Corydon passing Cain going to the last fence was second, thus for the second time on record securing the Heavy Weight Cup—his previous victory having been



Mr. Winckworth	on	Ermine.
Mr. Hill	,,	Tired Tim.
Dr. Forsyth	,,	Corydon.
Mr. Curtis-Hayward	,,	Pardon.

They were quickly despatched by Mr. Allen, Blue Bell II leading from Corydon, Sir Walter, Lord Harry, Queen of Hearts and Diablo. They came on over the Bund Country in this order, Arsenal nearly coming down at the second of these fences, but the rest all fenced well. Over the Tollygunge Lane, as they passed the Slaughter House, Ermine toppled over but was not damaged. After this Sir Walter led with Queen of Hearts, Corydon and Lord Harry close up to him. At a fence, a bit farther on, Tired Tim fell and three fences from home Queen of Hearts came down. Mr. Myers was leading over the second last fence, but here Sir Walter pecked very badly, making however a wonderful recovery, though losing his chance of the Heavy Weight Cup. Lord Harry and Corydon then sailed away to the front. Lord Harry winning very easily. Corydon hit the last one hard, but was not in any danger of falling as he is far too clever. The following was the Judge's verdict :—

Capt. Holden	on	Lord Harry	...	1
Dr. Forsyth	,,	Corydon	...	2
Capt. Fraser	,,	Diablo	...	3
Mr. Turner	,,	Blue Bell II	...	4
Mr. Myers	,,	Sir Walter	...	5
Mr. Macrae	,,	Arsenal	..	6
Mr. Hamilton	,,	Pretender	...	7
Capt. Fitzgerald	,,	Fermoy	...	8
Mr. Curtis-Hayward	,,	Pardon	...	9
Mr. Radmore	,,	Agamemnon	...	10
Mr. Halliday	,,	Rainbow	...	11
Mr. Pierson	,,	Queen of Hearts (fell)	...	0
Mr. Hill	,,	Tired Tim (fell)	...	0
Mr. Winckworth	,,	Ermine (fell)	...	0



## THE PAPERCHASE CUP.

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THE following is the complete list of winners and placed horses since the date of the Cup's inauguration :—

<i>Owners.</i>			<i>Horses.</i>		
1874	Mr. Roberts ...	...	Red Deer ...	...	1
	Mr. Fox ...	...	The Marquis ...	...	2
1876	Mr. Bartlett ...	...	Jolly Boy ...	...	1
	Capt. Wallace ...	...	Mariner ...	...	2
	Mr. C. H. Moore ...	...	Duchess ...	...	3
1877	Mr. G. W. F. Buckland ...	...	Mignonette ...	...	1
1878	Capt. Muir ...	...	Warwickshire Lad ...	...	1
1879	Capt. Muir ...	...	Warwickshire Lad ...	...	1
1880	Capt. Muir ...	...	Warwickshire Lad ...	...	1
1881	Mr. Hopkins ...	...	Telegram ...	...	1
	Lord Willam Beresford ...	...	Oliver Twist ...	...	2
	Mr. Traill ...	...	Di Vernon ...	...	3
1882	Mrs. Cook ...	...	Champion ...	...	1
	Major Cook ...	...	Claret ...	...	2
	Lord William Beresford ...	...	Mariner ...	...	3
1883	Lord William Beresford ...	...	Premier ...	...	1
	Mr. W. W. Petrie ...	...	Skipper ...	...	2
	Mr. Lawrie (Alston) ...	...	Pilgrim ...	...	3
1884	Mr. D. B. Myers ...	...	Zulu ...	} Dead heat.	
	Mr Learoyd ...	...	Handicap ...		
	Mr. T. S. Anderson ...	...	Commissioner ...	...	3
1885	Mr. Alston ...	...	Pilgrim ...	...	1
	Mr. Murray ...	...	Zil ...	...	2
	Mr. T. S. Anderson ...	...	Commissioner ...	...	3
1886	Mr. Butler ...	...	Rabbit ...	...	1
	Mr. Murray ...	...	Zil ...	...	2
	Mr. Richardson ...	...	Crinolette ...	...	3
1887	Mr. T. S. Anderson ...	...	Commissioner ...	...	1
	Mr. J. M. Petrie ...	...	Beeswing ...	...	2
	Mr. Acworth ...	...	Blackstone ...	...	3
1888	Lord William Beresford ...	...	Diamond ...	...	1
	Mr. Butler ...	...	Badminton ...	...	2
	Mr. Goward ...	...	Job Trotter ...	...	3
1889	Capt. Turner ...	...	Britomarte ...	...	1
	Mr. Alston ...	...	Beacon ...	...	2
	Mr. Euler ...	...	Shamrock ...	...	3



	<i>Owners.</i>			<i>Horses.</i>		
1890	Mr. Acworth	...	...	Laddie	...	1
	Mr. Alston	...	...	Beacon	...	2
	Mr. West	...	...	Saxonbury	...	3
1891	Mr. Rees	...	...	Charity	...	1
	Mr. Butler	...	...	Favorite	...	2
	Mr. Taylor	...	...	Slim Jim	...	3
1892	Mr. Rees	...	...	Kettledrum	...	1
	Mr. A. J. Clark	...	...	The Snob	...	2
	Mr. L. Walker	...	...	Blazes	...	3
1893	Mr. W. A. Dring	...	...	Tantalus	...	1
	Lord William Beresford	...	...	Ratafia	...	2
	Capt. Jenkins	...	...	Half Pay	...	3
1894	Mr. Rees	...	...	The Drummer	...	1
	Mr. C. C. Campbell	...	...	Miss Theo	...	2
	Mr. Von Schmidt	...	...	Hardface	...	3
1895	Mr. C. C. Campbell	...	...	Miss Theo	...	1
	Mr. Barnett (Mr. Deakin)	...	...	Ellerslie	...	2
	Capt. Turner	...	...	Damages	...	3
1896	Col. Hunt	...	...	Post Boy	...	1
	Mr. A. J. Pugh	...	...	Sir Gareth	...	2
	Mr. C. C. Campbell	...	...	Miss Theo	...	3
1897	Maj. Turner	...	...	Aconite	...	1
	Mr. Butler	...	...	Saturn	...	2
	Lord Fincastle	...	...	Islonsay	...	3
1898	Mr. Barrow	...	...	Molly Riley	...	1
	Mr. Hayden	...	...	Hammer and Tongs	...	2
	Mr. Martin	...	...	Barney	...	3
1899	Mr. Mayne	...	...	Baal	...	1
	Mr. Barrow	...	...	Molly Riley	...	2
	Mr. G. Walker	...	...	Ice Cream	...	3
1900	Mr. R. A. C. Pugh	...	...	Lady Bird	...	1
	Lord Suffolk	...	...	Franciscan	...	2
	Mr. Stokes	...	...	The Wreck	...	3
1901	Mr. Gresson	...	...	Sligo	...	1
	Mr. R. A. C. Pugh	...	...	Lady Bird	...	2
	Maj. Ferrar	...	...	Protection	...	3
1902	Mr. Bell Irving	...	...	Dunnabie	...	1
	Capt. Holden	...	...	Eldorado	...	2
	Mr. R. A. C. Pugh	...	...	Lady Bird	...	3
1903	Mr. R. A. C. Pugh	...	...	Beeswing II	...	1
	Mr. Rees	...	...	Bushgirl	...	2
	Mr. M. Turner	...	...	Mascot	...	3
1904	Maj. Maxwell	...	...	English Lord	...	1
	Mr. Ralli	...	...	Othello	...	2
	Capt. Keighley	...	...	Marquis	...	3
1905	Mr. R. A. C. Pugh	...	...	Mistletoe	...	1
	Dr. Forsyth	...	...	Corydon	...	2
	Mr. Ballantyne	...	...	Fairy	...	3
1906	Mr. Gresson	...	...	Nevermore	...	1
	Mr. Evers	...	...	Cain	...	2
	Mr. Shearme	...	...	Little Ray	...	3
1907	Capt. Holden	...	...	Lord Harry	...	1
	Dr. Forsyth	...	...	Corydon	...	2
	Mr. Evers	...	...	Cain	...	3
1908	Capt. Holden	...	...	Lord Harry	...	1
	Dr. Forsyth	...	...	Corydon	...	2
	Capt. Fraser	...	...	Diablo	...	3



## CHAPTER IV.

### THE HEAVY WEIGHT CUP.

THE "life history" of this Cup is so interwoven with that of the Paperchase Cup itself that it leaves very little to be said concerning it than has already appeared in the foregoing chapter. It is nevertheless a subject that is more than well deserving of a chapter all to itself, for if the would-be possessor of the Paperchase Cup has to work hard for his prize, the man who would win the Heavy Weight Cup has to go one better. In the list of Cups and conditions which is published in Chapter III, those for the Heavy Weight Cup are set out, and it will be observed that the competitor must stand 11st. 7lbs., and ride 13st. Compared to the weights that hunters are compelled to carry in Heavy Weight Point-to-Point races in England, 13st. is not at first glance out of the way, but in considering this matter surrounding circumstances have to be taken into the calculation. The first important difficulty is that the 13st. and 14st. T.-B. hunter is by no means plentiful in India, and in fact, is extremely difficult to come by, even at an immodest price: whereas in every hunt at home and certainly in the "cut 'em downs," horses of this stamp, clean-bred, and masters of their 14st. and more over big country, are plentiful. Then, again, there is the question, and a very serious one, of the going under foot. At home they would think a man mad to ask a horse to gallop and jump with 13st. odd in the saddle upon such ground as we get in India, and one doubts whether the



brittle-hoofed English horse would have any foot left if he did much paperchasing in India, ridden by a heavy weight. The little matter of the difference between the temperature at home and that in which this Cup is contested need scarcely be enlarged upon. Every one—even your stay-at-home Briton, who knows that India is a place where we have our “chutney” and “brandy pawnee,” filling in the time with a short drink called a “gin-mill”—knows that Padgett, M. P., *was* a liar ! Then, again, there is the question of pace to be taken into consideration, for to win the Heavy Weight Cup, our intrepid Mr. Welter must go far faster over that very rough and tiring  $4\frac{1}{2}$  to 5 miles than he would have to do if he were out pursuing “bowd Reynards,” and under no obligation to defeat half a score more of hard-riding 13st. men. It will, therefore, readily be understood that the Heavy Weight Cup of the Calcutta Hunt takes a power of getting, and once got, is a thing to be uncommonly proud of. You do not want a Cloister or a Manifesto to win it, but you do require a horse that is as near clean-bred as can be, and that is up to at least 14st. That he must be a thorough master of his profession so far as jumping is concerned, goes without saying. As will be observed from the conditions of the Paperchase Cup, if a heavy weight wins, he has his choice of Cups, that is to say, he is entitled to the Paperchase Cup itself, and the Heavy Cup then goes to the next heavy : but if the winner elects to take the Heavy Weight Cup, then no one else gets the Paperchase Cup. The victory of a heavy weight has only happened once, namely, in 1896, when Colonel Hunt on Postboy won the Paperchase Cup, as already described in Chapter III, and left the Heavy trophy for Mr. A. J. Pugh, who was in the first six and a heavy weight. Gallant Welters have often had a great dash at the Paperchase Cup to mention two



most determined men only, the late Lord William Beresford and Dr. W. Forsyth, but they have always found that weight told when it came to a ding-dong finish against the light-weights and have only succeeded in, on several occasions, finishing close up second—greatly to their credit and renown. The Calcutta Hunt is extremely proud of its welter weights, for in glancing through the list of winners, which appears at the foot of this chapter, the names of many a good man and many a good horse occur. The Heavy Weight Cup, as a properly organised going concern, was instituted in 1889, and the first man to win it was Mr. Killian Euler on a very fine chestnut horse named Shamrock. Mr. Euler's name appears frequently in the old records as "Mr. Killian," "Mr. Killhus" and various other "contortions" dear to the heart of the sporting scribe of those days. Mr. Euler was never a horseman, but he was a desperately hard rider, and knew no fear. His nerve, as witness a comparatively recent performance in the Paperchase Cup of two years ago, is almost as good as ever, for he rode the course and nearly got the cup of which he was the first winner. Our friend hails from the Vaterland, and like many others of his hard-riding compatriots has always been a very popular figure in the world of sport in Calcutta. Mr. Eck, Mr. Apostolides, Mr. Rees, Mr. Euler are representatives of other nations, of whom Calcutta, British and insular to the core as she is, has every reason to be extremely proud. She is glad to think, we feel sure, that she has a vested interest in such good men and true as these hard-riding sportsmen. Shamrock was a beautiful horse and a clinking good jumper. He used to score very frequently over hurdles and in all his races almost, and most certainly in all his wins, he was piloted by the late Mr. Lawrie Alston. He also had, if we remember aright, the honour of carrying "The Mem Sahib" (Mrs. Jim Cook) in the very last



paperchase in which she rode in Calcutta, when on a return visit just prior to her saying good-bye to India for ever and a day. He was a golden chestnut, full of quality, and as clever as they are made, but, like all those of his colour, a bit what they sometimes call "high-couraged," or in other words a trifle keen. Mr. Euler and Shamrock were however fast friends, even if at times it looked as though a dissolution of partnership was imminent. The next man to win the Heavy Weight Cup was Mr. "Jim" Petrie, one of the two brothers who used to ride as if they had several spare necks in their pockets. Mr. "Jim," known to everyone in the old times as "Ballygunge Jim," used to perform prodigies of valour on a clever bay mare named Beeswing, and Mr. "Will" rode a big raw-boned brown named The Snark, and would undoubtedly have won a heavy weight cup on him, if such a thing had been in existence in the days when he used to go so hard. Collard and Collard, the horse upon which Mr. Jim Petrie won the Heavy Weight Cup, was a rare-shaped one, and if only you put a rug over his head, you would think him extremely good-looking—but his head spoilt it. It was because of it that he got his name, for it was as long and about the same shape as a grand piano. "Ballygunge Jim" used to say that old Collard had a strong dash of the Panic blood in him, and perhaps he was right. He was an undeniably good horse however he was bred, a great lumper and as honest as the day. He lasted for many years after he won this distinction, but now both horse and owner have, alas! gone to the happy hunting grounds, both regretted sincerely by all who knew them. Dr. Taylor who won in 1891 on Slim Jim was a hard-riding P. W. D. man, and took to horse exercise of a serious nature late in life. He was—and for aught one knows still is—a man who was absolutely dauntless and he had a real good one





Dr. W. Forsyth on Corydon.







under him in Slim Jim. This horse was clean-bred and he performed many a time with distinction in the hurdle races in the open class at the Calcutta Monsoon Races. He was another big horse and a very fine jumper. Mr. Lamond Walker's winner in 1892 was old Blazes, a very well known character out paperchasing, and one that Mr. Walker bought from the late Mr. Lawrie Alston if memory serves us aright. He was named because of his great big white face, and on a foggy morning you could see him coming through the gloom a long way off.

Mr. Walker rode him for many years and the horse never, so far as we remember, gave him a fall. In 1893, the late Lord William Beresford won on an English hunter of a very nice stamp, named Ratafia. He was a beautiful brown horse, showing a lot of quality, but we do not remember how he was bred. He was good enough class for steeplechasing and Lord William ran him at Tollygunge several times. In the Paperchase Cup of the year he was a close second to the light-weight victor Mr. W. A. Dring, who rode Tantalus. Lord William came like a hurricane over the last fence, but his adversary had still a bit to come and go upon and stalled off his onslaught. Mr. A. J. Pugh won this Cup the next year on a horse appropriately named Taffy since the owner hailed from Wales and, as already narrated, he got it a second time on Sir Gareth in 1896, the year of Colonel Hunt's victory in the Paperchase Cup. In 1895, Captain John Fuller, who was on Lord Lansdowne's staff, won on a mare named Queen—a very good stamp of weight-carrying thoroughbred. In 1897, Mr. "Squire" Walker scored a most popular win on Marguerite, a victory he repeated in 1899 on Ice Cream, certainly one of the nicest paperchase horses of this class that we have ever seen out and a perfect gentleman to ride. Mr. Martin of the A. V. D. had won in the intervening year 1898 on a chestnut gelding named



Barney, who was one of the slow and sure order. In 1900, Captain Tyrrell, who was on the Commander-in-Chief's staff, won on Idolator, a horse that is still to the fore in Calcutta, and now and again carries Mr. William Dods out hunting with his cousin's foxhounds, and a mighty nice jumper he used to be. In 1901, a hard-riding gunner officer, Major Ferrar, won on a remarkably fine stamp of horse named Protection who had plenty of speed and also in that year won the Hunter's Steeplechase at Tollygunge, ridden by Mr. Harry Stokes. Major Ferrar afterwards took this good Australian horse home and hunted him for several seasons. In 1902 there was no Heavy Weight Cup as no one riding the qualifying weight finished in the first six. It was the year Mr. Bell-Irving won the Paperchase Cup on Dunnabie. In 1903, Mr. Curtis-Hayward scored on Sylvia, a thoroughbred mare who was often very rash and gave her courageous owner a tremendous number of falls, but stood up over the Cup course alright. Captain Keighley, who is still with the Bodyguard, won in 1904, on a great raking chestnut named Marquis, and the following year saw the "arrival" of Dr. Forsyth and Corydon who have between them put up the biggest record, in connection with this event that has ever been achieved. To win it three times is a good enough record, but to win it on each occasion after making a big fight with the winner of the Paperchase Cup a still greater one. Mr. N. M. Macdonald of the Bank of Bengal "intervened" in 1906, but in 1907 and last year the indomitable pair—The Doctor and Corydon—won after the hottest of hot fights. If this book could include the record of season 1908-9, we have no doubt that we should have the privilege of placing yet another notch in this good horse's score! This, however, will be left to the historian of the future when the time arrives for the next edition of this already very bulky tome. All that now remains to be done is to publish the



following table, a perusal of which may, doubtless, recall many an incident that the present scribe has inadvertently missed out :—

*Winners of Heavy Weight Cup.*

1889 ... Mr. K. Euler's	... Shanrock.
1890 ... Mr. J. Petrie	... Collard and Collard.
1891 ... Mr. Taylor	... Slim Jim.
1892 ... Mr. L. Walker	... Blazes.
1893 ... Lord Wm. Beresford	... Ratafia.
1894 ... Mr. A. J. Pugh	.. Taffy.
1895 ... Capt. Fuller	... Queen.
1896 ... Mr. A. J. Pugh	... Sir Gareth.
1897 ... Mr. G. Walker	... Marguerite.
1898 ... Mr. Martin	... Barney.
1899 ... Mr. G. Walker	... Ice Cream.
1900 ... Capt. Tyrrell	... Idolator.
1901 ... Major Ferrar	... Protection.
1902 ... No Cup presented	... as no H. W. in first six.
1903 ... Mr. Curtis-Hayward	... Sylvia.
1904 ... Capt Keighley	... Marquis.
1905 ... Dr. Forsyth	... Corydon.
1906 ... Mr. N. M. Macdonald	... Belfast.
1907 ... Dr. Forsyth	... Corydon.
1908 ... Dr. Forsyth	... Corydon.



## CHAPTER V.

### THE AVERAGE CUP.

So much has already been said concerning the conditions and the nature of the Cup contests in the chapter on the Paperchase Cup itself, that it leaves us very little else in the present one than the task of a running comment on the bare records of the Average Cup. The horse that is wanted for the Paperchase Cup is very often the same stamp of animal that a man must have for the Average Cup—though not always ; for, in its way, the latter is a trophy that takes a great deal more winning. The conditions are that the same horse must be ridden by his owner all the way through the season, and when it is considered that there are usually about a dozen chases—equal to a bucketting steeple-chase once a week, in which a horse has to be ridden well up to the front—it will be realised that to get this Cup the horse must be a stout and a sound one, and the sort that does not know how to fall. How many race-horses would come out once a week and go a strenuous four to five mile chase over stiffish obstacles, and extremely hard, rough country, and survive to tell the tale ! Three days a fortnight is not supposed to be too much to ask of a hunter at home, but the conditions are so widely different between India and England that it is scarcely possible to draw any parallel. The average hunting man would call us all lunatics to gallop and jump on the ground that we do here, and at home they would not expect their horses to last a week, let



alone three to four months hard at it, as ours are expected to do out here. The Average Cup winner, therefore, must be a good-footed and good-legged one, a horse that will carry a fair weight and jump a fair fence, a good doer at home, a brave hero in the field ; otherwise he is of no manner of use for the enterprise. As a rule, we find that it is the handy, clever sort, possessing no great pace, but at the same time foot enough to get into the first qualifying six each week that wins this Cup, and not your race-horse. The galloper is an excellent machine to have when it is all fairly open sailing, as it sometimes is in a Paper-chase Cup, but for an all-round, general utility, sort for obtaining the Average Cup, give us the horse that will turn in his own length, will crawl where he cannot jump and yet will stride at and fly a good big fence when he is asked to do so. The pulling, rowdy, impetuous sort is not the oyster for this contest, and as we glance through the list of the winners, which we print at the foot of this chapter, we do not see a single horse amongst them off whom at a pinch it would not have been possible to play polo. Another noteworthy fact also is that the majority of the winners have been little ones, for the big sort have only scored on rare occasions. Bannagher was a horse about 15-3, Kettledrum ditto, Eau de Vie probably a bit more, Lilac 16 hands, Monte Carlo just under that, Rivalry and Diablo also about that height ; but all the rest have been between 14-3 and 15-2 at the outside—some of them absolute ponies.

The conditions of this Cup have been set out in the third chapter, and it is, therefore, unnecessary for us to recapitulate them here, the only point to be noted concerning them now being that they do not permit of an owner's qualifying a second horse specially for the Paperchase Cup, and going for the Average Cup as well, as the rules now insist that the Paperchase Cup horse



must be ridden a good few times by the owner and do not permit him to be qualified by any G. R. This we think is a sensible provision and blocks the way of the "pot hunter,"—always a desirable thing. Many people held when the Average Cup was first introduced that it was a mistake, because it induced men—and fair women also—to ride harder than ever; but as the thrusting brigade will go whether there is a cup or whether there is not, it was thought just as well to allow an institution that added a considerable amount of interest to the season, to continue.

If we set down all the many stories of deeds of derring-do performed at various times by various people who have made a big effort to get this Cup, we should cause this already far too corpulent volume to swell to positively indecent dimensions, and we might also, we fear, justly incur our publisher's ire and business-like displeasure by adversely influencing the sales!

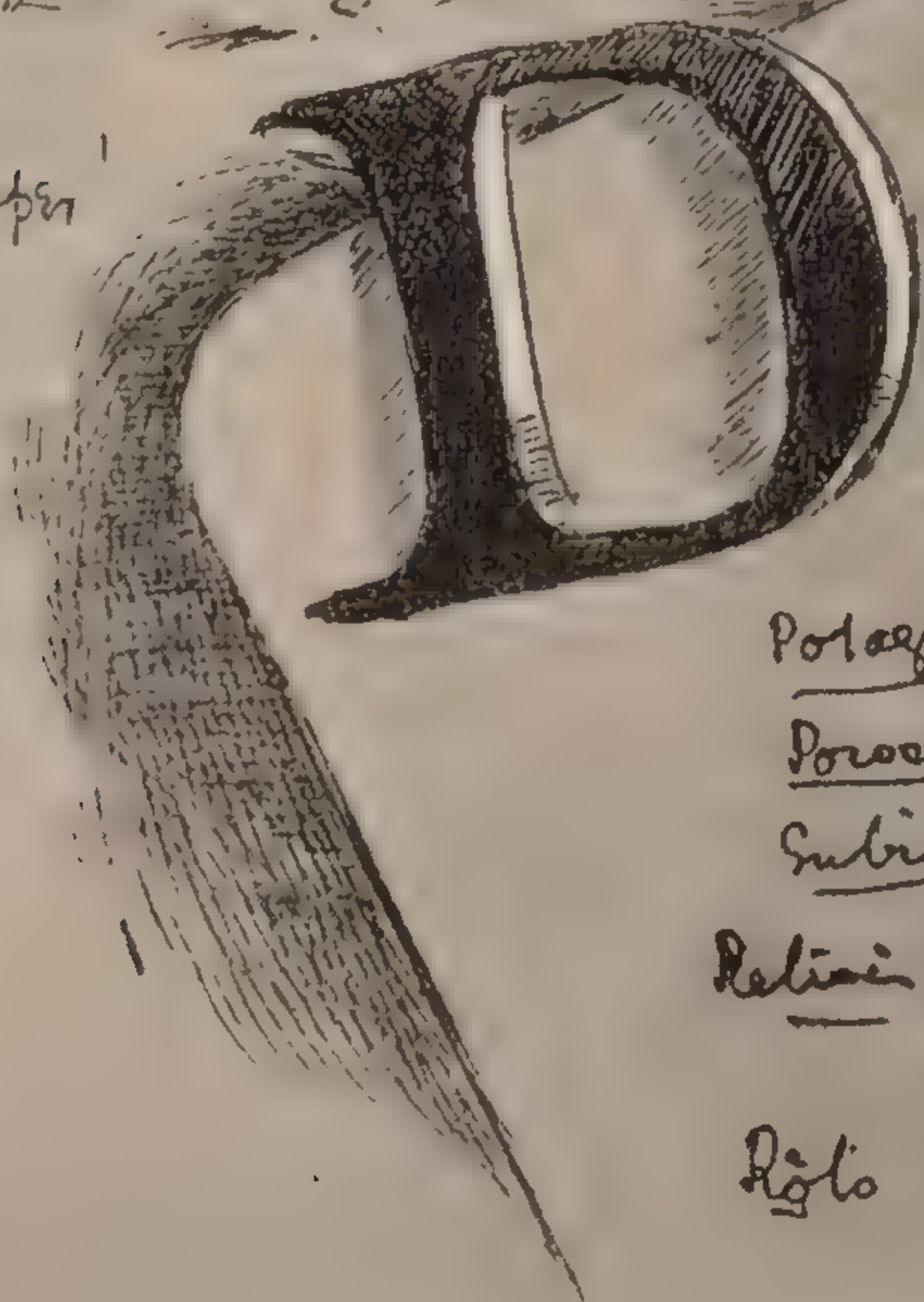
Some things are too deeply tragic for tears and it is often the best stories that must remain untold!

If this chapter were written by the Paperchase *mali*, it would be vastly entertaining, for he is a person whose candour often verges upon brutality. He and his mother—who we believe dies, on an average, once a year when the *mali*'s banking account is rather low and requires replenishing by a solatium for his grief out of the Paperchase Fund—could give us more of the real "meat" of the history of Paperchasing than the present scribe, or anyone else, could, or would, be so venturesome as to do! He could tell us how "Brasspot Saheb ka Juggah" came by its name; how once he saw "Epistol Sahib *girta, girta, girta—Wah Wah girgia!*" he could tell us exactly what are the bad words that *Lat Sahibs*, who swarm out on coaches to the Xmas meets, use when they "fallarf"; he could tell us how "Variskile Sahib" looked when he came out of the *jheel* hanging round Collard and Collard's





Off the Paper



## MENU

Potage : Lettuce Soup

Porcion : Becket

Subrice : Sheet of Chicken Fillet & Beef

Relish : Cold Saddle of Mutton

Roast Capon

Rôti : Pâté de Foie Gras en Aspic

Suete

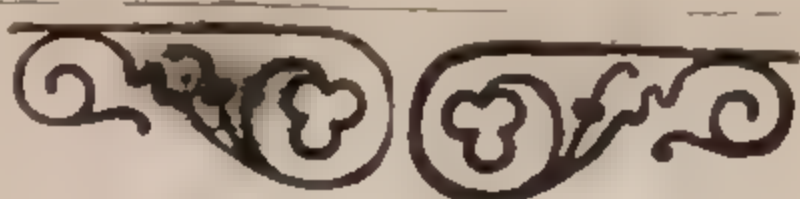
Entrée : Savory Pudding

Chocolat blanc mangé

Glaces : Apple Ice Cream

Lemon Ice

Paperchase Dinner Menu, 1892.









neck ; he could even (we believe, but we do not know) tell us what ladies say in their best “velvet” voices when they cross one another at a fence, or do a bit of riding-off in a greasy lane ! We do not say that we are not in possession of a good deal of this information gleaned at various times from the *mali* and his aforesaid mother : all that we say is that we doubt the wisdom of using it. The most merciful thing is we think, on more sober consideration, to draw a veil over the many “tragedies,” and let them wait until the Paperchase *mali* publishes *his* book, or reprints his speeches made at the annual Gurriah Hat Paperchase Dinner given to the “peasant farmers,” or otherwise those over whose land we pay to ride as each season comes round. We intend to suggest it to the *mali* that he brings out a book something on the lines of *The Dolly Dialogues*, as a sequel and a supplement to this bare record which we now present.

The Average Cup proper came into existence in 1888, although, as recorded elsewhere, the idea originated some years before this but did not fructify. It has, therefore, now almost reached its twenty-first birthday and seems to be as lusty an institution as it was at the time of its birth and to be the incentive to as much hard-riding as of old. The first winner of this Cup was a gentleman who is still in Calcutta, Mr. A. L. Butler, the pilot of Rabbit, winner of the Paperchase Cup of 1886, and who, in those days, was as hard a man as ever got on a horse. Bad accidents, bad luck, and often bad horses never stopped our friend, and, as mentioned in a previous chapter, it was not so very long ago that he was going very close to winning the Heavy Weight Cup, when his horse came down, broke its neck and smashed Mr. Butler’s collar-bone. Few of us who are nearing that *cæsura* in middle age which Mr. Jorrocks has aptly termed “an easy ‘arf ‘underd” will find ourselves with nerve as undiminished



and seat as firm as Mr. Butler's. He was one of the "stars" in the racing firmament in the old days, and was a rattling good man between the flags in times when the G. R. Brigade was very strong indeed. He has always been keen on "the great game" and usually has something pretty good to carry his well-known black and white jacket. He is the present owner of one or two promising chasers and is never so pleased as when a horse of his scores a win between the flags. An ex-steward of the C. T. C., a Member of the Paperchase Committee for many years, and a keen supporter of all forms of sport in which the noble animal takes a part, "Grandpa" is a man of whom Calcutta sportsmen may well be proud. Badminton, the horse on which he won the first Average Cup, was once known as Toby, and was owned by Mr. Orrell, "Max O'Rell," as he is known as in the old records, and subsequently by Mr. Butler who afterwards sold him to Mr. Prophit, and he used on various occasions to be ridden with great success and skill by "Mr. Jerry." Badminton was a compact little bay horse that could do everything almost, except play the piano, and he would have had a great try at that also we verily believe, if he had at any time been put to it! He was the *beau ideal* of a horse for the Average Cup; handy, a good jumper, excellent mouth and manners, and quite fast enough to go well up to the front and win outright, when there were no Diamonds or other big fish of that description in the field. He was a regular "cut and come again" little sort, and, as will be seen from his record published in the Appendix, he was home first a very great number of times the year he got the Average Cup, and in other seasons also. In this year he put up a great race for the Paperchase Cup against Lord William Beresford's Diamond, but size and stride told at the end of that long and tiring journey and he had to be content with second place. Beaten he was but certainly not disgraced!





A Calcutta Paperchase—"Full Cry."







The winner of 1889 was another well-known customer of the old days, the late Mr. A. O. Acworth's Blackstone—a very well-named horse for a barrister to own, reminiscent as the name is of those voluminous Commentaries written by that great and erudite man. If only one could reproduce Blackstone's "commentaries" on Paperchasing, we should indeed have an entertaining record! Blackstone was as knowing as a wagon-load of monkeys, and we believe never once put Mr. Acworth down! He was a very ordinary little black Australian to look at, and probably his sort would not live with them the pace the horses of to-day go: but he was an honest, plodding sort, that never put a foot wrong, and had always an extra leg to spare when there was a bad place. He and Mr. Acworth were devoted to one another and thoroughly understood one another's idiosyncrasies. Mr. Acworth had many a try to get the Paperchase Cup on Blackstone, but the little horse never had pace enough for that adventure, and his owner finally bought Laddie with which horse he was, as already recorded elsewhere, in the end successful.

In 1890 Mr. W. O. Rees, who was then a new-comer to Calcutta, won on that "notorious character" Collard and Collard, a horse whose name figures more than once during this history of paperchasing. He was a great old customer and a strong persevering sort. We think that bar his old fiddle-head he was one of the best-shaped horses we have ever seen. Grand shoulders, a great long rein, quarters that would lift him over a township and he was let down behind like a grey-hound. He was far from slow and in the between whiles, when there was no paperchasing, used to carry a silk jacket with much success. Mr. Rees was, and is, one of the hardest and most dauntless horsemen we have ever had in Calcutta, "a good 'un to follow, a bad 'un to beat." He is a man we would far



sooner dine with any day than fight, a pocket edition of Hercules and quite one of the "show" men of the Calcutta Hunt. Like many another of us, however, he has passed his salad days! "Alas . . . that Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!" and that like Faust our *beaux jours* should inevitably have their period!

In 1891, that cheery sportsman, Mr. Stuart Verschoyle, won this Cup on Bannagher, a horse that suited our friend a great deal better than old Collard and Collard which horse he once owned. "Mr. V." hailed from the Emerald Isle and his always exceedingly bright eye was brighter than ever when he landed his nice bay Bannagher a winner of this event. Mr. Verschoyle is now in London, but no doubt he often wishes himself back again in the old Ballygunge country where he spent so many happy hours of his Indian existence. Bannagher stood about 15-2½ to 15-3 and was a nicely-bred, dark bay Australian showing plenty of quality and a very nice horse to ride. He was a clever jumper, and, like most of the others who have won this Cup, very handy and nippy. The winner of 1892 was another well-known equine character, Mr. A. S. Barrow's Flatcatcher, the only entire that has ever won a Cup in the Calcutta Paperchases. He was a very temperate little horse and undoubtedly one of the very finest fencers that ever was seen out. He was a clean thorough-bred, though we have no record of how he was bred. He was first owned by Mr. G. B. Paris and then by Mr. Dudley Myers and last of all by Mr. Barrow, and he died some time later full of years and of honours at the green old age of something like 20!

In 1893, Mr. W. O. Rees scored his second win in this event on a horse named Kettledrum, a very excellent type of paperchaser, and the winner of the previous year's Paperchase Cup. Kettledrum was not a small one like





Mrs. Lamond Walker on Detective.







most of the other winners, but he was of the sort that never made a mistake and he and Mr. Rees scored many victories in company, both out paperchasing and between the flags at the Monsoon Races. In 1894 and 1895, the United States in the person of Mr. C. C. Campbell were "all over us," and Miss Theo, who was a mare that at one time was almost unrideable, simply made hacks of everything that went out. Mr. Campbell was not a great artist in the pigskin, but what he lacked in knowledge he more than made up for in pluck and dash. He and the little bay mare were—literally—inseparable, and they had a great time of it in the years in which all these brilliant victories were scored. Miss Theo was another small one—scarcely over 15-1 and of the compact handy sort. She was absolutely clean-bred and Mr. Campbell got her from Dr. Spooner Hart, who let her go comparatively cheap because she was such a vixen and most unractable. Mr. Campbell, however, seemed to exercise a magnetic influence over her, for she became quite a reformed character and quite obliterated the memory of her lurid past by the exemplary manner in which she behaved, when under the "protection" of the hard-riding American. The year 1896 saw a lady for the first, but by no means the last time successful in this event, and Mrs. Lamond Walker won on little Dick—a horse whose exploits in the Ladies' Cup are referred to in the chapter dealing with that interesting event. Mrs. Walker has won this Cup three times, a record that has not been equalled in the whole history of the event, and bearing in mind all that this entails, it is an achievement of which she may be very justly proud. Mrs. Walker learnt to ride in India, and her first horse of any note was a big bay named "Benjy," a great customer over a fence and one that suited his courageous little mistress immensely well. "Benjy," we think, may justly lay



claim to having been instrumental in making Mrs. Walker what she is to-day, one of the best light-weight horsewomen in India. If in the equine Nirvana the contents of this book ever become known, we hope good, honest, old "Benjy's" heart will be rejoiced to read that the historian has not forgotten him. May be we shall, if the reviewers cut up this book, be some time consoled by a "horse" whisper coming to us through the fog of a paperchase morning saying, "Never mind—you did your best and I, Benjy, am pleased with you—and your nonsense!"

Mrs. Lamond Walker's other two successes were in 1900 on Lilac, a big brown mare entirely schooled and taught her business by her owner, and in 1906 on Detective, a little thorough-bred horse who was at one time far from a safe conveyance and by no means "anyone's ride." Mrs. Walker, however, took immense pains with him and in the end turned him into a first-class paperchase horse. The horse is still to the fore, and though inexorable Time has taken his toll, he still, we hope, will carry his plucky owner well to the front for some time to come. In 1897, Mr. R. H. A. Gresson, who was then, and still is, one of the best of the Corinthians, won this Cup on a big chestnut mare named Eau de Vie, probably so-called because she was rather of the same tint as the old brandy of Justerini and Brooks! She was a big, powerful mare up to a bit more weight than Mr. Gresson wanted, but a good sort, though at times none too careful. She was eventually sold to Mr. T. H. Wheeler, and she came to a violent end when being ridden by him in a Paperchase Cup. In 1898, Mrs. Barrow won on Molly Riley who was not the easiest thing in the world to steer over our cramped Ballygunge country and with a less capable pilot would probably never have got there. In 1899, there was no Cup, as it was discontinued for a season with a









Mr. R. H. A. Gresson and Monte Carlo.



view to stopping the "racing," which meant that the way some of them went was getting a bit too reckless. It had no real effect, and so next year the Cup was reinstated. If there had been a Cup in 1899, a lady would probably have won it, but the records were not carefully kept and cannot therefore during that season be taken to be absolutely reliable. In 1900, as already recorded, Mrs. Lamond Walker won it for the second time. In 1901, Mr. G. B. Deakin, who had not had much luck in these contests and had several times made a big effort to win the Paperchase Cup, got the Average Cup on a very nice horse named Colebrook. He was another of your "steady and stolid, jolly-bank-holiday" every-day horses, and he carried his light-weight owner with much success throughout the season. In 1902, Mr. Gresson won for the second time, his horse in that year being a beautiful grey named Monte Carlo. Our photographic artist has done him fair justice, as those who knew the horse will admit. He was a perfect ride, and as clever and tractable as could be wished; the acme of a light weight blood hunter. In 1903, Dr. W. C. Hossack was the successful candidate on a little chestnut mare named Lucy Glitters. She was a thorough-bred mare and was originally imported by Mr. R. B. Lamotte, who sold her to the Earl of Suffolk. His Lordship hoped that she might measure 14-2 and so be a little gold-mine for pony steeplechases, but she just missed it and eventually came into the possession of Dr. Hossack, of whom she took great care, never once, we believe, giving him a fall. In 1904, Captain Frank Maxwell, V. C., won on English Lord. This horse was an Australian and not an Englishman as his name rather suggests. He was a clinker—there is no other word for him—and one of the best-looking ones that has ever been seen out paperchasing. He was so handy that you could have



played him at polo, and was a beautifully broken and mouthed one. His success, however, was no little aided by Captain (now Major) Maxwell who was a most finished horseman, and was at that time on H. E. the C.-in-C.'s staff. In 1905, Captain Rennie, of the 19th Hussars, won on a big plain-looking horse named Rivalry. He was a wonderfully consistent performer, and as Captain Rennie rode every ounce of 12st. 7lbs., we believe, if not a bit more, he was giving away a good deal of weight to the majority of the field. Mrs. Walker's win on Detective in 1906 intervenes next, and the last two winners have been Mr. Ballantyne on Fairy in 1907, and Captain H. L. Fraser on Diablo in 1908. Mr. Ballantyne is still with us, and is a very plucky rider and a keen supporter of the hunters' races both at Tollygunge and Calcutta. He always goes as straight as a die, and he and old Fairy, who is still far from past her best, are the very closest of friends. We shall, no doubt, see them in successful partnership for some time to come. Captain Fraser who won last year, had a tremendous battle with Captain Fitzgerald who rode Fermoy for this Cup, and up to almost the last chase the chances seemed very level. Then Fermoy made a mistake and fell, and Captain Fraser adding yet another point to his score the week after that, eventually won with a small margin. That Captain Fraser deserved his win no one can deny, for he rode very hard and with excellent nerve. On one occasion he got a fall two fences from home, but picked himself up and managed, even then, to finish second. Captain Fraser is a son of our late Lieutenant Governor, Sir Andrew Fraser, and was formerly in the 10th Hussars, but has now gone to the Indian Army and joined the 33rd Cavalry. His good horse Diablo, on whom he once won the Rawal Pindi Grand National, is certain to be heard of again ere long in soldiers' steeplechases, at any rate we sincerely hope so! This brings us



to the end of a very long chapter, and there remains nothing but the winning record to be appended.

#### AVERAGE CUP WINNERS.

1888.	Mr. Butler's	---	...	Badminton.
1889.	Mr. Acworth's	...	...	Blackstone.
1890.	Mr. Rees'	...	...	Collard and Collard.
1891.	Mr. Verschoyle's	...	...	Bannagher.
1892.	Mr. Barrow's	---	...	Flatcatcher.
1893.	Mr. Rees'	...	...	Kettledrum.
1894.	Mr. C. C. Campbell's	...	...	Miss Theo.
1895.	Mr. C. C. Campbell's	...	...	Miss Theo.
1896.	Mrs. L. Walker's		...	Dick.
1897.	Mr. Gresson's	...	...	Eau de Vie.
1898.	Mrs. Barrow's	...	...	Molly Riley.
1899.	No Cup	...	...	---
1900.	Mrs. L. Walker's	...	...	Lilac.
1901.	Mr. G. B. Deakin's	...	...	Colebrook.
1902.	Mr. Gresson's	...	...	Monte Carlo.
1903.	Dr. Hossack's	...	...	Lucy Glitters.
1904.	Capt. Maxwell's	...	...	English Lord.
1905.	Capt. Rennie's	...	...	Rivalry.
1906.	Mrs. L. Walker's	...	...	Detective.
1907.	Mr. Ballantyne's	...	...	Fairy.
1908.	Capt. Fraser's	...	...	Diablo.



## CHAPTER VI.

### THE LADIES' CUP.

"Now I wish I were the bridle in the fingers of my idol,  
"Now I wish I were the bonny steed that bore her through the run!"

WHYTE MELVILLE.

WE think our readers will agree with us that we have now arrived at the real "rasper" of this adventurous journey, and that we may be forgiven if we confess to a feeling of something approaching nervousness and trepidation as we take a fresh pen and give it a preliminary drink of ink, hoping the while that this will not, as is the case with race-horses when given a bucket of water before a race, cause it to stop half way and flounder hopelessly! A great—we might almost say *the* greatest—authority upon horses and ladies—Mr. John Jorrocks—has said that there is nothing so uncertain as scent "'cept a woman"—he has also ungallantly expressed the opinion that "wimmen are werry weary warmints!" Although we may find it possible to subscribe to the first of these two quoted opinions, we do not go so far as to entirely endorse the second! We pride ourselves that in Calcutta, at any rate, the age of chivalry has not passed, whatever it may have done in Handley Cross! It will, however, be readily understood that with the opinion of such a *connoisseur* before us we feel that a heavy weight of responsibility rests upon us in attempting to do justice to the matter in hand in this present chapter: if we say too much, we may offend: if we say



too little, we may justly incur the censure of the male members of the Calcutta Hunt, who are notorious as being at once the most susceptible and gallant body of sportsmen on the face of the globe. Would that in our present case we possessed the capacity of the Tuscan poet for saying the right thing at the right moment, or that of his Apulian *confrère*, one Flaccus, better, and more generally, known as Horatius, for graceful versification, and odes—“Ad Lydiam,” “Ad Chloën” ! and Ad—many others ! For it is borne in upon us that bald prose, such as this is totally inadequate in such a situation as that in which we find ourselves. Could we discourse in dactylic hexameters or Iambic trimeters, we should feel ourselves less foredoomed to a fall than we do at present.

Odi profanum vulgus et arceo :  
Favete linguis : carmina non prius  
Audita Musarum Sacerdos  
Virginibus puerisque canto !

We have, as our erudite readers will no doubt at once discern, been forced after all to get Horace to break the top-rail of the first fence for us, and no better or more polite person, *bien entendu*, could we have selected to ask our friends to “lend us their ears.”

Diana, one is credibly informed, hated all men—bar one the devoted, the beautiful, the hard-riding and intrepid Hippolytus. It is usually this way—it is always 1,000 to 3 bar *one* even with the stoniest hearted ones ! The Dianas of Ballygunge differ from their patron goddess, we hope, and, since no authoress has come to our aid to write this chapter, this little difference may prove to be our salvation.

The Ladies' Paperchase Cup, the most unique event in the sporting records of, possibly, the entire world dates back to 1893, the first Ladies' Paperchase Cup having been run on the 15th of March of that year, and since then it has become a regular and well-established fixture. The Ladies of the Calcutta Hunt have numbered amongst



them some very first-class performers indeed, and from the time when "The Memsahib" (Mrs. "Jim" Cook) rode in and won our big Cup outright, down through the days of Mrs. R. C. Sanders and Mrs. Reg. Murray, to those of Mrs. Barrow, Mrs. Walker, Miss Prophit, Mrs. Perkins to last year's winner, Lady Violet Elliot, there has always been some one amongst the "spindle" sex to whom we can point with pride and truthfully assert would hold her own in any country in the world. We have always felt that the reputation of the "Calcutta Hunt" for hard and straight riding would be entirely safe, even if it were only left to be defended by the lady members, for the winning list includes the names of some particularly brilliant horse-women, than whom it would be difficult to find any more finished or courageous if we searched the world over. It is said that upon one occasion a certain hard-riding soldier arrived at the finish of a paperchase and imagined he had won, till he saw a lady getting into her dog-cart, when he said "How did you get here?" "Get here?" she said, "why I and (naming four other ladies) have *been* here ages and our horses have all been sent home, and so far from *your* having won, you are only sixth—and a bad sixth at that!!" The Dianas had entirely given the rest of the field the slip!!

The distance of the Ladies' Cup is usually between  $2\frac{1}{2}$  and 3 miles, and the fences, although not so severe as those built up for the big Cup, are no make-believe obstacles but take jumping. The race is always a fast one from start to finish, and we confess to having on occasion felt our heart stand still to see three or four of the fair competitors racing abreast over the concluding obstacles, steeple-chasing pace, and not a thought of a pull or a "steadier," even when an extra big obstacle looms up out of the fog! To win most jump races one has to treat the





Mrs. Barrow on Flatcatcher







last two obstacles perhaps, with very scant courtesy, and there are times when it is necessary to ride at them as if they were not there at all. This is all very well for men, who have a bigger chance of getting clear in the event of a fall; but it is different when the "jockeys" happen to be ladies, and one recognises that a roll means that the crutch of a side-saddle may play a very prominent part in the damage department. And yet there have been fortunately very few serious falls in this race and no fatal ones. Lady Jenkins once broke a collar bone and Mrs. Collin some ribs, and Mrs. Lamond Walker, if we recollect, has not come off scatheless; Miss Hemingway also was a victim one year, but no one has ever been really seriously injured. This we think is a matter for congratulation, for it has not been "for want of trying"!

The first Ladies' Cup was, as we have already stated, run on the 15th March 1893, and was inaugurated by Mr. G. W. Walker, who was the anonymous donor of the trophy mentioned in the account of the race which we now propose to set out, for it may be of more than passing interest, and forms a convenient preamble to the short history of the Cup and its winners which we have below endeavoured to present to our readers. "The Man on the Bay," writing in the *Asian* of the 17th March 1893, gives the following account of the race:—

#### A LADIES' PAPERCHASE IN CALCUTTA.

Calcutta may fairly claim to be original in this idea, as I do not know of any case in which a point to point race or a paperchase has been ridden by a field *entirely* composed of ladies. Some time back one of the home papers did chronicle some hunt races, in which a few ladies took part, but then it was only in the wake of the sterner sex. In this instance the "inferior?" half of our hunt cut out their own work independent of any male assistance, and right well they did it.

The function was supposed to be a profound secret, so of course the whole town turned out—the profounder the secret the greater the number of people who know about it. It was originally fixed for Tuesday, but the rain coming down necessitated a postponement till yesterday (Thursday). The prizes were a handsome gold bangle to the first lady up, and a very smart riding whip to the second, the former presented by an unknown benefactor whose name cannot be divulged, and the latter by Mr. Justice Norris.



The following ladies declared to start: Mrs. Lamond Walker on Othello, Miss King on Dinah, Mrs. Barrow on Flatcatcher, Mrs. Norman on Marigold, Mrs. Beverley on Kate, Mrs. Sanders on a brown, and Miss Healy on a black, the conditions being that ladies should ride *bonâ fide* paperchasers, no matter whether they were their own property or not. The course selected was an open one over the Salt Lake country, the point of departure being the old place just on the further side of the Jodhpore Station over a flight of hurdles placed in the ploughed field to the right of the Monsoon Road.

The morning was a foggy one and the start was therefore somewhat delayed, but shortly after the advertised hour our M. F. II. (Mr. G. W. Walker, Ed.) and Captain Grimston got away with the paper and were accompanied on their journey by H. E. Lord Roberts on a chestnut and Miss Roberts on Rabbit (formerly the property of Mr. A. L. Butler and the winner of the Paperchase Cup of 1886, Ed.). When the signal for departure was given, Othello was at once taken to the front and led from Marigold and Kate; Dinah and Flatcatcher, who cannoned badly over the first fence, coming next in order. The paper bore straight away for the open over a wall which was placed just on this side of the jungle that skirts the Salt Lakes. At this fence Flatcatcher refused owing to his being crossed by one of the others, but was quickly set going again, and the lot were soon in full cry over the open pointing straight for the ditch and wall near the jungle clump. A flight of hurdles intervened and over them and across all the open old Othello had the best of it, the next in order being Marigold, Dinah, Kate and Flatcatcher, the rest whipping in. At the ditch Dinah refused and took Flatcatcher out with her Othello getting a still bigger advantage and Marigold and Kate going on second and third respectively; Dinah and the black, who managed it at the second attempt, in hot pursuit in rear.

A thumping big wall next had to be negotiated, and Calcutta had need to be extremely proud of its ladies in the way in which they did it. Every one of them rode excellently and the form they showed was very first class indeed. The fences were jumped and ridden at in a way that it would teach a good many of us a lesson in the art to witness. After the big wall came some more hurdles, and further on another wall, which Mrs. Sanders' mare struck very hard. Flatcatcher and Dinah now began to close on the leaders, and as they emerged from the lane on to the Monsoon Road, which they crossed, this pair got level with Othello and Marigold, who with Kate in close company had had the best of the fun hitherto. Over the next flight of hurdles the first five were all in a cluster, and skirting the Screw Pines they went right over some more hurdles and then shaped left for a wall. Here Flatcatcher was set going in earnest, and he and Dinah singled themselves out from the rest and came over the last fence, a hurdle with only a length dividing them, the dark horse leading. On landing they both ran a bit wide of the line, but Flatcatcher quickly pulled straight and came away, leaving Dinah at every stride, eventually winning by ten lengths and more. Dinah ran second and Othello and Marigold something very like a dead heat for third honours. Mrs. Beverley on Kate a very close fifth and Mrs. Sanders sixth.

The winner's performance was a good one, but where all rode so well it is a very invidious task to particularize. It was quite one of the prettiest sights I have seen to watch these half dozen or so ladies crossing a country, and both horses and riders acquitted themselves very honourably. I hope we shall have another of these chases next season, and that the entry will be twice as large.

Then, as now, it will be seen the race was a hotly-contested one all the way over, and there has never yet



been a starter for this event, who has not been very much "on an engagement." In 1894 a lady who was then a stranger to Calcutta—Mrs. Sinclair Thomson—was Diana Victrix, and she rode a mare named Polly, by no means an ideal lady's hunter, very pluckily and well, and scored her win against some very formidable rivals in Mesdames Barrow and Walker. Polly was a thorough-bred black mare who, provided she got over the fences safely, held her opponents safe enough on the flat. She jumped the course without a fall and outpaced Flatcatcher, Dick, etc., at the finish. In 1895, Mrs. Lamond Walker, one of the hardest lady riders we have had and the best, bar two, that India has ever seen, won her first Ladies' Cup on Dick. He was not a clean-bred one, but just an honest little hunter, clever and handy and of the kind that does not know how to fall. This, however, was only the first of several victories, for in 1900 Mrs. Walker won it again on Lilac, a big brown mare, whom she had to teach to jump, and who in the end proved herself a really first-class huntress, and in 1904 and 1907 on a great little customer named Detective, who has a pedigree as long as Bend Or's and was full-brother to a horse called Security, who was imported from Australia to win the Viceroy's Cup, but never managed it, though he won other races. Detective has carried Mrs. Walker for many seasons and has also been the means of gaining her the Average Cup as already in a previous chapter related. In 1896, Mrs. Barrow won it for the second time on Flatcatcher, a horse whose name is famous in paperchasing annals, and who was probably one of the best jumpers that ever wore a shoe. He was a beautifully shaped little horse, as thorough-bred as they are made, and although only a pony in inches, for he was barely 15 hands, he showed both out paperchasing, and in races between the flags, that he was quite fast enough to hold his own against bigger rivals.



But whilst paying a just tribute to the horse we must not forget a far more important duty, our tribute to the lady who rode him. Mrs. Jim Cook and Mrs. Barrow are probably the two best horse-women who have ever been in India, and those who have been so fortunate as to see both these ladies ride will, we do not doubt, bear us out in our assertion. For hands, seat, nerve and judgment, Mrs. Barrow has had no equal in recent years and she was, and is still, in a class by herself amongst horse-women in India. Any horse, any country, it all came the same to her, and we have only to look over the records of this Cup to find sufficient proof for the statement that she was the feminine embodiment of Whyte Melville's man "to whom naught came amiss." Flatcatcher was not always an easy horse to ride, but he was the most tractable of all those that Mrs. Barrow rode. The mare Belinda on which Mrs. Barrow won in the following year was by no means an easy one to either hold or steer. She was very impetuous and sometimes very rash at her fences. The win on her was all the more creditable as Mrs. Barrow rode her with a finger in a splint, she having been so unfortunate as to break it in a fall shortly before the Ladies' Cup of that year was run. Molly Riley on whom she won in 1899 was another "handful," and yet Mrs. Barrow used to ride her with ease in a snaffle, and she also won the Average Cup on her. The fifth of Mrs. Barrow's victories was on a very nice little horse she got from Dr. Spooner Hart—hence his name, Spooner!! This was in 1902, and since then Mrs. Barrow has not seriously attacked the trophy, thinking doubtless, as well she may, that she can afford to rest upon her laurels. We must now hark back to 1898, the year intervening between two of Mrs. Barrow's victories. In that year the Ladies' Cup was won by Miss Prophit on The Bun, both rider and mare having learnt most of their business in Ireland, though the rider is claimed by the "Land o'Cakes."





N. H. B. 1901

The Bun.

Miss Proffit on 'The Bun.







It was a most happy combination of the Two Kingdoms, and rarely, if ever, have a pair been more devoted and confidential friends than Miss Prophit and "Bunny." Miss Prophit, as every one who has the honour of her acquaintanceship knows, is a lady who never knew and still does not know how to spell the word "fear," and her exploits in the saddle out paperchasing in Calcutta and also hunting at home are numerous. The Bun is only a pony like many another first-rate paperchaser. She is a typical little Irish hunter, compact, well-balanced and extremely difficult to fault wherever you take her. In the company of those who jump and who know all about it she could in her day be classed A-1 at Lloyds. To say that she was as good and as clever as old Flatcatcher, is, we think, to pay her the best compliment we can. She is still to the fore and may be seen looking as well as ever carrying her charming mistress about hacking. The picture which we publish of her does not do her all the justice we could desire. In 1901, Miss Pugh (Mrs. Patterson) won on her brother's well-known mare Ladybird, who was then a winner of the Paperchase Cup and many races. Mrs. Patterson rode her beautifully and the mare made nothing of her feather-weight. In 1905 and 1906, Mrs. J. C. C. Perkins was absolutely invincible, and on her good horse Peep o'Day gave the whole lot of them the "go-by" in great style. Mrs. Perkins rode on both occasions most admirably and with excellent judgment and courage. Last on the whole list comes last year's winner, Lady Violet Elliot, who rode Captain Holden's Lord Harry who had never, prior to this race, had a lady on his back. Lady Violet came to us with a reputation for being a beautiful horse-woman and it scarcely needed this performance to tell us that those who said so spoke no more than the truth. She won easily it is true, and was on a first-class performer, but her young ladyship was new to the



Ballygunge Country, new to the horse, and she had never ridden in a paperchase before in her life. Her performance was therefore a most creditable one, and the cheers that went up as she came home first over the last fence, were inspired by a genuine admiration for a plucky achievement. There remains now no more to be said excepting to express the hope that the recorder of these deeds has not opened his mouth only to put his foot in it—and to publish the record of the winners :—

1893.	Mrs. Barrow	.. Flatcatcher.
1894.	Mrs. Sinclair Thomson	.. Polly.
1895.	Mrs. L. Walker	.. Dick.
1896.	Mrs. Barrow	... Flatcatcher
1897.	Mrs. Barrow	.. Belinda.
1898.	Miss Prophit	The Bun
1899.	Mrs. Barrow	... Molly Riley.
1900.	Mrs. L. Walker	... Lilac.
1901.	Miss Pugh	.. Ladybird.
1902.	Mrs. Barrow	... Spooner.
1903.	Miss Pugh	.. Ladybird.
1904.	Mrs. L. Walker	... Detective.
1905.	Mrs. Perkins	... Peep o'Day.
1906.	Mrs. Perkins	... Peep o'Day.
1907.	Mrs. L. Walker	... Detective.
1908.	Lady Violet Elliot	... Lord Harry.

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The Ladies' Cup of 1905. Mrs. Perkins on Peep o' Day making the running.







## CHAPTER VII.

### THE PONY CUP.

WE now arrive at the last Chapter upon the various Cups that are run for during the Calcutta Paperchase season, and, though we fear that our readers may by this time begin to find these fugitive notes upon men and horses (and also ladies) somewhat tiresome and tinged with sameness and reiteration, it is our task to present in as readable a form as possible some short history of each event as it comes. A book like ours will probably be "caviare to the general," but to the individual it may be of something more than passing interest. Most of us, we fancy, wish that we could garner the memories of old friends and old times,

"Even the yarns Jack Hall invented and the songs Jem Roper sung!" and, alas, most of us can add—

"And where are now Jem Roper and Jack Hall?"

And so perchance, this endeavour to compile a somewhat bulky *Who's Who* of the Calcutta Paperchases may serve its purpose and help many of those who are here still, and some of those also who are far away, to recall men and times that have now passed from the stage, to make room for other actors and other scenery. These notes are merely intended to serve as a memento of the old days to those who come after, and who, in their turn, will have their share of the corn, and of the oil, and of the wine that maketh glad the heart of man.

There are some people who think that there are too many Cups nowadays, and that the very multiplicity of



them makes the honour of winning them too cheap. But as times move onward, it is inevitable that we must move with them, and, whereas in the old days there were two dozen men who rode, to-day there are ten times that number. And so as a natural consequence in due course of time the “pony” man was bound to spring up. At first he was not a very numerous species, and it was not until 1894 that he increased sufficiently to demand that at the end of the season he should be given a Cup of his own to run for. That these claims were legitimate ones no one for a moment will dispute, for although in the days before the Ballygunge *chokra* was as deeply steeped in guile as he is to-day, the ponies only had to jump the fragments that remained after the horse chase had swept over the fences, in their own Cup they had to take on a stiff course with very “live” obstacles to negotiate. To-day of course it requires far more nerve and jumping powder to face the pony paperchase every week, than it does to ride in the horse chase. And we will proceed to explain why. The advance of education and the Europeanising of the indigenous brother—particularly in the department of sport—have shown the Ballygunge *chokra* the possibilities of so-called “fun” to be had out of pony paperchasing—from purely a spectator’s point of view. So what does he do but carefully rebuild all the gaps in the fences, which have been made by the horses, and then go one better and put the height up a bit on his own account! The result is sometimes absolutely monumental! “Bijli” of the Bustee, and little pug-nosed Habi bullah of the Durzi’s shop, in the mangoe tope, then sit on a bank—and on that part of their anatomy known as their “hunkers”—and enjoy the fun (!). The harvest in squashed *topis* and the owners thereof, and *bucksheesh* for catching loose ponies, is sufficiently big to merit the attention of the Collector of Income Tax, and we respectfully suggest to him that he





Captain Holden's Pathfinder II.







should send one of his emissaries to the Durzi's Bustee and demand to be told what is the exact figure of this unearned increment. We think enough has now been said to show that our friend the "pony man" has every right to claim that a Cup should be given him, for we have proved to demonstration that, owing to the circumstances hereinbefore set out, the dangers that he is weekly called upon to face are far in excess of those that encompass his bigger rival! There have so far been eleven Pony Cups run for since the year 1894 when it was first instituted, the *hiatus* having occurred in 1899 when no sufficient encouragement offering, no Cup was given. It then fell into abeyance until 1903. Since that year it has been a recognised fixture, and judging by the large numbers of ponies we see out in jumping events at the Tollygunge Club and Calcutta meetings, to say nothing of the Tollygunge Steeplechases, the pony "hunter" seems to be increasing and multiplying. In the present year of Grace a Pony Average Cup has been instituted. Mr. James Hutchison, Secretary to the C. T. C., is the kind donor, and it bids fair to be as popular as the big Average Cup.

The first Pony Cup was won by an Arab, one Khalid, a very shapely little grey, owned, and of course ridden by Captain (now Lt.-Colonel) "Jim" Turner, then in command of H. E. the Viceroy's Bodyguard. This is not the only occasion upon which an Arab has been successful in event, as in 1903 Captain Smith won it on a great little character named Night, a wonderful jumper, as sometimes these Sons of the Desert are when it is born in them. We also are not certain that the pony upon which Captain Ross won in 1898 was not an Arab. But the records were not kept in those years as carefully as they now are, and in matters connected with pony paper-chasing the thing was more or less a go-as-you-please. It is described as "a grey" and if memory serves us



was a grey Arab polo pony owned by that gallant and cheery Gurkha officer! As is the case in the other events, the class of pony that wins this Cup now-a-days is considerably ahead of that of those earlier years, for no polo pony could now hope to foot it with fliers like Pathfinder, Good Chap, Envious, Reha, etc., to mention a few names of winners and possible winners of the immediate past and present. In 1895 the late Mr. Grant who was a brother of Mrs. J. C. C. Perkins, and of Lt.-Col. Grant, v.c., won it on Ladybird II, a pony that at one time was by no means the safest of conveyances, and upon one occasion handed her owner a very heavy fall. Poor Grant was subsequently killed in a trap accident in Rangoon, but it was always said that he never quite recovered from the effects of the fall he got paperchasing in Calcutta. In 1896 Mr. Richard Magor, who is now a belted *burra sahib* of Messrs. Williamson, Magor & Co., at home, and who is, so we hear, to be frequently seen out hunting with the Essex packs, got home on a clever little mare named Redbourne. She was the apple of her owner's eye and gave him any number of good rides paperchasing, and also in pony hunter's races at the Tollygunge Club. In 1897 Mr. David Fraser, then of the Bank of Bengal, now of the *Times* staff, a distinguished war correspondent and traveller, won on Little Nell, a clean bred chestnut pony that was a class above her rivals. Mr. Fraser was as persevering in his pursuit of fame in the saddle as he has since shown himself to be in the literary arena. He used to ride in chases up-country and at one time owned a very smart mare named Irma, but his weight was rather against his getting all the riding he desired, and he never quite "arrived" into the front rank of Indian G. R.'s. There is, however, no doubt about his success in his present line of business, as all who have read his very ably-written books and articles will





Mr. K. M. Hamilton on Good Chap.







readily testify. Captain Ross' win in 1898 has already been referred to. He was then on the staff at Belvedere. He was a hard man at everything he took on, and besides being a strong horseman, he had a great penchant for foot-ball and fighting. He was also blessed with a very keen sense of humour and in a certain campaign in Tibet his adventures (as related by himself), whilst commanding a coolie transport corps, composed of cut-throat Baluchis, kept the entire little army in roars of laughter. Captain Smith's win on Night in 1903 has also been referred to. He is a brother of Mrs. Lamond Walker's and was at one time in a British Cavalry regiment, subsequently going to the Indian Cavalry, a force that has turned out such a large number of first-class horsemen. Mr. G. B. Mackellar who is still in Calcutta was the winner of 1904 and he rode a sturdy and very fast mare named Yuletide, who now and again used to come out and win in hunter's hurdle races. Mr. Mackellar is one of those whom the hand of Time has touched lightly, for he still rides races in Calcutta, and is, we may mention, a G. R. who is a contemporary of Dr. Spooner Hart's. One would hardly think of it to look at the two gentlemen side by side! But in those early days when "the Doctor" was a 10 st. man, Mr. Mackellar and he used to ride at Dum Dum, etc. Mr. Mackellar's weight is today, we believe, still in the region of 8 st. We do not know what his rival's weight is, for Dr. Hart, like Mr. Jorrocks, usually finds that he has "a very 'ticklar engagement" when invited to go near a scale!!!

In 1905 and 1906 Mr. Kenneth Hamilton and Good Chap were absolutely invincible, and our photographic artist has managed to present us with a very good picture of this excellent combination of good pony and good rider. Mr. Hamilton's reputation as a G. R. is too well known in India to render it necessary for us to



dilate upon his talents. The darling ambition of his heart is, we believe, to win the big Paperchase Cup, and he has made one or two great efforts, but has had none the best of luck. There is still, however, time enough, and we shall hope that in the next edition of this volume, the next editor may have the pleasing duty of adding his name to the scroll of honour. In 1907 and 1908 Captain Holden, who has of recent years simply dusted the floor with every one in both the horse and pony classes, won it on Pathfinder II, and no one can possibly grudge so good a sportsman and so fine a horseman his successes. Out of the eleven Pony Cups the Body-guard have won three. This, we hear, is to be Captain Holden's last year in command of that fine body of men, but he may stay long enough to do the hat-trick in both the Horse and Pony Cups. At any rate, we should like to see him try. There remains now little else but the record of the winners to add to this chapter, and we can find no better tag to to than the following list :—

1894.	Captain Turner	.	Khalid.
1895.	Mr. Grant	..	Ladybird II.
1896.	Mr. Magor	.	Redbourne.
1897.	Mr. Fraser	...	Little Nell.
1898.	Captain Ross	...	(A grey.)
1899.	No Cup.		
1900.	„		
1901.	„		
1902.	„		
1903.	Captain Smith	...	Night.
1904.	Mr. Mackellar	...	Yuletide.
1905.	Mr. K. M. Hamilton	...	Good Chap
1906.	Mr. K. M. Hamilton	...	Good Chap.
1907.	Captain Holden	...	Pathfinder II.
1908.	Captain Holden	...	Pathfinder II.

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The Pony Paperchase Cup. Captain Smith on Midnight leading.







## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE HUNTER'S STEEPLECHASE.

IN every country, where anything in the shape of a Hunt Club exists, it is usually found that at some time during the season the sporting "bloods" who support it arrange to have something in the shape of an Olympiad to find out whose horse is the fastest and which man is the best jockey. It usually takes the form of a race or two between the flags and a Hunt Cup, in which all the fliers are certain to be seen out. In Calcutta our Paperchase Cup for many years since the commencement of paperchasing served this purpose, and does still do so to a very great extent, but as it is not exactly a steeplechase, as that form of entertainment is ordinarily understood, the sporting members of this Club in the year 1890 approached the Turf authorities and got them to vote funds for a race "for hunters" at the Tollygunge Steeplechases. The first "Hunter's Steeplechase," as we know the race to-day, was run in that year, though prior to that a race entitled the Amateur Welter had been in existence and was practically a steeplechase on the same terms as the Hunter's Steeplechase to-day: that is to say, it was "for hunters" and the conditions required that only G. R.'s should ride. Mr. Dudley Myers, the president of the Calcutta Paperchase Club, rode in, and won, this race on Zulu, his Paperchase Cup winner, and as it was run over the Tollygunge course as it used to be, and not over the flimsy make-believe thing we have to-day, it took a good deal more winning.



The Amateur Welter subsequently degenerated into a flat race, and it was not until 1890 that a jump race for G. R.'s was reinstated in the Tollygunge programme. Long prior to this, however, hunt steeplechases were in full swing, and, as Mr. Thomas Watson has told us, they were well supported and usually were held at Dum-Dum. An account of one of these functions in 1870 is to be found in a previous chapter. These races, however, date back to a considerably earlier period than 1870, and we have managed to unearth from the *Oriental Sporting Magazine* of 1834 an account of a memorable race of this order run at Dum-Dum on the 20th February of that year. The historian of that period, "Nim East," gives the following very graphic account of it :—

*Thursday, February 20th, 1834.*—"We met at Dum-Dum, ran to earth twice—but nothing turned up worth noting save that a gentleman in a flannel cricketing jacket, to wit, the owner of B. 641. came amongst us again, and his advent was hailed with much satisfaction. As there is no sport to discuss, perhaps a few lines regarding the steeple race for all Arabs which came off on the Tuesday previous, may not prove a bad finale to all these "scribblements." All Arabs 10st. 4lbs., and as much more as the owners might deem fitting. It had been intended to make it a race for all horses, but hunting casualties, etc., made it difficult to find cattle to start at this time of the year. Here they are—

Mr. R.'s	... b. a. h. Marksman, ridden by Mr. Moblate	... 1
Mr. D.'s	... c. a. h. Tiny (late Lobster), ridden by Mr. Oldgoing	2
Mr. M.'s	.. g. a. h. Duncan Grey, by Mr. L. L. L. D. D. D.	3
Mr. B.'s	. g. a. h. Skyscraper, by Mr. McN. C.	4

The ground was, up to Latchford lane, the same as in the races of previous years, but from that point it diverged to the left, over a country, if anything, I should say more difficult than that upon the old course.—Off—all altogether in the little field after crossing the nullah and surmounting the bank on the opposite side—(by the way we were obliged before starting to have this particular bank broken down a little but not by a run upon it,—for nobody but General Wolfe who was—

"No ways particular,

But march up great rocks which were quite perpendicular," could possibly have got over it). Skyscraper hauled his wind here a little and did not come out of the field with the other three,—who were led by Tiny, but the gallop (over some small enclosures and up to the stiff rails 4 feet 3 inches high) gave Marksman the lead, and he cleared the rails first and made strong running on the other side,—the two others got cleverly over, and Skyscraper was in the clouds and never saw them at all. The field were altogether again at a large ditch which was cut out evidently for larger cattle, and the little nags all dropped into it and were some minutes in scrambling up the other bank, which they did, Marksman leading ; his scramble, however, had the effect of loosening his girths and down came his rider, the saddle turning at a jump a few hundred yards off. Tiny now took the lead, and clapped on every stitch of canvas with the intent to make an easy job of it. Some thought



that there was a small mistake made here by his rider and that a flag was missed and he was holloa'd to, but after-events made it unnecessary to bring him back and it is as well to say that the circumstances had no sort of influence or effect upon the result of the race, and that whether he went right or wrong it mattered not as far as the race was concerned. I think, however, he should not have been stopped; no umpire being near, and nobody certain as to the fact of his being on the wrong side of the flag; he of course got a long start here, but a very (for the others) ? fortunate bank, brought him up, and all four were again together. Much time elapsed before the obstacle was overcome and they followed, an English mare, Felicity, Captain G. over, Marksman leading, and it was his pace at this critical moment that placed him where he was at the end of it, for thirty or forty yards off. there was a double ditch, measuring fifteen feet and upwards, over which he went clear and safe, Tiny who was close at him, tipping the farther bank and going down a summerset; Duncan Grey, next in order, rolled over him, and the third horse Skyscraper, thinking that arms and legs and bodies were like bundles of straw, and broke a fall considerably, was rattled at it, and of course, went down sprawling among them. There was, I am glad to say, no mischief done; there is little use in continuing the account; this circumstance sent Marksman in an easy winner—admirably jockeyed from first to last,—in fact, I never saw better or steadier riding.

Tiny had every chance given him by his rider, but those who fancied he was the best horse in the race were much out in their reckoning; he is as good an Arab as ever jumped (a capital jumper too), but not one of the youngest, and his age and size make it ridiculous to think he could travel with the winner, a large fresh young horse. Perhaps the fastest horse in the race was Duncan Grey, who, for almost a beginner at this sort of work, went admirably and his rider looked quite delighted with him, if one might judge from his countenance; but as happiness here below is seldom or ever unalloyed, he was obliged to eat a little dust before breakfast this morning, which had the effect, as I can testify, of heightening rather than destroying his appetite,—Skyscraper save that he disdained the rail (a fact which caused some raillery, of course), was very well piloted throughout, but as I said before, in my opinion, it was Marksman's pace before crossing the large ditch which gave him the race. The horses were very fairly matched, as the race, except here and there, was not fast, but one must still have one's own idea of things, and I think the winning rider was on the winning horse,—not but that had Tiny landed well at the double ditch, the race might have been very near; but I do not think he could have won not having the necessary quantity of foot for the company he was in. Did steeple races oftener occur, I could dote a little upon the comportment fitting for spectators, who behaved very badly on this occasion, crossing the course in all directions and at all times which should be remedied in future; there should also be three umpires and all disputes settled at once, and on the spot; they should be well mounted and always at hand.

In those days the men who rode to hounds were mostly mounted upon Arabs. We wonder how many of these little Sons of the Desert or even the above-mentioned Marksman, would ever see the way the field goes to-day in even a pony hunter's steeplechase at Tollygunge; very few indeed, we fear, would be within hail of the leaders after the first fence—and yet the obstacles that they were asked to cross in those old days were a good deal stiffer than, if they were not so high as, the



gallant owner up, won in excellent form and also carried Captain Jenkins extremely well out paperchasing. In 1895, "Mr. Tougall's" Hayti won, and he was ridden by Mr. R. B. Lamotte, who, even then, was not absolutely in the first bloom of youth, but came to India from Sydney with a ready-made reputation as a G. R. and had ridden winners over some of the stiffest of the colonial courses, including Randwick. The victory of "Mr. Tougall" McLeod's good brown was, needless to say, extremely popular, the more so as he was then our M. F. H. and ran the show exceedingly well. Mr. Lamotte rode the horse in a way that gave all of us a lesson. "Mr. Tougall" was delighted, and he sent Mr. Lamotte a souvenir of the victory in the shape of a silver-mounted hunting-crop suitably inscribed, a memento that our friend treasures to-day. The winner of 1896 was Saturn, a fine bay horse owned by Mr. A. L. Butler and ridden by the late "Mr. Childe" (Captain Frank Shakespear), then in the zenith of his career as a G. R. Saturn was by no means an easy horse to ride, and if memory serves us aright used to take a good deal of holding out paperchasing. Mr. Butler, however, who was always a desperate thruster, used to shove him along in great form, and was always there or thereabouts on him at the finish.

In 1897, Mr. Barrow's Belinda, whose performances in the Ladies' Cup have already been noticed, won very nicely ridden by Mr. Teddy Glasgow of the Royal Sussex. He is now probably a full-blown major man, but in those days he was a light weight subaltern, and used to go very hard out paperchasing on a wayward chestnut mare. The winner of 1898 was Surprise, owned by Mr. George Nairn (Mr. Newall) whose trade was "jut'," but whose hobby was "harses," and he was ridden by W. Alford. In 1899, Mr. Barrow won on his own mare Molly Riley, a subsequent Paperchase Cup winner. She was known to be a good





Captain Holden's Lord Harry.







thing if she could be induced to face the "regulation," a fence that in her schools, she had resolutely refused to have anything to do with. However, in the race she was hustled over it before she knew where she was, and then had only to canter home. Lord Suffolk supplied the winner of 1900—in Franciscan, a beautiful grey horse who was ridden by "Mr. Loftus" (Mr. Loftus Beatty), quite one of the best G. R.'s we have ever had in India. In 1901 Major Ferrar's good horse Protection, ridden by Mr. Harry Stokes, won, and later on in the year he as near as possible won the Hunter's Hurdle race in Calcutta. He was a very fine horse indeed—a typical well-bred weight carrier, and his owner thought so well of him that at the end of his Battery's Indian service he took him home, and hunted him for many seasons. Since 1902 two G. R.'s have held an absolute mortgage on this event. Captain Holden won it for the first time in that year on Eldorado ; Mr. Pugh won it on Ladybird in 1903 ; Captain Holden again in 1904 on Eric ; Mr. Pugh again in 1905 on Mr. Maurice Turner's Look Out, who was also quite invincible in the handicap chase of the same year, and in 1906, 1907 and 1908 Captain Holden's Lord Harry has swept the board. We close our chapter with the roll of honour :—

### THE HUNTER'S STEEPLECHASE,

DISTANCE ABOUT 2½ MILES.

	<i>Owner.</i>		<i>Horse.</i>		<i>Rider.</i>
1890.	Mr. Lawrence	...	Barrister	...	G. Robinson.
1891.	Mr. Taylor ..	...	Slim Jim	..	G. Robinson.
1892.	Mr. Butler ...	...	Grey Dawn		Capt. McDougall.
1893.	Mr. Rees ...	...	Kettledrum	...	W. Alford.
1894.	Capt. Jenkins	...	Half Pay	...	Owner.
1895.	C. C. McLeod	...	Hayti ...	...	Mr. Lamotte.
1896.	Mr. Butler ...	...	Saturn ...	...	Mr. Childe
1897.	Mr. Barrow ..	...	Belinda	...	Mr Glasgow.
1898.	Mr. Newall ...	...	Surprise	...	W. Alford.
1899.	Mr. Barrow .	...	Molly Riley	...	Owner.
1900.	The Earl of Suffolk	...	Franciscan	...	Mr. Loftus.
1901.	Major Ferrar	...	Protection	...	Mr. Stokes.
1902.	Capt. Holden	...	Eldorado	...	Owner.



THE HUNTER'S STEEPLECHASE—*contd.*

	<i>Owner.</i>		<i>Horse.</i>		<i>Rider.</i>
1903.	Mr. R. A. C. Pugh		Ladybird	...	Owner.
1904.	Capt. Holden	...	Eric ..	...	Owner.
1905.	Mr. J. M. Turner	...	Look Out	...	Mr. R. A. C. Pugh.
1906.	Capt. Holden	...	Lord Harry	...	Owner.
1907.	Capt. Holden	...	Lord Harry	...	Owner.
1908.	Capt. Holden	...	Lord Harry		Owner.

## THE HUNTER'S HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE.

DISTANCE ABOUT 2½ MILES.

	<i>Owner.</i>		<i>Horse.</i>		<i>Rider.</i>
1903.	Mr. J. W. Orr	...	Dundonald	...	Mr. Parsons.
1904.	Mr. Holmes	...	Jacinth	...	Mr. M. Turner.
1905.	Mr. M. Turner	...	Look Out	...	Mr. Pugh
1906.	Capt. Holden	...	Lord Harry	...	Owner.
1907.	Capt. Holden	...	Lord Harry	...	Owner.
1908.	Mr. K. M. Hamilton	...	Pretender	...	Owner.

## PONY HUNTER'S STEEPLECHASE.

	<i>Owner.</i>		<i>Horse.</i>		<i>Rider.</i>
1904.	Mr. J. D. Marshall	...	The Owl	...	Mr. MacDonnell.
1905.	Mr. J. D. Marshall	...	The Owl	...	Capt. Randall.
1906.	Mr. Holmes	...	Energy	...	Mr. Barrow.
1907.	Mr. R. A. C. Pugh	...	Mistlebird	...	Mr. Barrow.
1908.	Capt. Holden	...	Pathfinder II	...	Owner.

## PONY HUNTER'S HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE.

	<i>Owner.</i>		<i>Horse.</i>		<i>Rider.</i>
1905.	Mr. Holmes	...	Dewdrop	...	Owner.
1906.	Mr. Hamilton	...	Good Chap	...	Owner.
1907.	Mr. Glen	...	Zig Zag	...	Mr. Evers.
1908.	Mr. W. R. Tanner	...	Emerald	...	Owner.

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Map of  
**PAPERCHASE MEETS.**  
 &  
**TOLLYGUNGE RIDES.**





Sdail Lock



## APPENDIX A.

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1870-71.

THE first paperchase was held some time in 1870. Riding men alone knew of the proposed meeting. Such a thing had not been heard of before, and few took the least interest in it. It was agreed to meet outside one of the chummeries on the south side of Ballygunge, and a meet there was. How different to those of the present day! A baker's dozen was the number, but they were all on riding intent. Crooke on "Billycock" and Brancker on "Barwang" were to be the hares; these two gentlemen being in fact the originators of the hunt. Cast your eyes over the winners on the first two pages of the appendix to the Ballygunge Association Rules, and you will see the names of men and horses, Crooke figuring as "Mr. Alipore." There was a glorious uncertainty in this chase; the destination was unknown, and thoughts were more bent on the paper than on hard riding.

But we are off up a lane along a foot-path into a field, where we negotiate the first jump which was but a small ditch and bank. This brings us into a garden; a gateway is completely blocked, and it is evident that the hares have jumped the fence into the lane. Readers can mark the place now under a different aspect. It is just on the west side of Milton & Co.'s school. Horses were then but little accustomed to "lepping." Such refusals, such objurgations and smoky language! The same fence would now be cleared by a dozen riders abreast, but all things must end, and *proh pudor!* A man on a Burma pony is the first to clear the obstacle. To him follow the late Captain G. Loch, then A. D. C. to the Lieutenant-Governor, and a man on an English horse. A longish interval separates the rest. The chase then bears to the left, comes through the Gurriah Hât Road over the Railway crossing and into the open country to the right. All this time there is but little jumping, such as it is being quite natural. In the open a succession of banks and ditches is met with. This is considered high jinks, till jumping into a brinjal garden the leaders are met by one of the high fences that usually surround such gardens. Presently a voice from the



depths "Take the last jump, gentlemen!" Hallo! Crooke and Brancker are seen just behind the high fence with their horses down in a deep ditch. The other riders drop in one by one though the number was diminished to ten. Then, as now the finish was near Jodpur station. All go home highly pleased, and think it is rather fun. And so ended the first Calcutta paperchase.

Of that baker's dozen about four are still in Calcutta, but they do not ride as much as they rode then, for it was more than 17 years ago!

After the first paperchase there were one or two more of a similar nature in the vicinity of Ballygunge, and they were then discontinued, the weather being considered too hot.

Meantime Crooke and Montie Stewart had gone to live at Burra Bagh House, Tollygunge. This is the large house standing away by itself on the right of the road after leaving Tollygunge. In November 1870 Crooke gave out he was going to give us a regular twister in the direction of Tollygunge. More interest had now begun to be taken in this class of riding. Expectation was great, and the morning appointed saw something like thirty or forty horsemen assembled outside the gateway in the road. Several knew pretty well what would take place, others went out of mere curiosity with no fixed idea of what they would do. Crooke on Billycock and Brancker on Barwang were again to show the way, and right well they did it.

The start was down a lane running eastwards from the road and nearly opposite the outside gateway of Burra Bagh House; then, turning left-handed, the first artificial jump in the form of a hurdle appeared in a Calcutta paperchase course. This was soon laid flat by the field. But the triumph was not of long duration. Crooke was not fond of half-hearted riders. His motto was "Jump you must, or be left behind." So the next fence was a high one, made of strong bamboos; and outside a small enclosure, any other way (except that by which you came) being also barred. This was joy to the few, sorrow to the many. Aitchison on Red Prince, William Thomas on The Fenian, David Landale on Norma, Apperley on Cock Robin, Downing, S. Carlisle, Thurburn and Millett are over it and away. The usual refusals follow, while several look on waiting for the way to be cleared. This was subsequently done by Johnston Smith on The Doctor, the two practically sitting upon the rails, and crushing them down. This lets loose the pent up, and now delighted crowd. Then succeed two or three small jumps, half natural and half artificial, until an impediment in the ground appears—a veritable chasm ten or twelve feet wide, with water running about a foot-and-a half below its banks.—Again is the motto brought into play. All methods of getting round are barred. Harden your heart, for in, through, over or under you



must go. William Thomas makes a bold attempt on The Fenian, but something puts the horse a little out of his stride, and not obtaining sufficient bite with his hind feet on landing, his hind legs slip into the water. But the two are not to be denied, and it does not take them long to be out and off again. Two or three jump in, and after frantic struggles scramble out. Two or three more flounder through by a way somewhat easier where a ditch joins the stream ; while a rider on a grey horse is walking up the centre asking if "any fellow can tell a fellow how to get out of this." Meantime there has been grief untold. Some are fathoming the bottoms of ditches, others are for ever on the "refuse," while others think "discretion is the better part of valour" and give it up. Among those who thus met with grief may be noticed Bourke, a Barrister, since added to the list of murdered Irish landlords. But let us get forward with the first flight, mostly composed of the same riders who were to the fore in the first instance. Not one of these has yet been left behind. They now swing round to the right and cross the Gurriah Hât and Tollygunge road half a mile beyond the further turn of the present steeplechase course. Still bearing to the right a fence with a ditch and drop the other side meets the view. Nowhere is a better illustration of the inferior jumping knowledge possessed by the horses of those days. With the best men and best riders that Calcutta could produce not one could accomplish this fence for the first time of asking, and some not till after two or three refusals. The first man the other side "slithered" underneath horse and all, leaving the upper rails untouched. This brings them to strip a of grass which runs alongside Tolly's Nullah, and is about two hundred yards at the back of the present race stand. And here the pace is increased somewhat, the going at times having hitherto been heavy

But the end is not yet : Turn to the right up a lane and then suddenly to the left, and the riders are confronted with a brick wall. Over go the majority of the string, now well drawn out, and through some gardens only to meet with another brick wall. Aitchison—not by the way Sir Charles of that ilk—is now leading, but weight, distance and strong leaping has told its tale on Red Prince, and he comes down smashing his rider's collar-bone, and to this pair must be accorded premier honour, for this was the end. For the rest it may be said that lapse of time has effaced from memory the various links in the chain of riders.

This was a rare chase, four miles at least, not such an artificial course as has now to be encountered, and never a mud wall. The water jump was an especial feature. One of the hares cleared it, and it was said one of the field did likewise. If it was so, the names can be narrowed down to Downing or Apperley.



## MIDSUMMER MADNESS.

Consternation is in Chowringhee ! The catastrophe has come with a hideous suddenness which has struck us dumb ! *The monsoon has burst !* I didn't see it, I have missed it annually. I have it, however, from a reliable eye-witness. He hails from the Sunderbuns, and he says he was on the lookout, because his new barometer was so fearfully agitated, that he knew something must burst ! Visions of the train of woes which the visitation may bring with it have temporarily paralyzed the community. We picture the speedy conversion of tennis lawns, racquet courts, and polo fields, into spots for the splashing of frogs and fishes. Where before, our emotion was all elation, now all is despondency. Rachel dying to disport herself, refuseth to be comforted. Conversaziones, glee parties, concerts, being no vent for pent up physical energy, but increase Chowringhee's crossness. For conversation, it careth not. Songs soothe it not, nay rather they serve the ends of sarcasm. The voice of the snarler we heard him complain in the drawing-room (after a melody well executed by an accomplished amateur).

Swans sing before they die ; 'twere no bad thing  
If some would kindly die before they sing—  
And again in the Institute (after the finest fiddling of  
the greatest of all Invernizzis) :  
When Orpheus played he moved old Nick,  
But he moves nothing but his fiddle stick.

Even the Garden of Eden is in disfavour. Female petulance has ascribed to that hallowed spot, attributes far from paradisaical, and whilst roaming in its classic shades, actually wished itself away to the other side of Jordan, or anywhere ! I have merely jotted down these few signs of the times, by way of preface to some agreeable information I have to impart. I have received a highly ornamented card (and am much obliged for this delicate attention) announcing that there is to be a paperchase on Wednesday next. The meet will be at 6 A.M. sharp, at the "Old Kennels" on the Gurriah Hât Road, whence spectators, and roadsters who prefer the 'ammer' ammer' ammer business can see a good deal of fun. The hard riders who I know will be many are sure to have their morning's work cut out, for the foxes are staunch and strong—Mr. Latham and Mr. Borrock. The falling will be so soft that a well-executed crumpler will be a positive pleasure, which may be balm to the craners. In anticipation of a sharp burst, we saw the Gadha getting a pipe-opener round the racecourse the other morning. He looked as gay and frisky as his sporting owner, and was going like a two-year-old with his tail curled over his back as stiff as little Anarchy's. If a good field turns out, and the ladies can patronise them no doubt, the cups of bliss of the great promoters will be full.



I hope this crumb may be some consolation to Chowringhee in her distress. May it soon be in my power to offer other crumbs. It may be so if I overheard aright the whispers about the next Ball which are growing more audible. It seems the only difficulty is the selection of a suitable anniversary to commemorate. I suggest either the 21st June, or 3rd July, or both ! The former is the longest day. Let us add to its honour by making it the longest night. On the latter the dog days begin. Days for what ? for the dogs to dance of course. To quote a local poet : " For every doggie he has his day on which to begin to dance." And let the 3rd of July be ours—Salaam jee !

F. GOLIGHTLY.

### MIDSUMMER MADNESS.

Balls, Paper-chases, Polo-matches, commemorative dinners. Scene—Calcutta. Dramatis Personæ—Enervated Anglo-Indians. Time—May-June. Quite enough to take away one's breath. What a change has come o'er the spirit of the scene ! What an awakening is here ! Where the listlessness and the torpor of the past ? Fled, fled to the hills and far away. May it please our sweet cousins who have migrated to Simla to meditate that in our madness (save the mark) we cannot only exist in the plains, but be happy even in midsummer !

The Ball, really the *most delightful* of the year as I have over and over again been assured—

Ye gods ! How sweetly gossip falls  
From lips of beauties—after balls.  
Is now a thing of the past,  
So I speak not of that.  
The music stopped, the lights expired,  
The dance is o'er, crowds retired.  
And all those smiling cheeks have flown.

And, to interpolate "a little thing of my own" (as the Parish Clerk remarked when he gave out a hymn of his own composition). "Police-man Roche is left alone !"

A commemorative dinner is as secret and mysterious as the rites of Freemasons and Mormons, so I cannot speak of that knowing only :—

That Eton's sons are there to-night,  
And Lord how great would be their mirth,  
If fate would lift them from the earth  
And set them all with magic jump.  
Squat down beside the Brocas Clump.



Beyond therefore, mentioning *in a whisper*, that if busy rumour speaks true and frivolity has its way, other balls are things of the not distant future. I have merely to speak of the Paperchase and Polo match, which are both worthy of record.

*Paperchase.*—Marching orders for the morning of the 3rd of June having been sent round from the boudoir to the stable, there was a general girding up of girths, and application of monrogon to hunting saddles, and at the meet there has seldom before been seen such a gathering. Fully 40 people on horseback, including four or five ladies, and *mirabile dictu*, three or four barouches, the occupants of which, apart from their keen appreciation of sport in all its phases, perhaps, had in their minds the adage—

Myrtilla rising with the dawn  
Steals blushes from the rosy morn,  
But if Myrtilla sleeps till ten,  
Aurora steals them back again.

The foxes were two noted performers, the very boys to make the field cry “Capiwi” as old Jorrocks used to say, and were carried by Chuckerbere and Countess, the latter with that elegant rider Mr Latham up, to whom the thanks of the community are principally due for the morning’s sport. After the usual law had been given, a field of 25 horsemen rushed off in pursuit, amongst whom we recognised several old friends steered by the accustomed hands. Firstly, the corky Bachelor, who, until he was thrown off the scent near the finish (perhaps by a bunch of “stinking” violets), led the whole way, and next in close attendance were Duchess, Mephistopheles (the original imp with the diabolical pedigree) the Man of Kent, Red Deer, Charlton, the Badger Abbess, Jute Butts, and Mr. Sunder on the Gadha. The ground was soft, the jumping very sweet, and the pace so hot that in a very brief space after the foxes had got safely to earth, the leaders were down on them. Duchess and Mephistopheles were first, and raced “sixteen annas” side by side at the last jump, a big mud wall with a ditch at the near side, both landing over in fine form; but Duchess getting just the best of it at the finish came in first, much to the delight of her enthusiastic rider, the Man being close behind, Mephistopheles third, Bachelor fourth, and a swarm of nags fifth, but the Gadha being last got the prize. There were several spills, and I am sorry to say that a young lady who was going in a plucky style came to grief, but I believe she was not hurt. A capital chase and a capital course was the universally expressed sentiment, and I recommend the lovers of this sport, which, in the absence of the real thing, is the best substitute going for “the sport of kings and the h’image of war with all the excitement and only five and twenty per cent. of the danger,”



to keep their horses in wind, for when the monsoon bursts there will be another chase, which I hope may be as successful as this one.

F. GOLIGHTLY.

### MIDSUMMER MADNESS.

The paperchase of 14th June 1876 will be ever memorable in the annals of paper-hunting in the East. I speak of it as a likely *crumb* of comfort for disconsolate Chowringhee. I used quite a wrong expression—I should have said *loaf*. It was consumed to the last mouthful. All I spoke of was—the foxes were staunch ; the riding was hard ; the field was large ; the ladies patronized it. The falling was so pleasant that some gentlemen could not be satiated.

*The Meet* was at the Old Kennels on the Gurriah Hât Road. More people than before attended. They came in barouches, buggies, phaetons and tum-tums. The ordinary traffic was temporarily suspended. The patient ryot had to take his hackery into the ditch to get by. The people of the *bustis* didn't know what they had come out to see, but brats and all came out to look. It was an inspiriting scene and worthy the pen of a Pomponius Ego. I counted up to 40 people on horseback, but then got thrown out by that irrepressible Gadha. Like the little pig and the peasant, he kicked up such a bobbery that I couldn't count him at all. The *élite* of the fair and the festive of the human race were there, and most of the aristocracy of the equine tribe. I missed some who could be ill spared. Bachelor, Jovial-Mariner, and Duchess, who on the last occasion took the front seat, to which her rank entitled her, but her rider being on the bed of sickness the saddle of sport was empty. Countess and Chuckerbere were there. Also Mephistopheles, the ink black imp. The learned Judge's knowing grey, the Squeeler, and the Squire, whose rider was heartily welcomed back, being greeted with his favorite refrain—"I never waits for nobody, and no one need wait for me."

The Big Bay, Badger, and Jute Butts were there ; Red Deer, Sheer Legs, Gay Lad, and the Burra Tatto ; and among the new ones, Chowpy the Champion summersault thrower and Mignonette, or the little (one's) Darling. *The Course* was well selected. The ground in capital order. The jumping enough to satisfy the most voracious, comprising broad ditches, hurdles, mud walls, and a double (two mud walls each 3 feet 6 inches high) where was enacted most of the fun of the fair. It was placed alongside the road, and the gallery took up its position there, as just on the opposite side of the road was the finish, reached after the double by a circuitous route.



*The Chase* was full of excitement and fun. To speak first of the foxes. Countess, ably piloted by the straight-going Mr. Latham, went the course as usual in finished style, and old Chuckerbere being a little above himself, threw a "lep" or two right manfully. Both saved their brushes, and were accused only of making the scent not strong enough, but perhaps there were perfumed violets about them. The pack was soon in full cry after them. Nothing eventful occurred until the double, except a reported strategic movement on the part of Mr Phocuss to avoid a nasty wall of which he didn't like the look. He took ground to the rear where the paper wasn't and then savagely shouting he couldn't find it galloped off on another track. No ! by the way I am wrong. That happened at the big wall after the double. No matter, the sad delinquency is recorded. Hark for-r-rard ! Over the fatal double the first flight, including the Big Bay, the Bench, Mephistopheles, Mr Choter, and others got safely over. Then began a scene worthy of adoption for the comic business of a circus. It was much appreciated by the audience, and their shouts of laughter were abundant testimony that grief for the *burst monsoon* had been chased away. Chowpy led off by here turning his first summersault and did it well. Second clown on a fiery chestnut soon followed and rolled over Chowpy in the (saw) dust, in approved fashion. This was the prelude to a scene of wild calamity and confusion that was very humorous. Horse after horse, rider after rider, came to grief one way or another, until the double was stuffed as full as a Strasbourg paté. Men, horses, topees, and oaths flew about unrestrained ; wits fled, the jumble was indescribable until the Squeeler let them out. He came up at "sixteen annas" pace. His rider casually roared out a general admonition to all to get out of the way (as if they could) and jumped bang into the middle of the rabble, knocked them all in a heap like a bunch of ninepins, and a big hole opening out in the outer wall the crowd escaped. Hardly had I wiped from my eyes the tears of laughter elicited by this entertainment when, turning in my carriage I saw the leaders coming in at the finish, Mephistopheles who kept cleverly to the front as usual was first. The learned Judge was decreed a good second, whilst little Mignonette, who was capitally ridden by a most promising young 'un, was landed third.

As she crashed through the last hurdle amidst encouraging cheers, she, following the ruling fashion, added to her titles (with a defiant toss of her head) that of "Forget-me-not," a prophetic warning to the other maidens relating to the next Ballygunge Steeplechases. Next came the Badger and Jute Butts. The latter, though he hadn't more than the weight of a "sparrow" on him, hadn't a kick left and collapsed at the last jump but one, like a burst ball. After him came the ruck including welter weights and little Red Deer who would have been nearer, were his legs as speedy as his heart is stout. The rear



was brought up by some stragglers ; and so ended another capital chase.

There will not be time probably for more than one other, before the country gets too heavy, but that one there will be, to keep up these morning breathers.

If anyone had taken a stroll round the Course as I did after the chase he would have been rewarded by a series of most "larfable" incidents. Horses riderless scouring the country, Riders hatless scouring after them. Mr. Chashmer rushing blindly Tollygungewards, his horse having gone Ballygungewards. Mr. Griffin hanging round his horse's neck, only escaping terrestrial embrace by a long spur, a strong spur, and a spur altogether. Mr. Chowpykamafik sitting disconsolate, hugging the branch of a tree, brought down by him in his third double back summersault, and bewailing the faithlessness of Chowpy, who had left him at the third fall, after casting on him a curious look of scorn, as if the Sahib and not Chowpy was to blame. The last incident engraved on my memory was Mr. Sunder's Gadha planting at a two foot rut, the objurgations of the rider laid on with an ash plant were loud and Jorrochian. Gur-r-r along you beast ! Whack ! Whack ! Come h'up I say you h'ugly brute ! Whack ! Whack ! H'obstinacy thy name is h'ass. Whack ! Whack ! and then the h'ass come h'up suddenly as if he saw a thistle ahead, and left his unprepared rider in the rut ! "Get up thou bald pate" shouted little Bengalees, and he got up and he left ; and so did I.

When I got home, I reflected. I thought of the many additional aspirants to cross country honours and to what it might not lead at next season's Steeplechases. There was a lot of new blood out. Most of it certainly got spilt on the way (untried horses, however, will make mistakes). There's blood left and of good tap too. If gentlemen sportsmen you will only.....but hush, hush-sh I am still reflecting.

F. GOLIGHTLY.

### MIDSUMMER MADNESS.

Oh horrible ! Oh horrible ! Most horrible ! The rain it raineth every day. Chowringhee erst elated by the Chase is again *désolé*. Mankind in the monsoon is mercurial, being like a barometer sensitive to every change in the weather. No wonder then we have fallen low, now that the splendours of Apollo's reign have been so completely routed by the accession of Great King Frog.

Distraught for amusement, we have positively yearned for one of those delicately devised and elegantly executed "calls to the chase," but a glance at the clouds and the waters pouring from them, shows that at present it is in vain, and that as it is written in the Book of



Ward, "It cannot was." The voice of the horses this time, we hear them complain "we've got no work to do-oo-oo," but we cannot help them till the rain stops. The inaction falls hard on Chowpy, for how is he to keep supple for summersaults, Countess, Chukerbeere, Duchess, The Man, Abbess, The Squire, etc., having no special aims will rest happy in a dry stable—until the time comes. Jute Butts will have to get screwed up tight enough, to carry the house top as well as the "sparrow" upon it. Mephi must be content to toast his toes in the lower regions, and conjure up visions in the flames like an old Char woman, whilst the Darling-ette can do as darlings do, seek for petting, and she will find it. In the stable of the Sunder, however, there is inconsolable woe and tribulation, for the state of affairs has broken the heart of the Gadha. He is no more. Alas! poor Gadha, Son of Asinine perfection.

He was a moke ; take him for all in all,  
We shall not look upon his like again.

To pass from the stable to the boudoir—where, under these cloudy circumstances, are we to find new pastures of pleasure for Phyllis and Corydon? Not out-doors, so we have temporarily consigned to the cupboard our tennis-bats, racquets and polo-sticks, and hung them on the hooks that are therein. It can only be in-doors, and we at once pronounce "a ball" which is no longer whispered, but a loud absorbing topic of conversation—in fact.

Dance, or not to dance, is now the question, and I would ask—  
If for the mind it is not bad to suffer  
The slings and arrows of prolonged suspense,  
Let's take then by the horn the Saltant bull,  
And fix the night *ek dum*. The consummation's  
Most devoutly wished. When fixed, all's nigh done.  
*The Band?* perchance! 'The floor! Ay there's the rub.

Ay, of course there is, but Roche will rub it—as before, until it is as smooth as a skating rink. A Ball Secretary would not, perhaps agree that all is done when the day is fixed, but nevertheless for a good dance they usually will many "fardels" bear. The longest day having passed unobserved and June being at its last gasp: July must be the month, and the Dog Days remain for commemorative feast. All will laugh to see the sport when the dogs begin to dance, which will be delightful, for at present none of us can raise even a smirk. It will be necessary it should rain all day to cool the air, but it must be fine at night for the sake of the patient carriage horse. The Secretary would, however, of course, see to these things.



Talking of horses takes me back to the stable. When I closed my last letter I was voyaging to the dream-land of reflection in search of opportunities for the display of our new equestrians' prowess. As there seems little chance of any more paperchasing until the crops sown are grown and cut, will not some enterprising genius organise a series of (sunshiny) Saturday afternoon sky races over hurdles and on the flat? It will keep us going until the racing season proper comes in, of which more anon, and will give to him who wants it (surname Legion) that practice which alone makes perfect, whether in executing a fantasia or a finish. No fellow, until he has "found his seat" so to speak is much use, either in galloping, or jumping, whether it is over the keys of the piano, or the daisies and hurdles of the race-course. Ask it in the boudoir! Ask it in the stable!

F. GOLIGHTLY.

Jupiter Pluvius must have been touched by our laments, for he has put the rose on the watering pot, and been only spattering instead of slushing us with its contents, but this merely "by the way" I have rushed to my pen to announce two important sporting fixtures. The first is owing to J. P. which is why I have mentioned him; for if he turns crusty again it may not come off. The events are—

Wednesday, 28th June. Paperchase.

Thursday, 13th July. Dog-Day Ball.

*Paperchase.*—The "call to the chase" informs me that the meet will be, as before, at the Old Kennels at 6 A.M. Foxes as before. Spectators had better wander up the track known as "the Red Road near the Sheep-pens." Water has lately been laid on lavishly. There will be a water jump. What a chance for Chowpy!

*The Ball.*—The meet will, I am informed be as before, at the Town Hall at 9-30 P.M. Managing committee as before. Music, it is to be hoped, as before. The galloping track (after the rain?) promises to be first-class going, cool smooth and slippery. What a chance for ..... Manolo!

F. GOLIGHTLY.

Chowringhee arose very early in the morning on Wednesday 28th June to array for the Paperchase. The last jackal had hardly slunk into a protecting drain, when, from every upper-storey window in the mansions of the blest, night-capped heads emerged to inspect the weather. Grave mistrust had been felt in Jupiter Pluvius, for it had been noticed that he had bragged in your columns of laying down in one Wednesday alone, in Cherrapoonjee no less than 40 inches of rain, a game which, if he should try here, would force us to Paperchase in



Boyton swimming suits, and we hav'nt got many. When, however, was found that—

A joyous sun and bright  
Had chased away the moon and stars,  
Of the warm and sultry night,

and there was no sign that J. P. was up and moving, the night caps in their glee screamed "view Holloas" in all keys from dainty soprano to basso profundissimo ; and as this inspiriting call reverberated down the street, all was bustle and animation to be off. The drive through the pretty suburban lanes was most pleasant and exhilarating. The trees and grass looked green and fresh, nature had on her sweetest smile, and the busti babies blinked in wonderment at the number of carriages and horses which went past them. The meet was again at the Old Kennels, where the assemblage consisted of those who meant business, numbering some 20 or 30 horsemen. Those who came to "spectate" hurried off to the Red Road near the Sheep-pens, hoping to see some fun at the double, water jump, and finish which had been arranged there. There really seemed to be more lady-sportsmen, more carriages and more roadsters than before. I hovered over them in my balloon to take notes and came to the conclusion, that at least half the roadsters ought to have been at the Kennels, and I hope next time many of them will take to the field. Some must have had powerful reasons for not being there. For instance, I saw spectating the finished horseman handed down to posterity in the pages of the *Oriental Sporting Magazine* as the "fair young Englishman glowing with pride." He's not often seen glowing on the wrong side of the cover, when there's a chance of a good ride, and I suppose Mephi was not fit. Again, Mr. Choter was there seeking and finding the petting so liberally bestowed on his mare. No ! only saving her for exploits in the cold weather. I also saw Mr. Sunder on foot which is of course accounted for by the death of the Gadha, which cast a gloom on the day. Others I had hoped to see were absent altogether, one being a victim of the Black Friday of fractures and contusions, owing to which Red Deer was away. But I must hark back to the Kennels.

Mr. Burrock did not appear with the paper bag, having had a tumble with old Chuckerbeere the day before. The patient strategist should have taken his place, but hearing of the expected "Gallery" whose blandishments he cannot resist, he prudently avoided danger by a sudden movement on Bally. The "Vielle Moustache," Count R. De Naxela, ever ready for a chase or charge, took his place and carried by Lord of the Isles was soon "gone away" in company with Mr. Latham on Countess. A slight altercation with a rustic, in which a little Bengalee Billingsgate and big bamboo figured, enlivened the first part



of the journey, which reached its culminating point at the Red Road jumps. Countess was fretful, and twice refused the double, but the Lord, though a fresh one, went over in a manner which shewed that the hand on the reins was as deft as ever. Her ladyship was then pleased to go over and went the rest of the course in a better humour. The Count, however, had soon to stop, as he broke a stirrup leather, through which, unfortunately at the end of the course, there was no scent.

The pack "filling the air with joyful melody swept after them like a hurricane," a tumble or two taking place early in the chase, and as they neared the double a cry arose "they come." With a long lead there did come with a vengeance the little country-bred Abbess, tearing at her bit like a fiend, but the young Zoologist on her back wisely let her go her own way, and she was in and out of the double in a twinkling, closely followed in capital style by the puggery-wigged Judge, Mariner, a clever grey, the Lancer, Commandant, Duchess, The Man, Sheer Legs, The Squeeler and others, after which came the tail of the pack, who created much diversion. Most got well over the water jump, which was followed by a big mud wall, but the interest in the chase was then spoilt by the absence of paper, and the finish was a disorderly scramble, horses dropping in from all points of the compass, of which the first flight comprised Mariner, Abbess, the Judge, Duchess, etc., etc., etc.

There were again many "larfable incidents" from which I cull the following :—Mr. Chashmer renewing on foot his investigation into the geography of the "Gunges" of Tolly and Bally, in vain search for his quad. Mr. Koochper-Warny with a wild look in his eye and a dirty hoof print on his stomach running after his handsome brown, from which he had been "pipped" in a collision, and when he came to his senses (it is said) abusing in the words of the great Scamperdale, who could not swear or use coarse language because he was a lord, the scandalous, unsightly, idolatrous, rusty-booted, nump-handed son of a puffing corn-cutter who had cannoned against him. Next Mr. Ditcher on the Glasgie Apprentices' chestnut, emulating the feats of Chowpy. He didn't like his first fall, and was heard roaring like the immortal Lord—"I've broken my back,"—"I've broken my legs,"—"I've broken my ribs,"—"I've broken my collar bone." "I've knocked my right eye into the heel of my left foot," "I'm kilt entirely,"—but after four more tumbles he got used to it, and came in chirpy and aptly singing the glee beginning—

Five times by the taper's light  
I've fallen on my head this night ;

And his topee looked like it ! Then Mr. Jack Spraggon on Yeoman with a flat hat *en règle*, galloping past instead of over the double, which was so unlike him that I think his spectacles must have been dimmed by the morning dew. Mr. G. Aspirant executing a (faux) *pas de seul*



over the wing of the last jump, and lastly the gem at which was the loudest "larf." It was elicited by the unparalleled performance at the double by the sporting Mr. Paddy Moustache on Harlequin. Both jumped over the first wall in first rate form. *It was in ruins*; but the second wall was stiff and upright. Harlequin went at it as if slapping through a property-shop window into the arms of six stalwart scene-shifters. Mr. P. M. shot skywards, and being hirsute, capillary attraction from the clouds drew him up as the horse ascended, and let him down plump as he descended. Thus was the remarkable scene of a man and his horse becoming in the air, whilst passing over a jump, separate and distinct bodies, and becoming again one and the same body on reaching mother earth. It was just like Spiritualism of Professor Crooke's "physic" force as Mr. Malaprop calls it. However, it didn't disturb Mr. P. M. much; for catching his old crock a whack on the quarters, he rattled on with a merry laugh which was re-echoed after him.

When the fun was over, all went home, and as my balloon car swept past one carriage, I overheard a young lady comment that the chase was very jolly, but she was sorry that there were not more spills! This must be rectified next time. It was Chowpy's fault. The force of example does much in these cases, and Chowpy was not there to set it! A double back summersault at the double and another at the water would have produced a host of imitators and immortal renown would have been Chowpy's! He must attend next time. It is so ordained by the fair sex.

When I got home, I reflected, as is my wont. I reflected to the effect that paperchasing is merely the preface to steeplechasing; and I therefore hope that when the hat goes round for subscriptions in the race and chase season, no one who has attended these chases will forget to give practical proof of his appreciation of them.

F. GOLIGHTLY.

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### 1879-80

In very exuberance of spirits, I cannot help getting a friendly "biped" to write to you, Mr. Editor, to tell of my feeling anent the paperchase that took place yesterday. I am now reduced to a baboo's buggy horse, and the only recreation I have in the flesh is to occasionally show my resentment at my position by smashing the wretched buggy. I ought perhaps in all humility to quietly pull along. But during the last three weeks I have gone in the spirit a few times over my old hunting grounds in the neighbourhood of Ballygunge, and tried to forget my degradation in watching the old fun I used to take such a prominent part in. Until yesterday's meeting I returned to stern reality



with a heavy heart, seriously debating as to whether or not I should at once sink without a struggle into a slave, but now I am determined to rattle the old buggy more than ever with my heels. The sport in whose history I hope to live, is not on the wane, notwithstanding the lukewarmness shown at the two first meets. Yesterday was a day of the old sort, one in which I should have been proud to have taken part, and my spirits are raised accordingly, for I feared much from all I saw and heard of the two previous chases, that the grand old sport was on its last legs. Not only were there but a few men and horses who really went according to my ideas of the old form, but I am told that a certain sporting oracle of a contemporary of yours, threw cold water upon those who went to the front, and invoked the memory of the old days in which I figured so prominently, to back up his fault-finding, and spoke contemptuously of the course to train horses for steeplechasing. Woe be the day that any man who had seen me go in my prime should complain of the wretched pace there was shown in the two first meets—or that my followers in the sport should be debarred the chance of feeling the pride I do, in having been the school-master of so many good steeplechasers—I supposed the times were changed, and my friends who used to buy young horses make cross-country nags of them and ride them themselves between the flags, were replaced by others who import steeplechasers ready-made and jockeys to ride them too, thinking it out of their line to ride anything faster than a slow canter, over jumps not too big. But yesterday and the exercise of a little thought have shown me my fears were groundless, for had we not a splendid run then? I thought that perhaps this sporting oracle was a fresh hand in the pig-skin, and that by-and-bye he would gain courage and not wait until holes were knocked in mud walls, hurdles floored and fences generally dilapidated, before he allowed his steed to shove him along. For the present, if I am right, he should stick to the horse of the style of his *beau idéal* Milkmaid, and have patience and take courage.

Well, yesterday from my point of vantage, I saw a goodly gathering of the right sort. There were The Young Un on his handy honest black; your genial straight-going noble Captain on Lancer; a gallant Colonel on Clarion; the Bank representative on Crushing Luck; the sporting vet on Temperance; a roguish specimen of my race, who on the two previous occasions declined most resolutely to carry another rider over the course, his welter brother aspirant on his tandem leader as of old, the Father of the human race on Beeswing; Happy Jack's old owner on Young Ballarat; the German and French representatives, Jorrocks's former master on a varmint looking grey; your sporting solicitor on Colac, the sporting Oracle on his weight-carrier; Milkmaid with her new owner up and other good men and true.



The paper was laid by the owner of Warwickshire Lad and another gentleman. The meet was at the Old Kennels and the finish at the same place as on the two former occasions. When time was given, Colac, Temperance, Lancer, The Young Un, S. Black and Crushing Luck led the van and streamed away. The first three jumps were taken safely, although a good many floundered at a smartish drop with a bank and brambles, on the near sides. After the fourth jump the varmint grey was running riderless, and Jorrocks's former master was out of the run, worse luck, for I have often gloried in having him at my girths in former times ; then the field streamed on, The Young Un at its head with the Sporting vet and Crushing Luck's rider attending him. Soon after the latter left his horse one side of a wall and got over the other side himself.

Here Temperance wanted to stop to bear him company, but his rider struck his rowels home, and kept him going in the Black's wake, followed by Lancer and Beeswing, and so on merrily they went ding-dong. First the Black, then Temperance and a non-Lancer leading alternately, and by-and-bye, the Bank representative having remounted, got to the head of affairs. By this time The Young Un's horse had had enough, although his rider rode like a good man and true, and, biding carefully on Crushing Luck's heels were the noble Captain and the Sporting vet with Beeswing a little in the rear.

At the last hurdle it was evident the place of honour lay between Lancer and Temperance, and after a sharp tussle the sporting vet landed his horse in front. So ended a glorious day to me, for I had soared far above my present place into the realms I some time ago lived in and honoured.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

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### 1880-81.

The first paperchase of the season took place on Saturday, and as this was the initial meet, it cannot but be looked upon as a very successful one. It must be remembered by those who were not there to see for themselves that the country is still very holding, and in most places the long crops are standing, so that the promoters had considerable difficulty in finding a line of country suitable to their purpose at all. All things considered, the course was a decidedly good one, and the straggling nature of the finish fully accounted for the state of the ground, and want of condition in the nags. Next chase should see a marked improvement in both.

The paper was carried by Messrs. Alipore and Latham, the latter riding that perfect little horse The Weaver and the former Young W. P. who should make a nice horse in time. The field was rather over than under average number, many new faces swelling the ruck. A



number of the old hands also turned out, some to ride and some to see. Among the field were prominent Mr. Barnagore on his clever hack and jumper Black Diamond, Mr. Edward on that good little mare Di Vernon, Mr. Leatherhead on Norseman, the Captain on Gang Warily, Mr. Nagrom on Orlando, and good old Patchwork with his owner up, Marshall, Brunette, Reindeer, and a lot of old acquaintances took more or less share in the proceedings at one stage or another, but we shall have more to say of doughty deeds on their part, when further into the season.

Of Saturday's chase, suffice it to say, that Mr. Barnagore, Mr. Edward, and the Captain went away at a slow pace, accompanied by Mr. Nagrom, who, having graduated on a mad horse like Mephistopheles, found the big bay a handful and a bit over, the field following and refusing in a leisurely sort of fashion. This state of things continued till the Captain and Di Vernon's rider overshot the paper and carried the majority of the field with them or after them, allowing Black Diamond to get clean away, and win as he liked, despite the spirited rush of Di Vernon, when her rider was able to get within hail.

The last hurdle looked a teaser, but luckily for more than one "pumped out" chaser it gracefully yielded and allowed all and sundry to go over, or through, as suited their fancy.

The leaders, Messrs. Barnagore, Edward, and Leatherhead, cleared the fence as they usually do everything in the course, but with the exception of Patchwork, everything else had a hard rap at the sticks.

Our paperchases are growing in popularity, and we hope to see a more closely contested finish next week.

When people go to see a circus or other acrobatic performance, they generally pay for their fun. To this world-wide custom the Calcutta Paperchases appear to be a brilliant exception. Here a limited number of gentlemen perform at times almost acrobatic feats, for the benefit of a certain portion of the Calcutta community, the money for the necessary apparatus generally coming out of the pockets of the acrobats. This morning our worthy Secretary, to whom with Messrs. Alipore and Barnagore, we ought to be much indebted for preparing the way for us this season—was not in his usual place, being only a spectator. It struck me he was making mental, if not real, notes of those persons present, who do not subscribe to the Paperchase Fund, and I should not be surprised if he were requested to send round the book to such non-subscribers, excluding of course ladies, gentlemen in charge of ladies, and the representatives of the Press. Why the few (alas! the sorry few) should do most of the pay and all the play, is a question some of the Calcutta public can best answer.

ONE OF THE ACROBATS.

*November 29th, 1880.*



The second Paperchase of the season took place yesterday, the meet being at the Jodepore Station of the Port Canning Railway, and in every respect it must be considered a most successful one. The field was a goodly one, the course a pretty one, and the concourse of spectators the biggest on record. The paper on this occasion was carried by Messrs. Barnagore and Alipore, two of our oldest and best performers at the game, and we need scarcely add that horses and men performed their parts to perfection.

The lie of the course, which began at the Thanna afforded unusual facilities to spectators, who were able to see the early part of the hunt, and then by riding back the Gurriah Hât Road to be in at the finish.

Directly "The Captain" who held the clock, gave the "Off," the whole crowd got away well together, Doctor Durrum Toller on Bucksfoot leading the way, Mr. Edward on the rare good little paperchaser Di Vernon, and Mr. Mac on Nancy, forming a sort of connecting link between the sporting set and the general ruck. Crossing the road for the second time Bucksfoot was pulled, leaving Nancy with the lead, which she only held, however, up to the next fence, where she refused persistently. Mr. Mac was not to be said "nay," and with little loss of time the grey mare's tail disappeared into the jungle amid the plaudits of the lookers-on. From this point the course wound its way along the high ground past the old Ballygunge Race Course on the left, and for a third time impinged on Macadam. Little Di Vernon had by this time taken command, accompanied by Mr. Leatherhead on Nawab, who fenced as flippantly as ever, Patchwork being in close attendance, apparently ready to go to the head of affairs when wanted, and fencing superbly. Of the ruck the Captain on a young one, a Zulu on Marshall, and Mr. Poolwallah on Trinity, were alone conspicuous—Mr. Mac having lost his favourite sola topee which we are glad to hear he subsequently recovered, and the Doctor finding at any rate one tree in the wood harder than his cranium and not wishing to put his knowledge box to further trial, retired. Mr. Sniktaw on a big jumping bay came in for a fair share of both notice and applause. If one irreverent on-looker did suggest cobbler's wax, the enthusiastic hunter heard him not; and as we saw him later in the chase sitting back like "I'Anson" over a drop fence, we venture to prophesy that on future occasions he will be able to dispense with the adhesive and leave no room for either daylight or criticism.

The run in for the finish was in the straight which skirts Smith & Co.'s steeplechase course, and three horsemen only emerged from the Thicket to take part in the actual race: first Mr. Edward on Di Vernon leading easily, the learned Judge coming along second, apparently in no hurry, Patchwork with bellows to mend third. The



mare won as she liked, and her rider was deservedly congratulated on his first win over a country.

We understand from Mr. Latham that he intends to levy a double subscription on spectators, and we hope to see this induce many after-dinner riders to join the hunt and go through with it. Another hint we would give the energetic Secretary, and that is, that any one not going the course, but cutting all corners, utilising short cuts and then nicking in for a share in the finish, as we have observed a man on a bay (not a big bay) do, should have his subscription quadrupled and the Maidan Tout told off to watch him in future.

The Dum-Dum Races will of course be the great attraction next Saturday, so we suppose the next Paperchase will take place on Monday.

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The third meet of the season took place yesterday morning, the meet being at the Kennels on the Gurriah Hât Road. The attendance was unusually large, and, as the course began on the pucka, and ended nowhere in particular among the deepest recesses of the jungle, the following was a good bit above the average, for to see anything at all, you had to follow the paper. The hares on this occasion were Messrs. Alipore and Latham, whose horses made very little bones about the fences which were apparently rather smaller than usual. This may have been fancy however.

Starting from Khaguz Kul the course swept down the road towards the railway, and after passing through the compound of an empty tenement, curved round and emerged on the main road, some half a mile further on. After sticking to Macadam for a little distance, it again disappeared in the jungle on the opposite side of the road, skirted the "Sheep-pens" and hit off the well known Red Road, and for the third and last time again entered the jungle through which it wended its tortuous way, till, as lucidly described by an ardent chaser, "it was brought up by a big wall behind which there was not anything."

The hares were accompanied on their journey by a "quiet cove" on a likely looking bay "colt" of two years' experience which should turn out a nice handy little horse when a year or two older. To do The Young Un justice after one fall he fenced beautifully throughout, his owner sitting back on him like an old gentleman playing his pet instrument in his favourite arm-chair. After twelve minutes' grace, the field, and a goodly field it was at all events at first, got away in a crowd, and hustled one another down the road. The first hurdle choked off a good many who had only come to see the fun, and when the chasers emerged on the road their numbers were reduced by nearly half,



Mr. Edward on little Di Vernon, and Lord William, having a good bit the best of it

Between this point and the open by the Red Road tailing went on increasing, and reports were current as to unfair riding on the part of those who should have known better. A rider who shirks jumping should, to put it mildly, at all events keep out of the way of those who really mean business—there was one bad spill caused by a jostle of this kind yesterday.

As the chase entered the jungle for the third time Mr. Leatherhead also got a cropper, Norseman coming to grief in a little “grip” he could have stepped over. Fortunately no bones were broken, and the ruck swept on, the pace at this point being too hot to admit of stopping to pick up the pieces. Throughout the hunt the pride of place was pretty much left to Mr. Edward and Lord William, the pair at the last running a dead heat for first. Lord William Beresford, whose horse had overreached badly, spared his good nag the last hurdle, so the honour and glory go to Di Vernon’s straight riding owner. Turning to the horses that went best Patchwork, Gangwanly and a Government House looking bay, were conspicuous.

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The fourth meet of the season took place yesterday morning, the meet being at the “Khaguz Kul,” where a goodly company assembled by seven o’clock. The morning was peculiarly fine, unlike a Ballygunge morning altogether, being bright, crisp and clear, so that those who went out, whether to ride or to see, not only enjoyed themselves thoroughly, but brought home with them an appetite for breakfast, to khansamahs appalling. The course on this occasion was more of a gallery one than last time, but this in no way lessened the number of the field, while it left quite enough over and above to constitute a crowd at the winning post. The paper was carried by Messrs. Latham and Barnagore, or rather would have been, had not the latter gentleman’s syce left the saddle bags at home, which made the scent less holding than usual. The pace throughout, despite the paucity of paper, was hotter than we have had it yet, and more than one man who overran the paper had a long stern chase home, in good solitude. At the double—a formidable obstacle in its way—many a chaser met a check and ultimately found it easier to go round than to go in and out. A few minutes after the leaders had left the obstacle behind them, a cheery voice was heard singing out to a gentleman on a chestnut who was vainly endeavouring to negotiate the jump, “Allow me, Sir !” It was Mr. Blue Bag, Q.C., on his slashing black. Gaily he came on, the way clear, a fair field and no favour determined



to do or die, I  
point of view—  
owner nearly  
to the charge  
use almost of  
at last, wearied by  
self, the tired out  
*Vultus est index animi*

Mr. Edward, Lord  
Mr. Mac and Nimble  
leading the hunt po  
although twice d  
rider having a  
scoring anot  
There  
a fair cha  
the prom  
fence fron  
held to s  
finish a

The fifth meet of the  
Jodepore Station, a good  
Punctuality has never  
but when it comes to  
that it's going just a bit  
a chase could be run at  
hour is advertised, it would

The courses this year ha  
fault, for to be quite success  
gallery somewhere or other—  
Yesterday after crossing the  
train passed by the same token  
a bee line through the jungle  
under a big bamboo clump no  
deal of talk about heavy going  
stretches, where the going  
particularly good one.

Spills there were in abund  
first hurdle, where Mr. Har  
further on old Exeter slipped  
and the very mixed fence a  
chase honours.



With these exceptions the field kept pretty well together for about a third of the distance, after which lagging became the order of the day, Patchwork and two of the Government House party alone being able to maintain the pace. From this point onward this trio ran right away from the ruck, first one leading and then another, all three horses fencing faultlessly.

None of the three can be said to have had much the best at any period of the chase, which was any one's till the last thick bit of jungle, where the member for Hurlingham apparently regardless of trifles like a broken neck, stole a march on Patchwork and the Captain, winning the most closely contested Paperchase of the season from Patchwork, Captain Fitzwilliam a good third ; the field beaten off.

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The holidays have interfered somewhat with our report of these popular meetings, and we have to hark back to Monday, the 27th of December, to maintain the even tenour of our notices. On that occasion the bags were carried by Messrs. Latham and Alipore, the former mounted on a very fresh waler, which prevented his rider laying down his quantum of paper. Starting away from the Old Kennels, the field, not an over-large one by the way, streamed away to the left in the direction of the railway, and after a short drive into the jungle reappeared on the main road only to glide away from the gallery into the mysteries and intricacies of a dense jungle. In consequence, frequent checks were the order of the day, but the member for Hurlingham rendered himself conspicuous by the exceedingly clever way, in which he, time after time, hit off the track. Mounted on a horse, which by the way is distinguished from others of its class in the animal kingdom as having accompanied General Roberts on his far-famed journey from Kabul to Kandahar, the member scored second at the finish, Mr. Gateacre on The Cripple beating him by a short head. Kingston with his new owner Mr. Sekyed up, came to grief, and we are afraid that the horse has hurt his shoulder badly, Patchwork coming in for third honours, and thus ended the Paperchases as far as the year 1880 is concerned.

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The year 1881 commenced, as it should have done, right merrily. It is true several old and familiar faces were absent, but when it is remembered that the old year had to be escorted out and the new year in with the customary honours, such a dereliction of duty is not to be wondered at. There was an immense gallery, however, and the ladies mustered strongly. The start was at the Kennels, the course again



lying to the left. Patchwork, eager for the fray, went off with a rush, the Young Un on a workman-like crock next.

On getting into the open the lead was taken by Wool Saheb on that really wonderful old friend, The Laird, who took his fences magnificently. The pace, however, soon proved too hot, for he had to yield his place to Patchwork who led the way as far as the Red Road, where, notwithstanding the yells of the gallery, his rider persisted in taking the ditch and rail, to the end that he got himself mixed up amongst the carriages.

Mr. Neophyte one of our newest importations, tried to hang himself on a palm tree, but the tree would have none of him, and let him gently drop on mother earth again, but retained his stirrups as legitimate spoil. How on earth the stirrups ever managed to get themselves fixed into the tree will remain for ever a mystery. There was some very heavy galloping in the jungle, and some places were but just wide enough to allow man and beast to force their way through. Another peculiarity was the frequent little banks of mist met with to an alarming degree, one hurdle in particular appearing under the magnifying influence of the mist, twice its size. At the finish the Government House representatives came in with a rush, resulting in a clever win for Captain Fitzwilliam on The Lawyer, Lord W. Beresford second on The Cripple, and Patchwork a close third.

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The ninth Chase of the season took place yesterday morning, the meet being advertised for the Juggernath Car but the actual start was about 200 yards nearer Calcutta. The field was a large one, but we missed many of the cracks, Cripple, Lawyer, Cleveland, and Patchwork being amongst the absent ones. Government House, too, was only represented by Lord William on his buggy nag. Saturday's racing, no doubt, stopped some, but after the races are over we hope to see them all out again. The Quiet Cove we noticed looking none the worse for his gallop, but his owner contented himself with looking on with the gallery, which was a small one.

The paper was laid by Messrs. Barnagore and Jack Spraggon, the indefatigable Honorary Secretary being on this occasion with the field, but we looked in vain for Mr. Alipore.

On the word being given, the field went off with a rush to the right, of the Gurriah Hât Road, and the first hurdle was negotiated in capital style, but the second wall disposed of Mr. Belvedere, whose horse disappeared, playfully trying to buck off his saddle. The course after crossing the Red Road disappeared into the jungle, and on reappearing crossed the main road near the Jodpore Thannah, then down the lane to the left, following the course of the second Paperchase, and out



into the open country where our first meeting ended. Mr. Collin was the first to appear in the open on a horse, which we do not remember to have seen before, but from the way the animal went over the double he is evidently no new performer over country. Messrs. D'Arcy and Leatherhead with two or three more also got safely over, but Nancy who up to this had evidently been going well declined to have aught to say to it, and it was some time before her straightgoing rider could persuade her that she must. A long distance separated the first and second flight, the latter party being headed by Lord William (who up to this had had two soft falls). When they did appear at what doubtless to many appeared a formidable obstacle, refusals were the order of the day, and one gallant horseman having negotiated the first hurdle found the second even more difficult, and in the end had to make good his escape through one of the wings. The course now bore towards the station, then took a sharp turn to the right, and recrossing the road disappeared from the view of the gallery for ever. When near the finish Mr. D'Arcy and the Captain with one or two followers overshot the paper, and before they could recover the lost ground, the chase was over, first being secured by Mr. Collin, Mr. Whiteboots second, and the learned judge on Norseman third.

The pace was not so fast as usual owing to the rather cramped state of the course.

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The meet took place yesterday at Rosedale on the Gurriah Hât Road nominally at 7 o'clock, actually some twenty minutes later, the hares, contrary to their wont, being on this occasion the delinquents.

The morning was a perfect one for a *chasse au papier* and both field and gallery were larger than on any occasion this season, despite the absence of Lord William and his hard riding contingent. The paper was carried by Mr. Latham and Captain A. D. Sea, the latter riding Shamrock, who jumped in his usual grand style. The field comprised most of our local leaders of the hunt, if we except Mr. Patchwork and the absent owner of little "Di Vernon" who has not put in an appearance by the way since the first day at Ballygunge when she fell with poor "Stuffy," breaking his right collar bone and left arm. Over a paperchase course it is impossible to throw her, and very difficult indeed to catch her, and with a little schooling there is little doubt but that she would turn out an equally safe and speedy conveyance over a country. But to our Paperchase. Mr. Alipore on his W. P. joined the field on this occasion, as did also Mr. Barnagore and Mr. Hilldale on a handsome black, which has received a good amount of schooling for the business at Mr. Latham's hands, but many of our *debutant* sportsmen for some reason or other stuck to the pukka, whilst others threw up the sponge



after the excitement of the first burst died out in them. This is not as it should be, and it is comforting to know that a number of youthful aspirants to glory in the pigskin have arranged to get up a sweep for first of their number over the last fence next chase.

The jumping was above the average yesterday, notably of Gangwarily, who won, Nancy who goes kindly in no hands save her owner's, Black Diamond and Mr. Hilldale's mount, while the funny business was ably conducted single-handed by Mr. Sedgwick. It is wonderful what a difference a very trifling anachronism at a fence makes. There could not have been half a second between the funny man and the old mare at the mud wall, up to which the human had always a little bit (a nose or a solah topee say) the best of it; but the former putting on a spurt when he viewed the obstacle, beat the mare by a nose; the result—the mare goes home disgusted, riderless, and her bereaved owner is left reclining on a dewy mud bank—an Indian "*Postlethwaite*," sick of paperchasing, and thinking of the cock-tail he is bound to miss! The course laid out was generally pronounced the best of the season; it was not a purely gallery one, nor did it like a previous one end in the deepest jungle shade. It was more a hunting course than any of its predecessors, and was appreciated almost equally by the flyers and the lookers-on. Starting from "Rosedale" the first jump was discovered in the open, a turn to the left through a bit of jungle disclosing a mud wall, after which the course curved round to the right, and after crossing a variety of fences, muds, and naturals, emerged on the Station Road by Smith's old paddocks, in the open space by which stood two formidable walls, where the funny man elected to enact his *rôle*. A sharp turn to the left and on through the jungle brought the field with "The Capping" Mr. Mac and Mr. Leatherhead in the van, past the brick kilns on the left, over the water jump (*sic* it was only a puddle), and one more turn into the leafy to bring the field into the open by the Red Road with their heads turned homeward. Mr. Mac's grey mare was first recognisable as they appeared from the jungles; but a refusal at a wall had lost the mare a lot of ground, and the steel had been taken out of her in making up her leeway, a fact "The Capping" is too good a horseman not to turn to his own advantage, and it was soon evident that Gangwarily was pulling over the mare who, however, saved her character by racing home most gamely, only being beaten by a length, Mr. Padesian a good third, and what has not been customary, a large proportion of the field well up; the learned judge leading and cheering on the ruck.

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The tenth meet took place yesterday morning at 7 o'clock, the advertised fixture being the kennels, but the actual start, as last week,

B, CPR



was at Rosedale. The paper was carried by Messrs. Barnagore and Jack Spraggon, and the assemblage of both followers and on-lookers was much above the average, in fact every thing held out promise of a good morning's sport. These early hopes were not, however, destined to be realised, as the course turned out to be a very indifferent one. Most people agreed in pronouncing last week's course the best of the season, and yesterday there appeared to be an equally general consensus of opinion in pronouncing that day's the worst. We owe a debt of gratitude to the disinterested promoters of our favourite cold weather morning amusement, but they will pardon us for asserting our rights to a free born Briton's dearest privilege, a grumble, when things don't go exactly to please us. The main object in laying out a course is undoubtedly, to make it a good one to ride over, but it should not be altogether lost sight of that a large percentage of subscribers to the pastime take almost, if not quite as great an interest in seeing a "lep" or two from the road, and then hurrying off with some chance at all events of seeing the finish, as do the most consistent and enthusiastic followers of the paper. Did the fact of a course being a gallery one in any way detract from its excellence in other respects, we should not for a moment advocate the Macadamizer's cause, but when the fact is that the fun of the thing is materially enhanced by the presence of a gallery at some point or other, notably the finish, we certainly think that those of us who, as Mr. *Postlethwaite* unfeelingly puts it, have not the pluck to try or the ability to sit, over fences (whether with or without the natural aid a bridle is supposed to lend) are entitled to something for our money. Talking over yesterday's course a disappointed spectator suggested that next time the paper should be laid from the Chandney Chowk and in bye-lanes to the Cathedral. If we are to have it on the pucka, why not give the Tramway a turn. We are sure Mr. Souttar would make a reduction on taking a quantity and convey spectators from find to finish for an anna a piece. But to yesterday's chase; the course diverged from the High Road by a narrow lane opposite "Rosedale" which it left a hundred yards further on to negotiate a cast-iron field and a mud wall on the right, after which it turned again in the same direction to introduce a hurdle and a half finished bamboo theatre. Having disposed of these miscellaneous obstacles, it emerged on the pucka to which it stuck until a considerable distance beyond the Railway, when it turned abruptly to the left across the Brick Fields and past the Rifle Butts, ending at the Village Cross Road just beyond Ballygunge. Owing to the tortuous nature of the course, the pace was scarcely so fast as usual, and in consequence of the difficulty experienced in finding the paper which was repeatedly overrun the field was spread-eagled to an unusual extent. A trio got away at the start, the ruck headed alternately by Mr. Leatherhead and Mr. Durrud on Colac who



jumped in his old Warnambool style overrunning the scent, and practically the issue of the chase was confined to these members, as the field never got on terms with them. The finish between the three was close enough to be exciting, and would have been closer still had Mr. Kingsman's mount not stumbled badly within sight of the last hurdle. As it was, Mr. Mac's mare, Nancy, who was ridden most resolutely throughout by her sporting owner, won pretty easily from Mr. Hildale's handsome Young 'Un, who should make a chaser by this time next year, Mr. Kingsman a good third. Falls were more numerous than usual, several of our very best men on the pick of our paperchasers coming to grief, while one or two ponies, especially Venus, went the course to the admiration of every one.

The meet on Saturday was at the Jodhpore Thanna on the Gurriah Hât Road at 7 o'clock, and a goodly array of Calcutta's fair women and brave men turned out with unusual punctuality. The paper was carried by the "Notlimah Brothers" riding Mr. Hildale's black and J. M. The course was by every one out pronounced perfect. Not only was it over a fine line of country with a variety of good fences, but the finish brought riders back to where second horses and traps were waiting to take them back in time for office, no small consideration with a Monday mail-day. In addition to this the Gallery enjoyed peculiar facilities for seeing with very little trouble a larger proportion of the course, and thus getting across to the finish which was most happily chosen, the course terminating with what the immortal Jorrocks terms, "an unavoidable leap" where a more than usual amount of fun was afforded. Some people take their comforts with them everywhere, and why not paper-chasing, but when you do organize a seemingly faultless "bundobust," it is hard if things get mixed. And yet it does occur, or a man who lends out three horses and spare saddlery, not to mention gharries and other precautions, would not have to get a lift home collecting his retinues *en route*. "Douglas, Douglas why didst thou leave me" falls flat after the touching appeal of Charlie's heartsick owner to his recalcitrant steed, but then Cabulees are ungrateful.

The following was not so numerous as on some occasions, but men were evenly mounted which prevented falling and a straggling finish. Of course there must be leaders in every chase, but on Saturday the leading quartet—consisting of a hard riding red coat on old Telegram, Mr. Mac on Nancy who was not going quite kindly, Mr. Nilloc and Lord William on Oliver Twist—were unable to stave off a very imposing ruck who, led by Mr. D'Arcy, took everything rough and smooth without a check, and were close up at the finish. It is getting close upon Cup time now, and judging from the fields we have out, the struggle this year for the trophy should be a grand one. Warwickshire Lad, so



long *facile princeps* at the game had he not broken down, would have met adversaries quite worthy of his steel in Telegram. Oliver Twist, The Cripple, Bachelor, Di Vernon, Patchwork, Nancy and a host of other nearly first class nags. As it is, the race for the Cup is a very open one. If funds allowed it would be a good thing to have a second chase over the same course, for all horses adjudged second class, country bred and galloways and ponies of all classes. There is a large proportion of paperchasers who go well and regularly every meet, who have not the very ghost of a chance against the flyers of the hunt, and if our suggestion finds favour with the powers that be, we feel certain that a very good race will be the result. There is a proposal on foot, we understand, to have a day's sky racing, why not have it at Ballygunge where a good flat course and natural "lep one" are both ready to hand? The new race stand is practically dismantled, so there is no inducement to stick to the maidan. But the Saturday's chase.

At twenty minutes past seven time was called, and the field led by Messrs. Mac and D'Arcy raced away down the road, turned into the jungle in the right and after negotiating two hurdles and a wall, emerged in the open by Jodhpore Station, all now together, Mr. D'Arcy leading. It was a pretty sight to see the field negotiate the three jumps in the open, and on-lookers owe a special debt of gratitude to the gentleman on the Grey who gratuitously threw in the wire fence by the Railway. Nancy forged ahead after the first hurdle, but refusing later on jostled Mr. D'Arcy's mount, the pair being put out of the first flight by the *contretemps*. Crossing the road the course took down the parallel hollows on the Calcutta side, where a diversity of fences had been built including a water jump and a most uncompromising drop. Turning back to the right, the field was together, led by Messrs. Mac, Hopkins and Kingsman, who raced into the open by the Alipore Lane over a bund, a hurdle and the unavoidable crossing bunds. Telegram ran wide and Mr. Kingsman speedily took advantage of his adversary's detour, handling his mount in the most artistic manner. The old chestnut's turn of speed was, however, too much for him; and Mr. Hopkins once in the straight sent the old horse along sixteen annas and got first over the last fence by a length, Mr. Mac third, and Lord William who was fast catching the leaders a good fourth. The enthusiasm displayed by the field was something to be remembered, one gentleman beating his horse easily by a waistcoat, another finding his horse unable or unwilling to accept the ultimate obstacle, going on alone. The chase altogether was most enjoyable, and will long be remembered both by those who rode and those who looked on, as the jolliest we have had for a very long time.

Paperchases do not make cold weather any more than do swallows constitute summer, still the advertisement of the Paperchase Cup day,



which is the closing meet of the season, has a way of suggesting a decided tendency hotweatherward, and conjuring up visions of perspiring men and reeking horses, that is far from pleasant to lovers of our popular cold weather amusement. The penultimate meet took place on Saturday, the meet being at the Juggernath Car, on the Gurriah Hât Road. The field was not so large as usual, one or two likely Cup horses being reserved for Friday. The paper was carried, as on the last occasion, by Mr. Latham and his brother, the course starting from the Juggernath Car, along the road side, till the lane on the right made a detour in the country practicable. It then inclined to the left, passed the sheep-pen on the left, crossed the Red Road, and after traversing the open, disappeared again in the jungle in the direction of the old Ballygunge steeplechase course, and ultimately brought the followers to a mud wall, a hurdle and a goodly gallery, within a stone's throw of where it crossed the Red Road originally. Shortly after leaving the pukka, the course was bounded by a straggling bamboo and palm clump, festooned with an unkindly creeper which, we regret to hear, has temporarily spoilt the beauty of Brasspot Junior Sahib, who instituted a too searching inquiry into its composition. The accident was one that might have occurred in any morning ride, and the injury, we are glad to hear, is not serious. We were sorry to see Colac's sporting owner, who is usually there or thereabout at these chases reduced to wheels; the result of a bad spill received in schooling a Young 'Un. Falling on the maidan is very different to the easy tumbling the more generous soil that Ballygunge affords, and this time the earth did not feel all the pain. But to the chase. The usual coterie, accompanied by Jack Spraggon, assumed the lead, holding the pride of places among themselves by turn, till a regular howler robbed them of Mr. D'Arcy's society. Telegram went uncommonly well throughout, and had apparently no difficulty in taking the lead and keeping it, but Oliver Twist's noble owner was biding his time, and coming with a cheering rush at the hurdle just beat the old chestnut by a head, Mr. Nosredneh a good third.

The race this year promises to be something quite out of the common, no less than thirteen sporting owners having declared to try conclusions between the flags. The most cursory glance at the horses will show that many are very nearly first class, while there is not a single nag among the lot without pretensions to being something more than an ordinary hack. The following are the entries:—

- |                     |                    |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Mr. Hildale's    | ... Magog.         |
| 2. Barnagore's      | ... Black Diamond. |
| 3. Capt. Curzon's   | ... Copeck.        |
| Lord W. Beresford's | ... Oliver Twist.  |



and the going at next meet ought to be about the best we get in this part of the world, so I expect to have to chronicle a bumper meet and lots of fun next week.

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The second meet of the season took place yesterday morning, the meet being at the old kennels. The fixture was unfortunately dated, as the St. Andrew's Dinner overnight (and morning too for the matter of that) and the Ballygunge Association Meeting at the same hour, prevented a large number of the usual following from putting in an appearance. The course too was a particularly bad one for the lookers-on, as it left the vicinity of the pukka at the start and finished in space, or anyhow, in a not very accessible jungle path. It would have been easy enough to fetch the paper along the lane, and finish, as last time, in the open, and I don't know why this was not done. I am well aware how difficult it is to get a course at all at this time of the year, but still I am disposed to think that the promoters of our most popular cold weather pastime are a little apt to lose sight of the fact that a very considerable proportion of the subscribers give their countenance and their rupees in order to see, rather than participate in the chase. They are easily satisfied too in this respect, and are at present, at all events, quite contented if they can see, say, a couple of fences, at the finish. Later on, when the ground is drier and free of standing crops, they may wax more exacting, but then the facilities for gratifying them will be very largely enhanced.

The paper was carried by the Jumping Brothers, and I need not add that the field did not on this occasion beat the foxes home. The field, from causes already alluded to, was a small one, and the finish, barring the leaders, a straggling one. In trying to account for this latter, the casual remark of a Cannie Scot that the course seemed "a tirly-wirly like," afforded one assistance. The line was a pretty straight one for so early in the season, but no doubt an over-conscientious observance of his duty to his patron Saint and an excess of sugar in Colonel Fergus Graham's last brew, caused more than one staunch Caledonian to deviate a little from a bee line. Mr. Pedestrian was again to the fore on his now well-known paperchaser, winning at the finish cleverly from Mr. Rajpore, "the Major" on his victorious hurdle racer securing third place. Mr. Mac's brilliant fencer Rob Roy would have had something to say to the finish had he not gone in for the "tirly-wirly" business, in the wake of some misguided Scotchman, just before the last fence. The fences were smaller than last week and casualties were consequently fewer, still there was plenty of jumping and any amount of fun. At the same time, I heard more than one complaint as to the thrusting riding of a young gentleman, who shall be nameless (if



he doesn't do it again). It is bad enough rushing in among men at a fence, or in a close place, but when ladies get jostled, it is high time to interfere. We have an uncommon big following on the pukka this season, and I hope all onlookers, as well as riders will send their ten rupees to Mr. Latham, instead of putting that hard working promoter of sport to the trouble of collecting it piece-meal. When gentlemen undertake the usually thankless office of Honorary Secretary to anything at all, it is very hard if those for whom the amusement is provided, do not make things as easy for them as possible. *Verb. Sap.*

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The third meet of the season took place yesterday morning, the meet being at Rosedale, on the Gurriah Hât Road at 7 A.M. The morning was fortunately cold and clear, and the following unusually large, owing in a great measure to the accession of the Government House party, but in the gallery there was a most decided falling-off, and it is readily accounted for by the fact that the line of country selected on the last occasion rendered seeing anything at all, on wheels, an utter impossibility, and it very likely leaked out that the course yesterday was of a like, or, from a macadamizer's point of view, still more heinous nature. Of course, the first claim to consideration vests in the followers of the paper, and, as I have already said, it is difficult until later to get a course at all, so the skirter and roadster must, I suppose, wait for their turn later on. The course was a particularly tortuous one, the first part consisting of a game of follow-my-leader down a lane where only one horse could find foothold at a time, which gave those first away a great advantage over their fellows; then suddenly diverging at right angles, the first flight must have rudely disturbed the matutinal meditations of a rural Bengalee, whose house, by the way, the "Bounding Jockey" nearly let day-light into, as his horse had a kind of an idea he was intended to have it somehow. Some walls, a drop, more lanes and turnings and the brickfields are in view: again into the jungle; this time hurdles and ornamental palm-leaf transparencies with alternate "ponk" and "puck-dandee," constitute the country to be crossed, the finish taking place at the foot of a picturesque looking knoll, on which a crowd of our Aryan brethren formed a shivering, if not enthusiastic, gallery.

The field got away with commendable punctuality, a group of the best-mounted, comprising the invincible "Bounding Jockey," Dr. Durrum Toller on Temperance, Mr. Lowlander on "Lawrence," Lord William on a cobby brown that many will recollect as a good performer in other hands last year, Archer on "Gipsy" and "Mr. Cochin China" on a handsome bay, at once establishing a gap between themselves and the ruck, which despite their repeatedly overrunning the paper, the



vicissitude of the chase failed to reduce. Temperance and Gipsy favoured by their light weights went alternately to the front, and at one time it looked as if one or other of them would be able to turn the tables on "Mr. Pedestrian's" successful black, but overrunning the paper before the second last fence Lord William and the "B. J." were first to catch the "holloa" of a dismounted mounted infantry man, and the finish was between the two, which resulted in something very near a dead heat, the Invincible having just a little the best of it. "Mr. Cochinchina" a good third, Captain Sapper fourth, and Fred. Archer an indifferent fifth.

The second group appeared to me to number many men and horses, who with a little time will be able to hold their own with the flyers of the hunt, and I noticed more new good jumpers out than I have seen at Ballygunge for some seasons now.

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The fourth meet of the season took place yesterday, the fixture being the same as last week—"Rosedale" on the Gurriah Hât Road. The course this time, however, took quite a different direction, and afforded on-lookers as well as pursuers a capital morning's fun. The line selected started eastward from the main road, but recrossed at the Juggernaut Car, where it disappeared into the jungle, to emerge *via* the sheep-pens on the Red Road, and after a good bit of turning and twisting with fences of all kinds, some big and some little, it ultimately brought the field to a capital "kill in the open" over what appeared to me to be a particularly high hurdle, at which some very pretty jumping was seen by a somewhat limited gallery. I do not myself see the necessity for the present veil of mystery in which it is considered indispensable to enshroud the finish. The idea, I believe, is to prevent any of the followers taking a bee-line for the last obstacle instead of going the course, but this is surely not necessary. Supposing any one yesterday had started with the ruck, and after a bit made tracks for Jodhpur, the chances are he'd have taken about as long to get there by the pukka as did the paper hunters, and finish over the last jump from the winning side, and I rather calculate it would be that "gent's" last appearance at a *chasse au papier*. I think the management might give all professed followers credit for an intention to go the course and let it be generally known to the large number of those who came out to see where to go to see it.

The fences were not any bigger than usual, yet grief was epidemic, and this was caused, no doubt, by the pace at which the chase was run. It is no uncommon occurrence to find a man looking for his horse on paperchase mornings, but this morning the order of things was reversed, a good natured "Sandy" who had found and frozen to a riderless steed



being much concerned about his rightful owner, and addressing to all and sundry the, to many, I have no doubt, not very intelligible inquiry. "Did ye see the maun wha aucht him?" There must have been some good reason for the falling about, or that fine horseman "The Capting," whom I was glad to see again among the field, would not have been "playing hoss" as I'm told he was, nor the straight going "Mr. Cochin China" reduced to riding Shank's mate.

It would be difficult to say, who took the lead throughout yesterday's chase at its different stages, as almost all the best mounted had a cut in at one time or other. The "Bounding Jockey" went away with his usual rush, but his proverbial good fortune on this occasion apparently deserted him, and he was thrown out early in the hunt, with a knot of good men who are usually handy about the finish in his wake. His rival on last occasion, Lord William, was as usual lying by ready to take up—when others overran—the paper—with our crack lady rider on "Claret" whom nobody else can get to fence kindly—Mr. Nilloc, on Black Prince, "The Capting" on the Poona Prize Winner and Archer on Gipsy in attendance. The lie of the paper appearing to indicate a finish in the same direction as on 1st December, the leaders flashed over the scent and left Lord William to win as he liked; Mr. Nilloc second, Mr. Jasper Polly—famous on his jumping mare—third, the rest practically nowhere.

Among the ruck I noticed some remarkably fine fencers, notably a bay cob of Mr. Vanrennan's who, unfit as he was, flew over the last hurdle as if he'd not gone half a mile. Some of our paperchasers might do worse than go in for him.

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Yesterday's chase will, I have no doubt, long be remembered as the "Lady's Day" of Paperchasing in Calcutta, why? I'll tell you later on. Our cold weather this year has been peculiarly fitful, blowing hot and cold without any sort of system, and laying the clerk of the weather open to rather more than a suspicion of temporary insanity. Yesterday the morning was, however, singularly propitious, which inclines me to the belief that the clerk although prone, in his moments of mental obliquity, to play pranks on racing, has still a soft side left to Diana. Be that as it may, the morning was all that one could wish—cold, clear, and crisp—and the chase, the most successful of the season. The course was much more open than usual, and consequently more pleasant to cross. The field was exceptionally large, the gallery enormous, and when I add that our "Leading Lady" (Mrs. Jim Cook—Ed.) was first past the winning flag, I have gone a long way towards accounting for the success of Thursday's Paperchase.

The meet was at the ruins of the Juggernaut Car on the Gurriah Hât Road, and I do not recollect ever having seen the road so crowded



with horsemen and vehicles of every description from the Lieutenant-Governor's well-appointed mail phaeton and Lord William's coach—to the humble ticca.

Punctually to time, the paper put in an appearance, carried by the "Jumping Brothers," who at once proceeded to business, accompanied by those on wheels, and the greater number of the on-lookers who had got the tip that a good view of the chase could be got further down the road—a tip which facts did not belie—as just before reaching the junction of the Red Road we came upon a good strong hurdle with an uncompromising bamboo along the top, and a mud wall, both of which obstacles the paper-carriers took like their morning gram. A few minutes later a tremendous rattling down the road announced that the field had started, and a few seconds brought them in sight, "Mr. Grenoul" on a marvellous jumping pony that should have something to say to the Pony Hurdle Race at the "Holiday Sky Meet," and Mr. "Mount-flummery" on Mr. Mac's flippant fencer "Rob Roy" leading, Captain A. de Sea, Mr. Nilloc, the "Bounding Jockey" and "The Major" in close attendance. The leaders, as usual, made short work of the fences, but the Gallery was treated to a magnificent display of fancy horsemanship by some of the ruck, an enthusiast being left reclining when we moved on to the finish. I could not help thinking, as I drove on, that the first hurdle, like the Frenchman's Robin, would last that sportsman the season if his reins held out.

After passing the open, the course bent round to the right, introducing a double and the Red Road to be crossed, then through a bit of jungle, and again into the open in the popular locality for finishes, from which it again disappeared in the direction of Tollygunge, being brought back by a counter-march over some moist mud walls, a water jump, another double, and a final hurdle to the neighbourhood of the sheep-pens.

The pace throughout was quicker than ordinary, owing in a great measure to the open line judiciously selected, Captain A. de Sea, Mrs. ———— and Mr. Cochin China racing for the lead, but a cropper put the last mentioned practically out of court, although he arrived in time to cut a second voluntary at the last hurdle, before more than half a dozen horses, and the plucky boy, who seldom blunders, no doubt fell from sheer exhaustion. I expect, however, to see him take a very forward position in the paperchase hurdle Cup on Wednesday next.

When the field hove in sight, Captain A. de Sea was leading, Mrs. ———— close behind, Lord William just closing a considerable gap on "Advance." Nearing home the leader was evidently in trouble, and Mrs. ———— calling resolutely on old "Champion," sent him racing pace at the final hurdle, which he cleared a length ahead of "Mariner," Lord William whom everybody was glad to see out again,



although certainly none the better for his nasty fall last Thursday, a fair third.

The next lot comprised Mr. Mountflummery on Rob Roy, "The Major," the "Bounding Jockey" and "Mr. Cochin China" who got rather a bad "collar bones" looking fall over the last fence.

I hope to see a number of our Paperchasers perform between the flags at the Holiday Meeting on the 25th, for which I am glad to hear entries are fast coming in already.

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The Paperchase on Saturday last was, despite the fog, which was very late in lifting, one of the most successful of the season. The meet was at the sheep-pens on the Red Road, and the course was so arranged that spectators could see, not only both start and finish, but a goodly number of the obstacles in the run. These facts doubtless leaked out overnight, as the Gallery was the largest I have ever seen. The meet was advertised for 7 o'clock, but deluded by the fog, which contrary to its wont, was much thicker in town than at Ballygunge, a strong contingent including the Government House party and the paper, took things so leisurely that it was half an hour after time before a start was effected. The paper was carried by Messrs. Lloyd and Latham on Shamrock and "J. M.," and the following was both numerous and well mounted. Among them were the "Bounding Jockey," who has been out of luck lately, Mr. Nilloc on Black Prince, Lord William on his patent safety Summersaulter, Mr. Chasma on Commotion. The Boys on Gipsy and St. Patrick, Mr. Gateacre on the Cripple, Mr. Sniktaw on Blank, and Mr. N. W. P. on a big brown who showed his heels to the lot—all cup horses and men, with the usual ruck, to refusing country bred and set-to-partner "Teutons"—who this time were, however, fortunate in not upsetting any one. The absence of our "Leading Lady" was regretted by all, the more so from its cause. The course was a particularly good one, every single pursuer I had an opportunity of "discovering" being loud in its praise, and although there were two doubles—big ones too—I only heard of one cropper in a blind ditch. The pace for the first half of the journey, with the exception of the first burst, was rather slower than usual, and there was a good deal of waiting on, as well as following my leader; indeed, throughout the chases it struck me that more than one good nag was slowed down a stroke for his cup chance. Quite right too, for very few horses can stand a weekly sixteen-anna pounding over an Indian country, and be very fresh on his legs at the end of the season, just when you want him at his best. When time was called, The Boys nipped away with the lead at a good pace, Necktie Billy being first over the initial hurdle, with his pal in close attendance.



After passing the carriages the course diverged to the right, over some holding going, which in conjunction with the prudential motives already referred to, reduced the pace to a fast canter, Mr. Sniktaw passing the leaders and losing the paper alternately. Where two lanes met, the leaders overran the paper, carrying with them two or three of the first of the ruck and a fairish quantity of strong language to boot. Mr. Nilloc now took up the running, the Bounding One and the Stranger in close attendance, the field, bar the former leaders, who had less way to make up, being pretty well together. When the leaders came in sight of the Gallery, it was obvious a tight fit, and as they came nearer, it looked very like a dead heat between Black Prince and the Stranger, but the latter, riding in excellent style, staved off Mr. Nilloc's challenge, and won the best-contested chase we have had this season.

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The Paperchase on Saturday will long be remembered by those who took part in it, whether as spectators or pursuers, as perhaps the pleasantest of an unusually successful season. The morning was positively cold—not cold enough to be unpleasant—but just enough to make a great coat an agreeable, if not an absolutely indispensable, accessory.

The meet was at the Old Kennels on the Gurriah Hât Road, and the finish near the sheep-pens on the Red Road, a course which invariably induces a large gallery, as so much can be seen on wheels. Saturday proved no disappointment to the many who turned out to see, as the course, for a great portion of its entire length, wound in and out in sight of the large assemblage of spectators on the Red Road, numbering among them the "L. G." accompanied by Sir William and Lady Eden, and two large parties on Lord William Beresford's and the Rajah of Paikparah's well-appointed drags. The paper was carried by Mr. Latham on "J. M." and Mr. George on old "Bachelor," who, although he did give his rider a tumble, looked as gay and cocky as when he dusted their jackets over Tollygunge. The following was not quite so large as I have seen it, but the men and horses out struck me as more than usually business-like. We were all glad to see our "Leading Lady" again gracing the field with her presence, and it was with greater pleasure than surprise that we saw her, after leading the greater part of the way, score her second win in gallant style on that fine fencer "Champion."

The field comprised many well-known horses and riders; among them, Lord William on Mariner, Sir William Eden on a corky brown, Mr. Boojum on old Cartwright, Mr. Leep on last week's winner, Mr. Gateacre on the Cripple, Miss Gipsy on Burgundy, who by the way turned a summersault at the last hurdle that would knock spots



Look, Mr. Mountlummery on St. Patrick, "The Major" on  
 Ad on—well, for one part of the chase on his horse,  
 on his boots. This gentleman was ably backed up in  
 of a *classé au papier* by Mr. Kindergarten, who,  
 the "Medium," makes use of "Guides"—not spirits,  
 but solid flesh and blood—selected too, I am bound to admit,  
 of reputation from amongst the field, more especially  
 of them. His system is this—when his mount deviates  
 the straight path he is quickly brought to a sense of his  
 a deep *élan* against the nearest equine, while his rider  
 latent *impetus* thus inadvertently acquired by a good  
 in the *tail* of whose coat tails he wisely retains,  
*épaulée* even to the angle of incidence, should he find it  
 correct his list to starboard by a similar process on the  
 ck.

William and Oliver? were also in great form; but, with him, a  
 a serious business, not a ten minutes' scamper before  
 out a real day's work.

am working his passage at the up-jump, and if I did not  
 d him out breakfast and the daily papers, it was simply  
 he had his hands full, and no time to devote to either.  
 late on *St. George's*. I don't let your P. D's print this  
 nt—they used to (for themselves) went to earth ere  
 began, but I saw the same little English mare throwing  
 up her hind legs in a way that looked very like

In *the* *very* likely looking mare; a  
 er conveyance than the Champion jumper, despite her  
 o mounted infantry which her soul disdained. Mr. Jorrocks  
 on his horse, Mr. Jousin Clair on Blackbird, and  
 thers too numerous to mention.

art was not a well-conceived one, as the only way to the first  
 through a narrow gateway which upset some horses and  
 ers. The first fence in the open was near the Gurriah Hât  
 re a considerable crowd was collected to witness the negotia-  
 rather stiffly mixed double.

ualties, however, eventuated, and the field swept on in  
 diminished numbers to a big mud wall on the north side of  
 Burgundy leading them over. Before crossing the road,  
 course did just behind Paikparah's drag, our lady rider went  
 d of affairs with Mr. P. Ask in spasmodic attendance, "The  
 Lord William, Mountlummery, Mr. Boojum and the Gipsy in  
 e. Shortly after a second detachment, led by Mr. Gateacre  
 ed in by Mr. Jorrocks, put in an appearance, all the horses  
 like garden thrushes. Rob Roy, to be sure, looked before



he leaped at the drop, but Mr. Jorrocks displayed such an obvious determination of going on without him that he thought better of it, and his rider was well back in his saddle again as he rode at the next "unavoidable leap" and disappeared in the jungle. The course from this point appeared and disappeared from sight, at short intervals, the flutter of a riding habit now and again intimating that our "Leading Lady" was in her wonted place while Lord William was almost equally easily identified by means of his elegant Corduroy Caubeen, an old family heirloom I was told by a young scion of the Waterford family which had succeeded to the jeopardous appointment of his many dented Ellwood. On emerging the last time some one got a regular roley-poley, gyrating among the horse's feet like a shot rabbit. Mr. Mountflummery had at this point apparently the best of it with Mr. Boojum in attendance, "Burgundy", next, Lord William and the Major handy, but as they came down to the last fence Mrs.———let out Champion, whom she'd only been indulging in a well-timed pull and easily stalling off the determined, if slightly wobbly, rush of Mr. Mountflummery sailed over the last hurdle and won amidst loud cheers, Mr. Boojum third, Lord William fourth, and the Major fifth. "Burgundy" but for the main portion of the last hurdle being represented by a single bamboo, might have been third. As it was, he and his rider set to rivalling the Empress of the Arena, luckily without damage to either horse or rider.

So ended the best Paperchase it has ever been my lot to see.

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The penultimate Paperchase of the season came off yesterday, the meet being at the Jodhpore Thannah. As it was generally known that a number of men were keeping their horses for the Cup, much was not expected of yesterday's chase, but contrary to expectation, it was most successful, and eventuated in a very near thing between two of the favourites for the Cup on Thursday next. Jodhpore is a longish way from home to meet, but a good many laggards having been left out in the cold more than once this year already, punctuality was pretty well observed, and the road between the Thannah and the station was crowded with all sorts of vehicles, including three drags, by the appointed hour. The paper was carried by Messrs. Lawrence and George on J. M. and Shamrock, but their bags appear to have been but sparsely furnished as the "scent" gave out before they reached home. The field, despite the fact that Cup horses were being eased off, was a very large one, and there were many likely performers ridden out among them, "The Major" on Claret, Lord William on Mariner, the "Bounding Jockey," Mr. Nilloc on Black Prince, Mr. Mountflummery on St. Patrick, Mr. Sniktaw on Blank,



Mr. Lauderdale on his English mare, and Mr. P— Ask on Anonyma. The last mentioned took a prominent part throughout the chase, and finished close up in a way that fairly stamps him a coming man.

The course began in the open on the west side a little further out. Onlookers were thus able to see both start and finish, while some of the more enthusiastic made their way to the first big wall which they saw negotiated by the field led by Mr. Kinoul on his jumping pony, in close order, and got back to the last fence pretty well pumped and rather hot, but in plenty time to see the finish and very much pleased with themselves for their cleverness.

Once over the wall the pony fell back and the heavy division took up the running in which they were joined by Mr. Patchwork on Gill, who at one time assumed a considerable lead, but overrunning the paper gave place to Mr. Nilloc, who took them out a nice dance to a merry tune. Half way round Messrs. Lowlander, and Mountflummery went to earth, but the latter at all events was quickly up and on again, as he was not far behind the leaders at the finish. St. Patrick is a speedy horse, and beyond a doubt will render a good account of himself on the 2nd proximo.

The paper, as I have already said, gave out before the hares had gone the course, and they were obliged to wait to show the pursuers the way home. When the field came in sight, the Major had a bit the best of it, Lord William in attendance, but Claret, although he has decidedly the foot of Mariner, is not so easily steered, and Lord William had the inside of the turn. The Major was a bit beat, and nearly left the farm at the last hurdle, but he made a good race of it with Lord Willam, who won a pretty race all out, the Bounding Jockey a close third.

I was glad to hear that we are to have a Chota Paperchase Cup this season. It is, I believe, to be for all Asiatic born horses. From what I heard the entry will be a large one, and the pace, if not quite so fast, certainly as full of incident and amusement as the Pucka Cup on Thursday. If it is not to take place on the same date, Saturday would be a good day, despite the Ballygunge Athletic sports in the afternoon. It is the last fling of the cold season, and we may as well make a day of it.

Before closing let me remind all aspirants for glory that entries for the Pucka Paperchase Cup close on Saturday, after which none will be received.

### 1882-83.

Owing to the heavy rains in October the first of the Paperchases was delayed until yesterday morning, when a capital field met at the Old Kennels. We noticed among the starters, the Major on Lord Harry (a likely-looking horse for Tollygunge), Mr. Bombay on the



Cripple, Mr. Beresford and Mr. O'Malley, the well-dressed men, on Brian Boru and Kepler, Captain McCausland on St. Patrick, Mr. Peel on Red Gauntlet, Mr. Lawrence on Lady Love, Mr. Sniktaw on Rona, "The 'Tougall" on Black Water, Mr. Allthere on Pilgrim, Mr. Adjutant on the Star, the Bummer on a Rum 'Un and a crowd of others, mounted on howling country-breds, Hart's ticcass and other fearful mokes. We were glad to see so much beauty abroad (not amongst the riders, but in the Gallery), who must have been amply rewarded for their early rising by the number of spills, loose horses and elegant language that was flying about.

The hares did not turn up till late ; the start was therefore delayed till 7-30 A.M. At the call of time about thirty horsemen mixed themselves up at the first hurdle, and two or three nags proceeded on their way riderless, the rider of Star getting a nasty black-eye during his struggles. Then away we streamed towards the Sheep-pens, the running being made by the Doctor, Brian Boru and Black Water, closely followed by Cripple, Kepler, Lady Love, Red Gauntlet, St. Patrick, and Lord Harry. The course now went through some very cramped jungle, which proved disastrous to the chances of Brian Boru, Kepler, and several others, who were unable to act round the corners. On we went across the open the Gallery water-jump, at which we saw an eminent banker qualifying for Wilson's Circus ; then over the road to a hurdle, where Mr. Sniktaw stood on his head in a paddy field, and the Doctor and his partner shortly afterwards went to grass, or rather to mud. The guava-tope came next ; here the riders of St. Patrick and the Cripple were adorning the trees with a stirrup leather and an ancient topee. The red flags now appeared, and legs began to move, the two last jumps being a big ditch with a wall on the further side and a nullah, the first of which stuck up Kepler, whose rider was offering his distinguished head gear to any one who would give him a lead over. The field were pretty close together from the distance, but after negotiating the last lep, Black Water forged ahead and just won from Lady Love, who was followed by Red Gauntlet, Brian Boru, Lord Harry, Cripple, St. Patrick and Kepler, and the usual tail of little ones. As this was the first Chase of the season, we must give a few words of advice to some of the riders who came out to enjoy a morning's sport. This is, avoid standing crops. There is plenty of galloping room without going through a field of uncut paddy, or any other crop, as we saw several riders do this morning, and the result of such performances can only be, that the owners of the crops will object, as some of them have done already, to have their lands ridden over, and then comes the end of the Paperchases.

We understand that Mr. H. Simpson, 2, Lall Bazaar, will receive any subscriptions which may be sent in.



Owing to the return of the Viceregal party to the capital, there was a considerable increase both in the followers of the paper and in the spectators who defied the morning cold to witness the performances good, bad, or indifferent, of the competitors. Many ladies yesterday graced the scene with their fair presence, and the effect on the riders was wonderful. We observed several gentlemen getting over their jumps in true acrobatic style, but directly they caught sight of the flutter of a habit they pulled themselves together with a sharp jerk, and charged the next jump with a "do or die" expression on their faces. Many, alas, paid dearly for their gallantry by parting company with their mounts, as though the spirit was willing the seat was weak, and in some cases very weak.

We noticed amongst the starters Mr. McNair on Rocket, "The Major" on Lord Harry, Mr. Lawrence on Lady Love, Lord William on a hunter-like animal that reminded us strongly of the game old Mariner, Mr. O'Malley on the handsome pony Garibaldi, Mr. Lauderdale on Iona, Mr. Beresford on a handsome mare (belonging, we believe, to "The Major," who threw most enormous leaps over the fences. Mr. Bombay on Tit, "The Tougall" on Black Water, the brothers Petrie on Skipper and Sappho, The Doctor on a grey, Elliot and a pal or two on raw 'un's, Kilburn, one or two strangers from Government House, a contingent from the Fort and the usual ruck.

The start took place on the right hand side of the road just beyond Juggernaut Car. The paper was laid by Captain Muir and Mr. Latham on two perfect fencers. The usual scramble took place at the first hurdle, where Messrs. Allthere, Simpson and Bombay came to a full stop on perfect refusers. The course now wound round to the left, over the road and a big mud wall, in full view of the gallery, the running being made in close order by Lady Love, Black Water, The Doctor, and The Skipper, then through some very cramped, not to say dangerous, country, amongst big ditches, trees and bamboos, the first proving a stopper to Kill'em and Oilem and two or three others, who abused each other roundly for not giving a lead. After negotiating two more walls and several hurdles—at one of which "The Tougall" went to earth with a beaming smile of joy—up the road, where the leaders overshot the paper leaving the lead to Mr. Petrie and Mr. Beresford through a thick clump of jungle. Here The Doctor and Mr. McNair collided, both going down like a shot and performing the remainder of the course on foot. The red flags now appeared and the pace began to quicken. The two leaders raced together to the distance, where the little mare was beaten and Lady Love went up to the Skipper, who, however, always held her safe and won pretty easily at the finish. So many people claimed the empty honors of third place that it is impossible to say who deserves them. The leading lot, however, were Messrs.



It was not big enough, however, to stop The Tougall, who shot over it and pulled up with a puzzled smile as he observed his nag on the wrong side. As we neared home, the pace got very fast, Skipper racing up to the front. He was, however, unable to live the pace with Ariel and Morning, and the former running rather wide, Mr Simpson passed the flags first by a length from Captain Muir, Skipper, a good third, Lieutenant Patrick fourth, Gipsy fifth. Mr. Nosredna was not to be denied his bit of fun and stood on his head at the last wall right in front of the gallery, who seemed thoroughly to appreciate his jocular mood.

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The course was the best we have had this season, and the beneficial result of avoiding jungle and shortening the course, was amply demonstrated by the closeness of the field at the finish.

We are afraid that the Xmas festivities proved too much for many sportsmen, as yesterday's field was the smallest we have seen this season. Where were Captain McCausland, The Bummer, Mr Lawrence, Mr. Lauderdale, Mr. O'Malley, Mr. Bombay, and a heap of others? We trust their absence is only of temporary duration. The gallery, however, was in great form, many ladies gracing the scene with their presence. They ought, I am sure, to be very grateful to Mr. Beresford for the fun he afforded them at the start. This gentleman's mount bucked him off most beautifully. Nothing daunted, however, he again mounted, but only to be again sent up like a rocket. Rising from the earth with his beautiful clothes soiled, he, with that indomitable pluck which characterises the Waterford family, and with the assistance of a popular and well-known sportsman, managed to start the mare, who took him the rest of the journey like a bird, bringing him in last, but by no means least, in the day's performance.

The start took place to the right of the road just beyond Jodhpore Thanah. The paper was carried by Messrs. Latham and Harbord on Fairlie and a nice-looking brown. We noticed among the starters the Mem Sahib on a powerful grey, Lord William on a coach horse, Mr. Simpson on Morning, Mr. Beresford on his little mare, Messrs. Petrie on Skipper and Sappho, "The Tougall" on Black Water, Mr. Lawyer on Noiram, the Major on Zil, Lord Compton on a brown, Mr. Comer on a black, Mr. Sille on a new chestnut, Mr. Boyd on a moke, Mr. Cochin China on Telescope, Mr. Gateacre on Well-Known and Captain Muir on a bay.

The running at the beginning was made by Black Water, Lord William and Skipper. After negotiating the second hurdle, the pace slackened, the going being very heavy. We now went through a small piece of jungle up the road and on the higher ground, the Mem Sahib, Captain Muir, and "The Major" now joining the leaders. Somewhere



about these parts Mr. Petrie took a fancy to a little pedestrian exercise and letting go his nag trudged manfully homewards. The course now passed the railway, when Lord Compton got stuck up at a hurdle, and resumed the chase at a pace suited to his dignity. We now went over a couple of mud walls and a hurdle, where a stranger came to earth, who implored the public to send him a doctor, but whether for himself or his horse was not stated. The well-known lane now appears, and Mr Simpson (whose knowledge of the course was obvious) rushed to the front round the corner and appeared to be winning easily. His jady nag, however, refused the last hurdle, enabling Skipper to win, Black Water second, Morning third, Captain Muir fourth and Mr. Gateacre fifth.

The course, bar the soft bits at the beginning, was capital, and we hope as the ground gets drier that it may be utilised again.

We forgot to mention that Noiram put Mr. Lawyer on his back, choosing a nice soft place for his couch.

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A week of festivities and dissipations was brought to a conclusion on Saturday by another of these popular chases. We have refrained from making any adverse comments on the general riding of the public on these occasions, in the hope that as the season advanced we might observe a change for the better. Instead, however, of improving, the riding, we think, is, if possible, getting worse. Of course there are some riders who perform creditably, and we could pick out from among them half a dozen as good as could be found in India, but the remainder sadly need instructing. We could suggest two golden rules "Sit back at your jumps," and, "Dont cross," and if these are carried out, an improvement will at once be observed and many unnecessary croppers avoided.

This chase might aptly be termed a lordly one, as among the starters were, Lord Harris, Lord Alwyn, Lord William on Premier, and Lord Charles on "one of Bill's." We also noticed the Mem Sahib on Harlequin, a Government House Mem Sahib who rode well to the front, Mr. Beresford on Lady Amy, Captain Rochfort on something with four legs and a tail, Captain Muir on Kepla, Mr. Kill'us on his new one, Captain McCausland on St. Patrick, Mr. Maguire on a treasure, The Bummer on Prodigal, Mr. Pedestrian on Cinders, Mr Mac on Rocket, Mr. Indigo on Lowlander, Mr. Sille on a chestnut, Mr. Lawyer on his cob, Mr. Cochin China on Telescope, Mr. Nosredna on Commissioner, and the ruck.

The start took place at the Juggernaut Car to the right of the road in the direction of the Sheep-pens, the paper being laid by Messrs. Simpson and Hamilton on Gill and a nice-looking bay. At the call of time St. Patrick went off with the lead closely followed by Lady Amy, Cinders and Kepla. The first wall sent Mr. Kill'us to grass, and the



next hurdle proved a temporary puzzle to Premier. After passing the gallery Mr. Maguire cried "enough," and tumbled off. The course now crossed the road over a mud wall and several hurdles, and through a bit of jungle, the only three in it being St. Patrick, Lady Amy and Kepla, the second division composed of Lord Charles, Cinders, the two Mem Sahibs, Lord William and Commissioner, being some distance behind. As we again came into the open the pace increased, several sportsmen spurring to catch the leaders, who, however, were still going strong. We now went through some more jungle, and on to a bit of plough. Kepla and St. Patrick from here ran a match home, over a hurdle, Prince Farrokh Shah's handsome bay winning pretty easily. Mr. Beresford third, just in front of Lord Charles and Lord Harris.

A noteworthy feature at the chase was the fact that the horse of a gentleman who got spilt at the second fence, kept on all round the course, finishing well up, and after getting over the last fence trotted quietly up to his syce and surrendered himself at discretion, the rider having in the meantime taken his morning exercise on Shank's mare.

We were disappointed that so many of the usual followers were again absent. When are we again to see Mr. Lawrence, Mr. O'Malley, "The Tougall," Mr. Lauderdale, the Major, Mr. Petrie, etc.? It is a little early yet to lay horses up for the Cup, and the going now is very good. We trust next week the field will be a bumper.

Many of the usual followers of the Chase were absent on Saturday, being employed in chasing the wily pig, Lord Alwyn Compton and Captain Muir being the sole representatives of Government House. We are glad to notice a marked improvement in the general riding, the rules we gave last week being well observed. There is one thing that ought to be put a stop to at once, and that is the presence of jockeys and stablemen in these chases. A couple of years ago there was a rule passed prohibiting these men following, but this year we have noticed several professionals appearing at the start, though we must say that, as a rule, they keep well behind. On Saturday, however, it was different. A well-known jockey and a pal appeared on two raw walers; the latter gentleman disappeared soon after the start, but the former rode with the leading division, crossing and cannoning in the most impartial manner. A wall at last brought him and his steed to grief, and they lay together on the landing side for several seconds, thus preventing any lady behind from negotiating the obstacle. We would recommend Mr. Latham reporting him to his employer, and thus preventing his appearance at any future date.

The gallery was in great force, the ladies, in spite of the number of dances that have been going on during the past week, showing up strongly and appearing to take as great an interest as ever in the horses and their riders.



We noticed among the starters the Mem Sahib on Harlequin, the Messrs. Petrie on Skipper and Sappho, Captain McCausland on St. Patrick, Mr. Beresford on Brian Boru, the Major on Zil, "The Tougall" on a country-bred, Mr. Adjutant on a big bay, Mr. Sniktaw on Rona, Major FitzGerald on a smart looking bay, Captain Muir on Kepla, Mr. Allthere on Pilgrim, Lord Alwyn on a brown, Mr. Maguire on a chestnut, Mr. Kill'us on his new one, and a larger number than usual of ambitious sportsmen more or less indifferently mounted.

The paper was carried by Mr. Hamilton, junior, on a bay, and Mr. Pedestrian on Cinders. The start was made at the Juggernaut Car, the first two jumps being the last two of the preceding chase. Major FitzGerald went off with the lead, closely followed by Harlequin, St. Patrick, Zil and Brian Boru. The first wall proved disastrous to Sappho, whose rider generously did the funny business in full view of the gallery. We now went sharp to the left down the lane and over a hurdle into the open, the pace being fast. Skipper here joined the leaders. The Irish Major was still at the head of affairs; his mount, however, soon after turned rusty at a low wall, and Brian Boru and Skipper were left with the lead through a rather cramped line of country, the former taking Mr. Beresford all his time to keep him near the course. As we again came into the open, we were met by a perfect crowd of jumps of various sorts and sizes, including two doubles, several hurdles and a drop. The leading four, composed of St. Patrick, Kepla, Skipper and Brian Boru, now raced straight away from the field and ran a great race home in close order, Skipper just managing to gain first place, St. Patrick second, Kepla third, Brian Boru, fourth. The remainder wandered in some minutes later.

We are glad to see so many of the Paperchase nags in the Horse Show, and the style in which Skipper, Rocket, Lady Amy, Harlequin, Kepla and St. Patrick jumped was a treat well worth witnessing, and shows what good schooling these chases are for making fencers.

The chances of the various horses for the Cup are now being eagerly discussed. Ladylove, we are afraid, will not be fit, as she and a pig got mixed up together, resulting in one of her legs being badly cut. Black Water, who, in the earlier chases, carried that determined rider, "The Tougall," so well to the front, is, we hear, far from well and likely to be in hospital for some time to come. His owner, however, states that if he can't win the Paperchase Cup, he means to land a mug or two at the Athletic Sports, and as his legs are long and his arms are strong, we have no doubt he will carry out his statement. The horses still going who seem to have the best chances are undoubtedly Skipper and St. Patrick, but as the newly landed horses are now beginning to get in fettle, it is a little early yet to give a decided opinion.

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In spite of the intense cold on Saturday morning, the attendance of spectators was up to the average, though many of them looked as if they longed to be under the blankets again and in the land of dreams.

The start took place at the Juggernaut Car, the paper being laid by the Brothers Latham on Unknown and J. M.

We noticed among the starters, the Mem Sahib on Saunteress, Captain McCausland on St. Patrick, Mr. Cochin China on Telescope. Captain Muir on a raw-looking bay, Mr. Allthere on Pilgrim, Mr. Harbord on a nice-looking grey, Mr. Beresford on Zoe, the Messrs. Petrie on Milkmaid and Sappho, Captain Haines on a fidgetty one, Mr. Rare on Rob Roy, Mr. O'Malley on his now famous steeplechaser, Gipsy, Mr. Pedestrian on Cinders, Mr. Simpson on Morning, Mr. Sandilands on Zoedone, Mr. Kill'us on his fiery one, Mr. Lauderdale on Morning, The Doctor on a black, Mr. Bombay on Zil, Mr. Mac on Rocket, Mr. Rivers on Magpie, Major FitzGerald on his bay, Mr. Sniktaw on Rona, Mr. Bertram on his cob, Mr. Lawyer on Tailless, "The Tougall" on Bantam, Mr. Boyd on his moke, Captain Rochford on a ditto, and several strangers, who, however, did not distinguish themselves one way or another. At the word "Go" we dashed down the road sharp to the left, and over a hurdle and big wall in full view of the Gallery, Cinders led over the first two jumps, closely followed by Zoe and Captain Haines. As we crossed the road Mr. Pedestrian's mount turned rusty, and the Aides-de-Camp went on with the lead for some time, followed by Zoe, St. Patrick, Saunteress, and Rocket. After going through a bit of jungle we went over several jumps, the course winding to the left, Mr. Sniktaw, somewhere in the dense jungle, went to earth. We now came to the two wide ditches, which stuck up Mr. Beresford and Mr. Bombay for a period. The leaders were now St. Patrick, The Doctor and the Mem Sahib, the pace being decidedly slow. As we neared the water jump two sportsmen shot off, one to the right and one to the left, evidently considering a cold bath an unpleasant prospect. Mr. Allthere tumbled off, but we believe his mount kindly landed him on dry ground. A mud wall soon afterwards disposed of the Irish Major, who nimbly landed on his feet. We observed Mr. Cochin China soon afterwards doing Pedestrian's business. After going through a small clump of jungle, we appear in view of the gallery and the leaders quicken their pace. When it came to racing, however, there was nothing in it but St. Patrick, who coming away at every stride, won by about a street, his owner's face beaming with smiles of joy, Cinders who picked up in the last mile, second, Rocket third, Magpie fourth, Saunteress fifth. The course was as near perfection as could be, and every one appeared pleased with it. As the going this season is much softer than usual, we hope the Cup chase will be deferred as long as possible, as once Lent begins, Paperchasing will be the only dissipation left to us.



The many festivities which are now taking place are, we fear, beginning to tell their tale, as the number of absentees from these chases is increasing. It is impossible to sit up till 2 A.M., day after day without becoming more or less of a wreck, as many wan faces and weak seats yesterday morning amply testified. We heard one sportsman state that he had no time for more than one ride a week and that was at the paperchases. How, he asked plaintively, was he to get his horse fit? We comforted him by reminding him that the peaceful time of Lent was rapidly approaching and horse-training would then be easy.

We were glad to see that the best jumper in the show last week was that fine paperchaser 'The Skipper, and we must congratulate his owner on his success; it was a treat on the swagger day of the show to see this horse stride over the leps well piloted by his owner.

The chase yesterday was very devoid of excitement, spills being quite the exception.

We noticed among the starters the Mem Sahib on Saunteress, Mr. Pedestrian on Cinders, Lord William on Premier, Mr. Sille on a bay, Mr. Simpson on Morning, Mr. Lauderdale on Night, Mr. Petrie on The Skipper, Mr. St. Quintin on Something, Captain Haines on a nice-looking bay, Mr. Adjutant on Star, Mr. Allthere on Remyat, Major FitzGerald on his nice-looking bay, Mr. Premier on The Goat, The Doctor, Captain Rochfort and Mr. Harbord, all on nice-looking hunters, Mr. Beresford on Zoe, Mr. Sniktaw on Rona (who appears to have lost all the brilliant form she showed last season), Mr. Ross on Rob Roy, and the usual ruck.

The paper was carried by Captain Muir and Lord Alwyn. The start took place near the Old Kennels and then the line went straight away to the right through some very cramped country, the running being made by Zoe, Captain Haines and Saunteress. As we came into the open near the Sheep-pens the jumps became numerous, two stiff doubles proving stoppers to many. A mud wall brought Mr. Sille to grief, who hung on to his nag's neck for several seconds undecided whether to go on or tumble off suddenly. However, observing that the ground was soft, he went to earth like a common ball and lay on his back with his legs in the air till he found no bones were broken. The course now wound into the galloping lane, the Mem Sahib now being at the head of affairs, Cinders, Zoe, Captain Haines lying next. After crossing the road the Mem Sahib, who was leading easily, ran up an unnecessary bank, which utterly destroyed her chance. The Skipper now rushed to the front and led the field a merry chase till near home when he missed the paper for a moment. This proved disastrous to him, as Cinders and Zoe rushed passed him and ran a grand race in, the former, in spite of Mr. Beresford's vigorous finishing, passing the flags first by half a length, Skipper a similar distance off third, Captain Haines fourth, the Mem Sahib fifth.



The course was not nearly as good as last week, the first part being almost entirely through jungle ; this, however, was balanced by the last mile, the country being open, the going good and jumps numerous. We must give a word of praise to the hares for the capital way in which the paper (as long as it lasted) was laid, making it almost impossible to overrun, and saving the leading sportsmen much anxiety.

Paperchasing will not be the only sporting event this week as we observe that a sky meeting is to be held next Saturday. Judging from the capital extra meeting we had last year, we anticipate a good afternoon's sport. The Stewards are all riding men and well up to their duties, and will spare no trouble to make the meeting a success. We hope the public will aid them, both by entering their horses and persuading as many people as possible to attend, as we believe the gate money will be the chief source of funds, no subscriptions being asked for. There are to be two pony races, one for 12-2 and the other for 13-2 ponies. Considering the number of ponies in Calcutta at present, to say nothing of the half hundred the sporting Twenty-Third are reported to have located at Dum Dum, big fields should turn out for these two races. The other items in the prospectus are a Hurdle Race for *bonâ fide* paperchasers, which is sure to fill, though we would suggest the advisability of the Stewards clearly defining what a *bonâ fide* paper-chaser is, as it may save trouble afterwards ; a Handicap for Arabs. Country-breds and Waler Galloways once round the course ; a mile open for the Military, weight for price, and a Hurdle and Flat Race open to the world. The last ought to be well patronised by the horse importers, as horses that run forward and not too heavily priced are sure to find purchasers. We hope to see many of the paperchase riders earning fresh laurels on this occasion.

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We suppose it must have been the bitter cold which kept so many people away from the chase on Saturday. One sportsman told us privately that he had been keeping himself warm for the last few days by continual drams of cherry-brandy, while a rumour was circulated that two new arrivals were seen enquiring the price of skates at the Great Eastern Hotel. The fun began by Mr. Harbord mounting a nag somewhere near the Body Guard Lines. He was no sooner in the saddle than the animal said "Go," and go he did, about eighteen annas through a crowd of carriages and horses, his rider luckily keeping his wits about him and avoiding collisions in the most miraculous way. We believe, however, he got back to Government House in time for dinner. An idea got about that the finish was at the Sheep-pens, and the gallery posted down to that well-known spot. Finding no red flag, however, they tore down the road for several miles, but



at last giving it up as a bad job, they trudged homewards, while many big big D's floated on the misty air. They found out afterwards that the finish took place at the spot where the chase started, which we think might have been better managed.

The paper was aid by Captain Muir on Skipper and Lord Alwyn on a bay. We noticed among the starters, the Mem Sahib on Saunteress, Captain Haines on Manchester, Mr. Lawyer on his cob, Lord William on Premier, Mr. O'Malley on Gipsy, Mr. Lauderdale on Night, Mr. Rivers on Magpie, Mr. King on Lady Amy, Mr. Nosredna on Commissioner, Mr. Brandy on Kepla, Mr. Beresford on Zoe. Captain McCausland on Zil, The Doctor on Sealskin, Mr. Sille on a chestnut, Mr. Kill'us on his Butcha, Mr. Apcar on a grey, "The Tougall" on Bantam, Mr. Boyd on Le Moke, and several strangers as yet unknown to fame. None of the old Polo Club were present, as we believe they were being made beautiful for ever by Messrs. Bourne and Shepherd.

The start took place at Rosedale in the direction of the railway, the running being made by Zil, Saunteress, Zoe and Manchester. After going over two hurdles and a big double, we cross the line and counter warily through some jungle to the right, Premier and Lady Amy here joining the leading division. Several more leaps were negotiated, when Zil and several of the leaders overshot the paper. This let up Magpie and Sealskin; the latter's glory was short-lived, as catching his feet in some roots he went a regular crumpler, his plucky rider luckily escaping unhurt. The course now went round in a circle, the jumps being numerous. Mr. Lauderdale and Mr. Apcar here tried a collision, and the former went to grass. He was up however (with about half a maund of mud) in half a minute, and was soon again with the field. We now recrossed the line, through a lot of jungle and finished over the first two hurdles. Mr. Rivers landing Magpie first, the shifty Zil, who was well ridden by Captain McCausland second, Captain Haines third, Premier fourth, followed by Zoe, Gipsy, Lady Amy, Night and Commissioner. The course was not an improvement on the last week's chase, as it wound about the jungle in the most disagreeable way. We noticed many horses cut about the legs, which is not to be wondered at when part of the going was over old pots, bricks, etc. We suppose, however, we must not grumble as, owing to the hardness of the ground, it is difficult to make a course like those we rode over at the commencement of the season.

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We suppose it must have been the bitter cold which deterred so many sportsmen from putting in an appearance on Thursday morning, as it was most decidedly (among the followers) a case of quality not quantity. Perhaps the races on Saturday may have decided some of



the owners to give their nags a holiday. The gallery were again out of it, as very few people turned up to witness the finish. We would suggest to the Honorary Secretary the advisability of advertising the finishing spot, as well as the start, as it must be very annoying to the ladies to drive up and down the road searching in vain for the red flags, while they hear afterwards of the fun they have missed in the way of spills, collisions, etc.

We hear that the races on Saturday promise to be above the average sky-meetings, as capital entries have been obtained and large fields will most likely appear in most of the events ; the going now is very fair, and we trust the public will attend in large numbers. We would also remind them to bring some loose cash with them as the book-makers, we believe, intend doing a little business, and the totalizator will be in full swing. We are unable to give any direct tips, but we fear that Government House will be bad to beat in most of the events. The start yesterday was near the fifth milestone in the direction of the Railway. The paper was laid by Messrs. Harbord and Simpson, the latter on Gill.

We noticed among the starters the Mem Sahib on Harlequin, Mr. O'Malley on Unknown, Mr. Beresford on Zoe, Mr. Nedraw on a chestnut, Captain McCausland on Saunteress, Mr. Apcar on a grey, Mr. Primrose on The Goat, Lord Alwyn on a nice-looking bay, Captain Rochfort on a fiddle-headed brown, Captain Muir on his bay, Mr. Rivers on Magpie, Mr. Pedestrian on Cinders, Mr. Boyd on Le Moke, Mr. Lauderdale on Night, Mr. King on Lady Amy, Mr. Nosredna on Commissioner, Mr. Cochin China on Telescope, Mr. Nosredneh on a brown, Captain Haines on Manchester, the stranger on a grey and a small ruck.

At the call of time Harlequin, Saunteress, Cinders, and Zoe jumped off with the lead, and after negotiating a couple of leaps we went through a patch of jungle and out into a long stretch of open. A hurdle here caused some fun, Saunteress, who had apparently fallen in love with her gallant rider, eloped with him in the direction of the Salt Lakes, while Mr. Nedraw's mount landed him softly on his back. The leaders were now joined by the Government House contingent, and we took the next few jumps without any accident. The field streamed gaily onwards until they came on a stiff wall with a big ditch in front of it. Here the spectators had fine fun. Cinders got over somehow, but his rider went the next hundred yards beautifully seated on his neck, while the Mem Sahib got stuck up, and Mr. O'Malley embraced his steed in the most loving way. One sportsman nearly knocked Zoe off his legs, and Mr. Beresford, while recovering him, interfered with his noble kinsman who did not seem to appreciate the touching compliment. Night jumped Mr. Lauderdale on to his head and the crimson flowed from his aristocratic



nose. But the fun was not yet over, for up comes Mr. Nosredneh calm and cool, but his calmness was considerably ruffled and the coolness disappointed, when his mount bungled and sent him a flopper on some soft clay. We now went over several big ditches, a couple of walls, and a hurdle, and then pounded down the road, Captain Rochefort, Lord Alwyn, Mr. Rivers and Captain Muir being at the head of affairs ; then away to the right over some stiff going, and on the direction of Jodhpore Thanna, the finish taking place about 100 yards behind that edifice ! Two jumps from home Mr. Rivers appeared to be winning easily, but running rather wide, he let up Captain Muir who managed to beat him for first place. So many sportsmen claimed third honors, that we are afraid to decide, but we noticed the leading division was composed of Mr. Apcar, Captain Haines, Mr. Beresford, Lord Alwyn, and Captain Rochefort.

The course was a capital one and the going good, the pace was fast, and the spectators witnessed much fun, which must have amply recompensed them for their early rising.

The next meet is again a long way off, for those who have to start from town, but at this season of the year it is next to impossible to get a good course nearer to home. The gallery, we understand, need not travel so far, as a good view of the finish ought to be had from the neighbourhood of the Red Road.

The hot weather which threatened at the beginning of the week has luckily passed away, and paperchasing is still a pleasure. Let us hope the cold weather will continue until the Cup is lost and won. The races on Saturday gave the public a good idea of the form of several of the probable competitors, as the Stirrup Cup (a hurdle race confined to *bonâ fide* paperchasers) was run for by six well-known nags. The result is well known, Premier, splendidly ridden by his owner, just gaining first honors from Skipper. St. Patrick who made the running was third, and he would have been nearer had his young rider indulged him with a pull at least *once* during the race instead of letting the game old horse run himself to a standstill. According to this running the Cup appears to be a gift for Lord William, but as Premier is by no means an easy horse to get over a country, we would humbly suggest (contrary to the public opinion) that it is *not* all over bar shouting and we fully expect to see The Skipper give the gallant grey a good deal of trouble, even if he does not beat him over a long distance.

Now that cold weather dissipations are finished we are surprised that the number of followers in these chases does not increase.

We missed many faces yesterday who are generally well to the front. What has become of Mr. O'Malley, Mr. Lawrence, Captain McCausland, Mr. Bombay, Mr. Beresford, Mr. Lauderdale, etc. ? Let



us hope they are only reserving themselves for the Cup day, and that we shall then see them like giants refreshed with new coats on their manly shoulders and fresh legs on their nags.

The gallery yesterday came out in large numbers and were amply rewarded by a good view of the last three jumps. Lord Alwyn, when close to the finish, afforded them great fun by doing the "role-y poley" business in capital style, but we were glad to see him able to ride home afterwards, though his clothes were a piteous sight.

The start took place at the Jodhpore Thannah, the paper being laid by Mr. Carlisle on a beautiful jumping bay, and Mr. Simpson on Gill. We noticed among the starters the Mem Sahib on Harlequin, Mr. Killem on his fiery one, Mr. Rivers on Magpie, Lord William on Premier, the Major on Saunteress, Mr. Sille on a chestnut, Mr. Boyd on Le Moke, Captain Muir on Landscape, Captain Rochefort on Fiddlehead the Bunmer on Prodigal, Mr. Harbord on a brown, Captain Haines on Manchester, "The Tougall" on Blackwater, The Stranger on a grey, Lord Alwyn on Patchwork, and a larger number than usual of the ruck mostly vilely mounted. At the call of time we went away to the right of the road, and then straight ahead to the open ground where a beautiful line of jumps had been prepared. At the first hurdle Mr. Boyd who was ambitiously placed among the leaders, said he had mistaken his position and went to grass in a sitting position. The running was then made by the Stranger, Manchester, Prodigal, Lord Alwyn and Magpie. After going about a mile the Stranger went down and improved his personal appearance by wallowing in the mud. The course now wound to the right, the leaders being joined by Harlequin, Saunteress, Premier, and Landscape. Some very big walls had now to be negotiated, and then a patch of jungle. As we emerged from the trees Captain Muir rushed to the front and led on at a good pace in the direction of the Red Road. Rounding the next corner the welcome flags appear in view, and Prodigal races up to Landscape. He, however, was never able to catch the Captain, who won by two lengths, Mr. Killus was third, Captain Haines fourth, the Mem Sahib and the Major fifth and sixth. The course was splendid and the jumps big enough to suit an Australian Steeplechaser.

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We were agreeably surprised on waking up yesterday morning to find that the cold weather had returned, and more perfect weather for paperchasing could not have been desired. The gallery was small, which is to be regretted as a beautiful sight-seeing course had been prepared, and the number of spills which occurred was a caution. This chase might well be called a "Role-y Poley" entertainment, as sportsmen were tumbling off at almost every jump. It is impossible



to say how many bit the dust, but we will endeavour to chronicle the mishaps we ourselves witnessed. It is a strange fact that most of the riders who do the funny business object to its being published, and also object to any details which are not in strict accordance with their remembrance of the mishaps. One gentleman was very angry last week at our saying he tumbled off at a wall instead of a hurdle. We mildly suggested that we thought it did not much matter what the obstacle was as long as he did come off, and he rode off muttering nasty things.

We were glad to see that "The Tougall's" grand horse, Blackwater, was getting round again, and from the way he carried his rider yesterday his chance for the Cup looks very rosy. We were sorry to hear St. Patrick had gone up-country to be followed shortly by his popular and hard-riding owner, whose departure will be regretted by all. We wish them both every success in their new paths.

The start yesterday took place near the Jodhpore Thannah to the right of the road, the paper being capitally laid by Mr. Simpson on Gill, and Mr. Carlisle on Master McGrath. We noticed among the starters The Mem Sahib on Harlequin, Mrs Cecil on Ariel, Captain Haines on Manchester, Mr. Cochin China on Telescope, the Stranger on his grey, Mr. Beresford on the galloway Kilmanie, Mr. Apcar on a grey, Mr. Adjutant on Zil, Mr. Lawyer on Tailless, Mr. Sniktaw on Rona, Mr. Kill'us on Red Knight, Lord William on Premier, Mr. Sille on a chestnut, Mr. Harbord on a brown, Mr. Rivers on Magpie, Mr. O'Malley on Unknown, Mr. Petrie on Skipper, Mr. Nosredna on Commissioner, Mr. Pedestrian on Cinders, Mr. Walker on Mignonette, Mr. Boyd on Le Moke and a heap of others.

When the 10 minutes' interval was about half over, we saw The Bummer, humbly mounted on a grey pony, charge the first wall in grand style. The pony, however, said "No" and stopped short and The Bummer looked as if he was going over by himself; but the gallant grey placed him back at the saddle with a sharp jerk, and the pair disappeared round the corner of the wall, and were lost to our sight like a beautiful dream.

At the call of "time" a grand scramble took place at the first jump when we observed Messrs. Hodgson and Miley rebounding from the earth like two footballs. Ariel now lead us out a cracker, closely followed by Kilmanie, the Stranger and Unknown. After racing up the road we turned sharp to the left, Mrs. Cecil riding admirably in the front place; she, however, shortly afterwards overshot the paper, and the running was made by Blackwater, Harlequin, and Kilmanie. A hurdle somewhere about these parts proved disastrous to Mr. Lawyer who went to earth like a rabbit. The course now went through a small patch of jungle, and again to the left over two big walls, at the latter of which



Kilmanie jumped short and came down. She then added injury to insult, by using Mr. Beresford's head as a drum, and her hind legs as the sticks. Poor lad his beautiful clothes were soon spoilt, and his perfect collar converted into a red rag by the crimson stream which flowed from beneath his cap. The next few jumps were negotiated without mishaps, and the field now headed for the sheep-pens. As Harlequin jumped from the lane into the field, the Mem Sahib had a purler and resumed the journey on foot. Unknown, Blackwater and Commissioner were now at the head of affairs, and galloped up the lane at a grand pace. Several leaps were now taken, at one of which Mr. Sille, missing his pal, tumbled off to look for him. The welcome flags now appear with a good run home of a quarter of a mile over three hurdles. Magpie and Skipper now raced up to Blackwater, whom, however, they could never get near, and "The Tougall" secured first honors easily; Mr. Rivers second, Mr. Petrie third.

The course was capital and the jumps big enough for anybody. The Cup will be run about the 10th of March, and we shall have something to say about the competitors as soon as we see the entries.

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The fog early on Saturday morning looked so thick that it seemed as if the chase must be postponed. Luckily, however, the weather cleared about half-past six, and although it was decidedly muggy, it was not so hot as might have been expected. The rains we have had lately made the going very heavy. Perhaps, however, this is better than the iron-like going we generally experienced in chases at the tail end of the season. The course was a capital one, the jungle being avoided almost the whole way. The entries for the Cup have not yet closed, but we hear of many starters. Several sportsmen have told us privately that they have put their horses into strong work with the view of winning the trophy, and what is much better, they all appear to think they stand capital chances. We observed one man the other day tearing madly round the course who, on pulling up, informed us he was getting his horse fit. We humbly ventured to suggest that the nag looked a *little* thin. He, however, told us we knew nothing about it, and started for what he called a spurt. He finally disappeared from our sight, working his arms and legs like an engine, and told us next day that he had been imitating Vinall at a finish. We told him we recognised the style at once, though we did not think that it was the usual habit of that jockey to spur his mount about the ears or yet about his tail. The gallant sportsman got angry at this, and so we left him, thinking what a day we shall have if the rest of the starters are only half as enthusiastic.

The start took place yesterday on the right of the road just before reaching Jodhpore Thannah, the paper being carried by Mr. Simpson on Gill and Captain Muir on the great Jack, who flew the country in grand style.



We noticed among the starters the Mem Sahib on Harlequin, Mr. O'Malley on Unknown, Mr. Millett on a bay, the Stranger on his grey, Mr. Beresford on The Camel, Captain Haines on Manchester, Mr. Rivers on Belvedere, Mr. Mac on Rocket, Mr. Chota on Unknown, Mr. Kill'us on his pony, Mr. Pedestrian on Cinders, Mr. Allthere on Pilgrim, Mr. Adjutant on Zil, Mr. Helyar on a bay, Mr. Petrie on Black Domino, Mr. Boyd on The Moke, Mr. Nosredna on Commissioner, etc., etc.

At the call of time, we dashed up the lane, Mr. Mac and the Mem Sahib leading. We now turned sharp to the left and over a mud wall. Mr. Helyar here appeared to be having a match with his horse as to which of them could turn the greater number of somersaults. We had no time to stop for the finish of the exciting contest, but we believe it resulted in a dead heat. We now turned again to the left, and over a nice piece of open country, well-studded with jumps. The Stranger, Cinders and Manchester were now with the leaders. A wall hereabouts proved too much for The Camel, who never rising an inch, came an awful purler, pitching Mr. Beresford clean on his head. He however, was none the worse, partaking an involuntary "chota hazr" off Ballygunge mud, which he said was very filling at the price. The course now went across the road and over some rather rough country, the only ones in it being the Mem Sahib, Manchester, The Stranger, Cinders and Rocket. Two hurdles from home Mr. Mac, who had apparently waited for the gallery to see the fun, went to grass with a flop, and a good race ensued between the other four, resulting in The Stranger securing first place, Captain Haines second, Mr. Pedestrian third, and the Mem Sahib fourth.

The Cup will be run for to-morrow, and, judging from the entries, the chase ought to be well worth going out to Ballygunge to see. Last year, as every one will remember, it was won by a lady, who, we are glad to see, is again going to take the field, and, if not first, we fully expect to see Harlequin well to the fore. There are altogether seventeen starters, one more than last year, but still the names of several hard riders are conspicuous by their absence, owing to the various ills which horseflesh is heir to.

St. Patrick's owner, we believe, has gone up-country, and we miss from the list The Bummer, Messrs. O'Malley, Beresford, MacNair, Captain Muir and the Hon. Secretary, all of whom, had Providence been more kind, would have helped to swell the field.

Out of the seventeen who faced the starter last year only five are forthcoming, including The Skipper, who ought to carry his sporting owner well to the fore, but we are afraid he is not fit enough to win with the present heavy going. Telescope, Commissioner, Magpie and Cinders all good in an ordinary chase, but hardly fast enough for the Cup day. First and foremost amongst the new chasers stands Premier,



who won, some say easily, at the Sky Races the other day. Zil, who notwithstanding her owner's welter weight ought not be out of the race, White Star, Blackwater, Manchester and Red Knight have on several occasions shown what good stuff they are made of.

The start is advertised for the Juggernaut Car, but we advise all who wish to get a good view of the chase to take up their position near the sheep-pens on the Red Road, a spot long connected with Cup days. Unless we have more rain, the going will not be so heavy as many doubtless expect, as the heavy rain which fell on Wednesday did not extend so far, and we strongly advise all who can to go and see the best sporting race in India.

The following are the entries :—

Mrs. Cook's	...	...	...	Harlequin.
Major Cook's	...	...	...	Zil.
Major Fitzgerald's	...	...	...	Titaghur.
Mr. Irwin's	...	...	...	Star.
Lord W. Beresford's	...	...	...	Premier.
Mr. W. W. Petrie's	...	...	...	Skipper.
Mr. S. A. Apcar's	...	...	...	Spec.
Mr. Petrocochino's	...	...	...	Telescope.
Captain Haines'	...	...	...	Manchester.
Mr. T. S. Anderson's	...	...	...	Commissioner.
Mr. R. G. Currie's	...	...	...	Magpie.
Mr. Tougall's	...	...	...	Blackwater.
Mr. Kilburn's	...	...	...	Red Knight.
Mr. Stevenson's	...	...	...	Rustic.
Mr. Lawrie's	...	...	...	Pilgrim.
Mr. Probyn's	...	...	..	Grenadier.
Mr. Walker's	...	...	...	Cinders.

### 1883-84.

The Paperchasing season which has been looked forward to so eagerly by the sporting community of Calcutta, commenced yesterday, and was one of the best chases we ever witnessed. Mr. Simpson who made the courses last year has gone home, but from what we saw yesterday we have no doubt that his successor, Mr. Walker—better known as Mr. Pedestrian—will ably carry on the good work. At present, owing to the standing crops, it is very hard to get a good run, but the course yesterday was very fair, though there was a little too much of the lane business at the start. We hope gentlemen who are riding over the same ground on Thursday, will endeavour to avoid the crops as much as possible, as otherwise the good Bengalis may prove troublesome when other courses are being made. The weather yesterday morning was very chilly, and everybody was shivering, mostly from cold.



The gallery mustered very strong, and were rewarded by a good view of the greater portion of the run. Falls were very numerous, chiefly the fault of the riders, as nearly all the nags were jumping beautifully. The start took place near the Juggernaut Car up a lane to the right, and then down another lane to the left. The paper was laid by Mr. Carlisle on Master McGrath, who fenced magnificently, and Mr. Pedestrian on Cinders, who hit the hurdles hard and eventually brought his rider down.

Amongst the followers of the paper we noticed the Mem Sahib on The Laird, Mr. Lawrence on Ladylove, Mr. Lawrie on Pilgrim, Captain Griffiths on Donald, Mr. Gough on the Old Ass, Mr. King on a cobby brown, Mr. Beresford on Gipsy, Mr. Boyd on Le Moke, Mr. O'Malley on Black Boy, Mr. Butler on Bellows, Mr. Myers on Silver Fox, The Bummer on Ullmann, Mr. Anderson on Commissioner, Mr. Décle on Roderick Dhu, the Greek on The Villain, Mr. Learoyd on Handicap, Captain Webb on Gazelle, Mr. Mercantile on a brown, Mr. Campobello on the Partition, Major Fitzgerald on a nice looking bay, Captain Muir on Trooper, "The Tougall" on Blackwater, Dr. Dhurumtollah on Madman, Dr. Ditto, Junior, on Ladybird, Mr. Drydendale and Mr. Fraser on Warrigal and Banker, Mr. Stevenson on a chestnut, Mr. Orrell on a bay.

At the call of time we dashed down the lane to the left and then over the first hurdle in the open to the right, the leading division being Blackwater, Trooper, The Laird, Gazelle, Unknown, Silver Fox, Partition and a stranger, who charged the hurdle boldly after losing his hat and both stirrups. He managed, however, to get back in the saddle and then pulled up with a jerk among the carriages. This first obstacle proved a stopper to Mr. Décle, whose horse here "stopped short, never to go again"—at least in this chase. The field now swept on at a good pace across the road over a mud wall and a couple of hurdles and again into the jungle. Here a mud wall proved too much for Mr. Myers, who resumed the journey on foot, and the Greek shortly afterwards went to grass. We now came round to the left over a nice piece of country, the pace beginning to increase, and Mr. Orrell taking the opportunity of falling on a soft spot. We now got our heads in the direction of home. Blackwater still leading with the Trooper, Gazelle, Unknown, Gipsy and Black Boy lying handy. Here the leaders overshoot the paper and landed in a swamp. The Bummer, Mr. Mercantile, and Mr. Stevenson, landing at the bottom of it, while a little further up Dr. Dhurumtollah, Junior, and Mr. Campobello also came to grief, the result terminating, we regret to say, fatally for Dr. Dhurumtollah, Junior,—better known as Dr. Woolcott of Messrs. Cook & Co.'s. The remainder of the field galloped on in the direction of the winning post, The Masher taking the opportunity to tumble off at a corner. He was



soon up, and apparently relished his spill so much that he did his utmost to repeat the performance among the carriages. His horse, however, would not allow him to indulge further in his acrobatic fancies. The finish was now left to Trooper, Blackwater, Gazelle, and Gipsy, and they negotiated the last wall in the order named ; "The Tougall" now shot the corner sharp, and obtained the lead from Captain Muir, who was never able to regain it, and was beaten for first position by a length. Mr. Beresford, who came with a rattle at the finish, a good third, just in front of the little Captain who was followed by Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Anderson and Mr. O'Malley.

The riding with a few exceptions was very bad, and we trust as the season advances we shall have an improvement, as there is plenty of room for it. We were sorry to miss these good sportsmen Mr. Cartwright, the Major, Mr. Agra, Mr. Cecil, Mr. McNair and others. We trust their absence is only temporary, and that we shall soon see them again to the front.

We have been requested to add that Dr. Woolcott's funeral will take place at 4-30 P.M., this afternoon, from 184, Dhurrumtollah.

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We much regret that our article of Friday's Paperchase was sent into press before the writer had heard full particulars of the fatal termination of Dr. Woolcott's unfortunate accident, and we were only able to refer shortly to the painful event. His death has cast a great gloom over the sporting community of Calcutta, as not only was he a great favourite with them, but he was also very popular with the general public, as he was always willing and pleased to take any amount of trouble to oblige anyone who sought his services. He was only 25 years of age, and, as he was devoted to his profession, had very bright prospects in life. He was a bold rider, a good sportsman, and a cheery companion. We never heard any one say a word against him, and we believe he had not an enemy in the world. The liking and respect the Calcutta Public had for him was amply testified by the numerous attendance at his funeral on Saturday.

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So deep was the regret felt by all at the fatal accident to Dr. Woolcott in the first Paperchase, that it was decided, as a tribute to his memory, that no meeting should take place during the following week. Since then we have had so much rain that the country has not been in a fit state to ride over. Messrs Carlisle and Walker, however, have been hard at work making a course, and the second chase took place yesterday morning. The course was one of the best we have ever seen, the jungle being avoided in a marvellous way. The going was capital, but we think the distance was a little too long, considering



the paperchasing season has only just begun. We noticed many horses, and riders too, done to a turn, before reaching the winning post.

The weather was cold and bright without any fog, so the attendance was fairly good, though not nearly so numerous as at the first paperchase. We are glad to say there was a marked improvement in the riding all round, and spills were few and far between.

The meeting place was on the left hand side of the road, just beyond the Jodhpur Thannah, the first hurdle being judiciously placed, well in the open. The paper was well laid by Mr. Pedestrian on Cinders, and Captain Muir on Skipper.

The field was small. We noticed the Mem Saheb on Black Pearl, Mr. Campobello on the Partition, Mr. Peel on Snowstorm, Captain Rochfort on a brown, Mr. Cartwright on Ladybird, Mr. Lawrie on Lorna Doone, Mr. Beresford on Skylark, Mr. Masher on a black, "The Tougall" on Zulu, Captain Haines on Manchester, Captain Harbord on a brown, Lord Alwyn on a Baby, which we think he rode last season, Mr. Suave on Childe Chappie. Mr. Murray on Zil, The Major on a breedy looking chestnut, Mr. Boyd on Le Moke, Mr. Anderson on Commissioner, Mr. Dynamite on Stonehenge, Mr. Drysdale on Warrigal, Mr. Décle on Hurricane, Mr. Kilburn on Red Knight, Dr. Morgan on Fairlie, Mr. Edwards on Whalebone, etc., etc.

The start was delayed about five minutes, owing to a train stopping opposite the crossing gates, which accordingly had to be closed. As soon as they were opened, the signal was given to start. At this period a youth mounted on a roan pony who was about 100 yards in front of the field, dashed forward over the first obstacle. We presume his youthfulness is the only excuse for this very unsporting behaviour. "A fair start and no favour" is considered a point of honour amongst the paperchasing community of Calcutta.

After clearing the first hurdle, which proved a stopper to Captain Rochfort and Dr. Morgan, we went away towards and over some natural ditches which tried the cleverness of many of the horses, the leading division consisting of Zil, Ladybird, Stonehenge and Zulu. We now crossed the railway and turned to the left over a nice line of ditches, hurdles and mud walls. A big ditch proved too much for Mr. Dynamite, who lay at the bottom, while several horses cleared him in their stride. Shortly afterwards we recrossed the railway and went through some rather close country which enabled Messrs. Butler, Campobello, and Peel to join the leading division. The paper was now laid over some very open country, and the pace got slightly faster, Zil, Zulu, and Ladybird being at the head of affairs. We now turned to the left up a lane in the direction of the main road, after reaching which a very sharp turn to the right brought us in sight of the last two jumps, which were beautifully placed for the inspection of the



public Mr. Murray now gave Zil her head, and coming away at every stride, won very easily by several lengths. The Partition second, Mr. Masher third, "The Tougall" fourth, Ladybird was fifth, and, as she jumped magnificently, it was quite apparent that her fall at the first chase was entirely owing to other horses interfering with her. Captain Harbord was sixth.

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The third chase came off yesterday morning, a day earlier than had been anticipated. The gallery were in strong force, though we were sorry to see so few of the fair sex present, as their presence always acts as a stimulant to the mashers of the field; the weather was bright and bitterly cold, and everyone was wrapped up to the eyes in warm *kupia*, which was very much needed. The field was very small, owing greatly to so many nags being laid up with coughs at this time of the year; a good many horses also have gone up-country for pigsticking during the Christmas week. The course was very well selected, and the jumps nicely placed, the going in parts was very heavy, but we can expect nothing else after the dose of rain that has lately fallen. We were glad to see that riders have now got some idea into their heads of keeping their own line; mishaps are, therefore, few and far between.

The start took place at the Juggernaut Car, down the main road to the left, over a hurdle and a mud wall and then across the road and a hurdle into the jungle.

The paper was laid by Mr. Pedestrian on Cinders and Captain Muir on a rather restive bay. Amongst the starters we noticed the Mem Sahib on Black Pearl, "The Tougall" on Zulu, Captain Rochfort on a brown, Captain Harbord on a ditto, Mr. Beresford on Godfrey, The Bummer on Red Rover, Mr. Murray on Zil, the Greek on The Villain, Mr. O'Malley on Gipsy, Mr. Lawrie on Pilgrim, Mr. Cartwright on Ladybird, The Major on Cooper, Mr. Gough on Jim, Mr. Corrie on Stag-beetle, Mr. Burn on a brown, Mr. Campobello on the Partition, Mr. Boyd on Le Moke, Lord Alwyn on a bay, Mr. Helyar on Something, Mr. Learoyd on Handicap, Mr. Peel on his old friend The Skipper, Mr. Anderson and many others whose names are unknown to us.

At the call of time we went off at a slow pace which quickened up a bit when we got to the first hurdle. The leaders were all close together, consisting of Lord Alwyn, Zil, The Greek, The Mem Sahib, and Gipsy, while the ruck were close behind. After crossing the road we went over a hurdle and into the jungle, the pace being slow. The Greek was now leading, but the paper taking a sharp turn he overshot it and went into a big tree. We now left the jungle for a time, and went into some heavy ground and over a bund, a hurdle and a wall. Mr. Helyar was now leading with Pilgrim and Gipsy close up. The course now wound close to a pile of bricks which most of the field



steered clear of. The Tougall, however, insisted upon inspecting this novel object, and we left this enterprising sportsman and his steed rolling on their backs. We now turned to the right over some nice open ground, the pace being very fast. The water jump now appeared in view, and proved such an attraction to one of the Government House party that he missed a hurdle in his eagerness to reach it. Godfrey, Zil, Ladybird now joined the leaders, while the Mem Sahib's mount began to hold out signals of distress. The paper now went through some close jungle and into the open, where the red flags were seen in the distance. Gipsy now missed the paper for a few seconds, but soon recovered it and leading over the last hurdle won hands down by a length, Captain Rochfort, who cut a corner at the finish, was second. The third place appeared to be between Pilgrim, Godfrey, Mr. Helyar and Mr. Burn, who were closely followed by Ladybird, Zil, Le Moke and the Mem Sahib. We never saw a closer finish, as the first flight were all neck and neck about a length and a half behind the winner. Next week we presume the Behar gentlemen will give us a show, and it is to be hoped that the public will turn out in strong force, as there is sure to be a good run. Calcutta sportsmen will have to ride their best as the Mofussilities are sure to ride very hard for first honours.

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Great disappointment was felt on Saturday morning when it was found that, owing to a parade taking place at 7 A.M., the gallant Behar Light Horse were unable to be present at the Paperchase. The course had been specially prepared for a big field, and the Mofussiliites would have had a very pleasant ride. However, we trust next week that their military duties will not interfere with what we trust will prove as good a chase as the one we witnessed on Saturday. The going was very good, though rather "ponky" in some parts, and the jumps were very well built and judiciously situated. The pace throughout was very fast, in fact, faster than we have seen it this season; the ruck were out of it before going half a mile, and had only covered about half the course when the leading division landed over the final hurdle. Spills were very plentiful, though we believe nobody was seriously hurt.

The start took place at the sheep-pens, and at the advertised time for starting a large crowd had assembled on the road near; the paper, however, was 20 minutes late, which caused a good deal of grumbling. The paper was laid by Mr. Carlisle on Master McGrath and Mr. Perman on his good old hunter Rufus.

Amongst those present we noticed the Mem Sahib on Handicap, Mr. Cartwright on Ladybird, Captain Harbord on a brown, Captain McCausland (whom we were all glad to see back again) on St. Patrick, Mr. Rivers on Magpie, Mr. Allsopp on a big brown, Captain Rochfort on a ditto, Mr. Gough on Jim, Mr. Nosnevets on Red Rover, Captain Muir



on a bay, Mr. Beresford on Godfrey, Mr. Lawrie on Pilgrim, Mr. Décle on The Howle, Lord Alwyn on a bay, Mr. Mercantile on Zil, Mr. Pedestrian on the Squire, Dr. Morgan on a bay, Mr. Peel on Partition, The Bummer on Lord Donald, Mr. Lennox on Nawab, Mr. Dunne on a black, etc., etc.

At the call of time we went off with a rush to the first hurdle, which proved disastrous to one gentleman, who tumbled off after clearing the obstacle, Mr. Décle also was unable to persuade his nag to jump, and finally disappeared into the jungle, from which he and his stud subsequently emerged at different periods. The second hurdle was successfully negotiated by all, and we then swept on to the "in and out" the leading division consisting of St. Patrick, Pilgrim, Godfrey, Ladybird and Red Rover. We now turned to the left, and Red Rover, after colliding with everybody he could, got to the head of affairs and led the field down the pucca at a tremendous pace. A sharp turn to the right, however, proved too much for his rider, who went to mother earth much to everybody's relief. We now went through some nice country and over several walls and hurdles in close order. A bit of cramped country here brought Mr. Allsopp and his nag a regular crumpler. The paper now led into the open. Here St. Patrick, Pilgrim and Godfrey came away from the rest at racing pace, their riders apparently thinking the finish was near at hand. This was, however, not the case, and the course going through a piece of very close country. Handicap, Ladybird and Jim joined the leading trio.

Mr. Gough now led for a bit, but overshooting the paper enabled Captain McCausland and Mr. Lawrie to head the field. A sweep to the right now brought us in sight of the last leap. St. Patrick appeared to be winning easily; the Mem Sahib, however, was not done with yet and catching Handicap by the head, she gave him a couple of rousers, and the horse running as game as a pebble she caught the Captain at the last jump and won a beautifully ridden race by a length, Pilgrim third, Ladybird, Godfrey and Jim all within a couple of lengths of the winner. The rest of the field were beaten off.

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In order to suit the Behar Light Horse Rifles, the fifth Paperchase was postponed till Saturday. Contrary to expectation, the field was a very small one. We believe only six Mofussilites started. They, however, were good men and true, but their horses were unable to go the pace with the Calcutta Juldiwallahs. We hear more would have started, had not so many troop horses been laid up with sore backs. Many usual followers of the paper were absent as it was thought that there would be a tremendous scramble. As it was, however, the chase was entirely free from jostlery and crossing, and the ride was most enjoyable. The pace was a cracker from start to finish; so fast, indeed,



that the gallery had no time to reach the winning post, and the leading division were received by a few gaping natives. We much regret to hear that the Mem Sahib, while changing horses before the start, was so badly kicked that she had to proceed home. As she was present at the Ballygunge Steeplechases she apparently sustained no serious injury, and we shall soon see her again in the field. It is particularly to be regretted that the accident occurred on this occasion as all Calcutta would have liked the Behar men to have seen our leading lady at the head of the field. Never have we known the weather so cold as it was on Saturday morning, and even the competitors in the chase hardly appeared to be warm when they reached the winning post. The paper was laid by Mr. Perman on Rufus and Captain Muir on Trooper. Amongst the field we noticed the following Behar gentlemen :—Mr. Canning on Fieldfare, Mr. Dixon on the Crocodile, and Mr. Macpherson on a brown, also Mr. Cartwright on Ladybird, Captain Harbord on a brown, Mr. Lawrie on Pilgrim, Mr. Lennox on the Blackguard, Mr. Gough on Jim, Captain Rochfort on a brown, Mr. Burn on a bay, Mr. Anderson on Commissioner, Mr. Beresford on Godfrey, The Bummer on Zulu, Mr. Rivers on Magpie, Dr. Morgan on a grey, Mr. Butler on Lina, Major Fitzgerald on his bay, Mr. Kilburn on Red Cross Knight, Mr. Helyar on a bay, Mr. Nosnevets on Red Rover, etc., etc.

At the call of time Pilgrim and Godfrey led over the first hurdle, closely followed by Zulu, Lina, Captain Harbord and Ladybird.

This order was maintained till we reached the wall near the railway, where Pilgrim refused and the running was taken up by Zulu, Godfrey and Ladybird. A sharp turn to the right now enabled the field to get on terms with the leaders. A hurdle here proved too much for Mr. Butler, who after hanging on to his horse by one leg in the most approved circus fashion, finally sat on the cold earth with a gasp of relief. We now crossed the road, Pilgrim again leading the field ; a double now puzzled some of the field, especially Mr. Beresford, whose horse jumped so big that he landed on the second wall, and it took his rider all his time to say nothing of all his bad language to recover his upright position. The paper next lay through some close jungle, and the field had to proceed in single file. On emerging into the open Mr. Macpherson dashed to the front, but the next wall brought him and his nag a regular crumpler, and we are afraid this sportman must have had a bad shaking, as it looked a nasty fall. The course here turned to the left over some very soft fields, the leading division consisting of Pilgrim, Zulu, Ladybird, Jim and Godfrey. We again went through a patch of jungle, and on reaching the open, the red flags appeared about a quarter of a mile ahead, over some capital ground with



two hurdles nicely placed for racing home over. Mr. Lawrie now gave Pilgrim her head, and coming away as he liked, won by several lengths. Zulu was second over the final hurdle, but his rider pulled up before reaching the red flags. Ladybird and Jim therefore had a race for second place which the former gained by a neck. Godfrey, Major Fitzgerald and Red Rover came next, and then Mr. Canning and another Behar gentleman treated the public to a slashing finish for seventh position. We hear that the Behar sportsmen did not think the jumps big enough; we would, however, remind them that as, with one exception, they rode in the ruck, the legs were considerably knocked about before they reached them. The one exception alluded to attempted to lead the field over a wall, and as above mentioned, came to grief. We ourselves think the jumps are quite big enough to afford a pleasant ride, as it is not desirable that paperchasing should be turned into steeplechasing.

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We regret to find that the descriptions of the paperchases which has appeared in these columns have given rise to the querulous correspondence which have been amusing the Calcutta public during the last week. It must be owned that when about ten riders all come in close together (every one of them gravely asserting that he is either second or third) it is sometimes rather difficult to chronicle their proper positions, but as it happens this season, our reporter has had a remarkably good view of the finishes, and we are satisfied that the first flight have always been correctly placed. However, after all, people go to these chases for a morning ride and not for the sake of their names appearing in the public prints.

The sixth Paperchase had been postponed twice on account of the foggy weather, and we supposed the gallery were afraid to again being disappointed, as the gathering at the winning post yesterday was very scanty. The field, however, was quite up to the average. The start took place to the right of the Jodhpore Thannah about 300 yards from the main road. The paper was carried by Mr. Perman on the Juvenile, and Mr. Pedestrian on Cinders. Among the field we noticed the Mem Sahib on Atalanta, Captain Muir on Trooper, Mr. Kilburn on Red Knight, Mr. Burn on a brown, Lord William on a bay, Mr. Beresford on Kirk, Mr. Mercantile on Zil, Mr. Chapman on a bay, Indigo Billy on Blackwater, Mr. Peel on his little grey, Captain McCausland on St. Patrick, Mr. Gough on Jim, Mr. Myers on Zulu, Mr. Stevenson on Red Rover, Captain Webb on the Squire, Mr. Cartwright on Ladybird, Mr. McCartie on the Crocodile, Dr. Morgan on Fairlie, Mr. Cochin China on Telescope, Mr. Campobello on Partition, Mr. Lawrie on the Pilgrim, Mr. Currie on Volunteer, Mr. Chota Walker on Pedestrian, Mr. Tangee, etc., etc.



At the call of time the field started off at a strong pace, the leading division consisting of Blackwater, Pilgrim, Jim, Red Knight, Kirk, Ladybird, and the Squire. The paper led straight for the main road, but after negotiating two jumps, we found the next bend was sharp to the right. The next hurdle brought Ladybird to grief, who in getting on her legs, kicked her rider badly about the face. We, however, are glad to hear that (with the exception of his beauty being spoilt for some time) he is not seriously damaged. Mr. Beresford tumbled off a few yards further on, and Mr. Chapman was observed tramping sturdily homeward, through the plough. The course here went over some very nice country with lots of jumps. Blackwater and St. Patrick were now leading, while Captain Muir was lying near them. We now wound round to the left through some jungle till we came in sight of the road, the paper running parallel with it for some time. A mud wall with a drop on the landing side proved too much for Indigo Billy, who reached *terra firma* with great celerity, owing, chiefly, we believe, to his saddle slipping round. The course here went over the road in the direction of the railway, the following being at the head of the field:—St. Patrick, Trooper, Zil and the Squire. The paper led to the left round a thick clump of jungle, on the far side of which the final hurdle was placed. St. Patrick now appeared to be winning, but Captain Webb, bringing the Squire with a rush, managed to secure the first position, St. Patrick a good second, Captain Muir third, Mr. Mercantile fourth, Mr. Chota Walker fifth, Mr. Cochin China sixth. The going was rather heavy and the distance long. All the horses rapped the last hurdle in a way which showed they were pretty well done.

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The seventh Calcutta Paperchase took place on Saturday, and afforded one of the best runs we have had this season. The going was capital, and the distance not too long. The fog luckily held off, and the weather was bright and cold; the number of followers of the paper was small but the gallery turned out in strong numbers, many strangers being present. It is generally thought that the hurdles were being put up a little too stiff, as two horses hit them and came down at once, as if their legs had been caught by ropes. It is all right to have the first hurdles pukka, but the last two hurdles might be put up a little slack, especially when they are placed in ploughed fields.

Proceedings began by Mr. Charity mounting a new horse on the Maidan. As soon as he was in the saddle down went the horse's head, up went the back, and Mr. Charity turned a beautiful somersault. The horse went home, and the fallen one witnessed the chase on foot.

The start took place at the Jodhpore Thannah, on the left side of the road, the paper being laid by Mr. Pedestrian on Cinders and Mr.



Perman on Paddy. Amongst the field we noticed the Mem Sahib on Black Pearl, Captain Harbord on a brown, Mr. Burn on a ditto, Mr. Stevenson on Red Rover, Captain Muir on Skipper, Lord William on a bay, Mr. Mercantile on Zil, Mr. Chota Pedestrian on a black, Mr. Peel on Blackwater, Mr. Apcar on Tambourine, Mr. Kilburn on Red Knight, the Greek on a brown, Mr. Campbell on Partition, Mr. Anderson on Commissioner, Mr. Sandilands on a brown, Mr. Macartie on Telescope, Dr. Morgan on Fairlie, Captain Rochfort and several strangers, whose names are unknown to us. At the call of time Lord William dashed off with the lead, but at the first hurdle his horse fell, and the running was taken up by Red Knight, Captain Harbord, Telescope, Skipper, and Blackwater. The paper headed straight for the railway, and then curved round to the right in the direction of the main road. After crossing the road we went to the left, the leading division consisting of Blackwater, Skipper, Tambourine, Zil, Telescope, and the Greek. Mr. Chota Pedestrian and his steed were now seen separated, the rest of the horses jumping beautifully, though some of the riders were a little loose in their saddles. Some close country now slackened the pace slightly, which was fortunate, as the next two walls were rather stiff. We now got our heads in the direction of Jodhpore Thannah, Skipper, Zil and Telescope being at the head of the field. After skirting a patch of jungle the last two jumps appeared in sight; Skipper was now leading by two lengths. The last hurdle, however, brought him a regular purler, his rider luckily escaping with a shaking. Blackwater and Zil now raced for first place, which the latter secured by half a length, Tambourine third, a length behind, Telescope close up, fourth.

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The eighth Paperchase took place yesterday morning. The attendance, both in the field and on the road, was very meagre, and it seems a pity that the chase could not have taken place on Friday, which being a general holiday, the public would have turned out in great numbers. The weather yesterday was bright and clear, and much cooler than it was the previous week. We are glad to see that the followers of the paper are now all riding much better than they did at the beginning of the season, while there is a marked improvement in the jumping of the horses. We see that there is to be a Sky Race Meeting on the 9th February, and as paperchase nags are now pretty fit, we trust we shall see many of them competing for the events. We also hope that we shall see some fresh amateurs' sporting skill, as if they can stick on in a paperchase they are quite capable of performing creditably over hurdles, and it seems a shame that, in a sporting place like Calcutta, there should be a dearth of gentlemen riders.

The start took place on the right of the road near the Jodhpore Thannah. The paper was carried by Mr. Perman on Paddy and



Mr. Anderson on Commissioner. Amongst the starters we noticed the Mem Sahib on Atalanta, Mr. Kilburn on Red Knight, Captain Beresford on a brown, Mr. Beresford on Godfrey, Mr. Macartie on Dan, Dr. Morgan on Fairlie, the Greek on a brown, Mr. Cochon China on Telescope, Mr. Mercantile on Zil, Mr. Myers on Zulu, Mr. Peel on a grey, Mr. Learoyd on Handicap, etc., etc.

At the call of time we started in the direction of the main road over a pretty stiff hurdle, the leading division consisting of Mr. Macartie, Red Knight, Godfrey, and Zulu. After negotiating the second jump—a mud wall—we turned sharp to the right, which rather put out Mr. Macartie, who overshot the paper. Red Knight and Zulu now led through a piece of jungle and on to a hurdle, which they both refused, and the running was taken up by Zil, Godfrey, and Fairlie. The paper now went to the right straight away over some very open country with several stiff mud walls, two hurdles and an in-and-out. All the horses were jumping well, especially Fairlie, whose lepping was a treat to witness. After skirting a bit of jungle we went over an open bit of country in the direction of Jodhpore Thannah. The pace now was fast, Zil, Zulu, and Fairlie being the leaders. After reaching the starting place the paper lay over the lane and gateway, and through a rather long stretch of jungle. On reaching the open the two last hurdles came in view, and Mr. Mercantile giving Zil her head, came in an easy first, Zulu second, Mr. Macartie third; Fairlie and the Greek were close up fourth and fifth.

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The ninth Paperchase took place yesterday morning, the course being about the best we have had this season. The weather was bright and cold without any fog; the spectators were few in number, which was a pity, as it was a capital gallery chase. There were many of the usual chase horses conspicuous by their absence, owing to their owners reserving them for the Sky Races on Saturday, which promise to be unusually good, no fewer than forty-six entries having been obtained for the six events. For the pony race nine ponies are entered, including Chief, Gazelle, Bapta, Trout and Cinnabar, while for the lep races Jimmy, Johnny Crapaud, Warrigal, Lunatic, etc., will appear, and the Flat Race will prove an interesting contest between Rebecca, Squire, and Trafalgar. We strongly recommend the public to go and witness what will, undoubtedly, be a capital afternoon's sport.

The start yesterday took place near the Red Road, at the place where the Cup Chase started last year, the paper being laid by Mr. Pedestrian on Cinders and Mr. Anderson on Commissioner. Amongst those present we noticed the Mem Sahib on Beryl, Mr. Cartwright on Ladybird, Mr. Irwin on a bay, Major Cook on Black Pearl, Mr. Kilburn



on Red Knight, Mr. Henry on a bay, Mr. Helyar on a ditto, Mr. Mercantile on Zil, Mr. Gough on Jim, The Greek on Apostle, Mr. Apcar on Tambourine, Mr. C. F. Barrow on Kilmore, Mr. Rivers on Magpie, Dr. Morgan on Fairlie, Mr. Peel, Mr. and Mrs. Chapman, Mr. Macartie, Mr. Campbell on Partition, etc., etc.

At the word "go" Beryl began to buck in the most approved manner. The Mem Sahib sat tight for five bucks when her hat flew off, and at the sixth buck she followed her topee, luckily escaping without injury. Tambourine, Black Pearl, The Apostle, and Ladybird led over the first hurdle, and then on to another hurdle, with a drop, in full view of the gallery. This obstacle proved very trying to many of the riders, several of whom embraced their horses in the most loving way, while Mr. Barrow reached mother earth, apparently somewhat against his inclination. The paper was laid over a double, Tambourine, Zil, Jim, and Ladybird leading them over a mud wall, and into the open, where a hurdle caused Ladybird to run out, and Mrs. Mercantile shortly after tried the hardness of the ground without, however, we are glad to say, sustaining any harm, as she was able to go the course afterwards in her usual dashing style. We now cross the road and over a mud wall, Zil, Red Knight, Jim and The Apostle composing the foremost contingent. The pace now slackened down, owing to the paper lying through a bit of jungle, and on emerging into the open, the pace again quickened up, and we raced over a hurdle, a mud wall, several ditches, and then another wall. Zil was now leading by about fifty yards. The course now curved round to the left till we headed on the Red Road when we found that we had a straight run in over two hurdles. Mrs. Mercantile was now going very easily at the head of the field, but Mr. Gough's Irish blood was roused, and ramming his spurs into Jim, he encouraged him with shouts of "Faugh-a-ballagh" and "Erin-go-bragh," and the horse answering gamely, they rattled over the two last hurdles at a grand pace, but could never quite reach Zil, who won somewhat easily by a length, Red Knight third, Mr. Henry fourth, The Apostle fifth, Tambourine sixth, Ladybird seventh.

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The tenth Paperchase came off on Saturday, and was undoubtedly the fastest run we have had this season. The pace was a cracker from start to finish. All the leading horses, however, jumped beautifully, and those faint hearts who lay behind in the hopes of scrambling through gaps must have been bitterly disappointed to find the fences almost untouched. There is no doubt that these chases are capital schooling for horses and riders, and we saw proof of this at the Sky Races on the 9th instant, when Zulu, judiciously ridden by his young owner, beat such horses as Lunatic, Gameboy, etc., although they were handled by professionals. We trust Mr. Baron's success will induce other light



weights to don the silk at the monsoon meetings this year, as new blood is badly wanted, and is always cordially welcomed.

In spite of the rain, which fell early on Saturday morning, the weather turned out fine by 7 A.M., and the temperature was just right. The field was very small, but the gallery turned out a good number, though, owing to the start and finish taking place close to a very narrow lane, most of the spectators took to their feet, while those who stuck bravely to their traps were jolted about in the most alarming manner. Many usual followers of the chase were absent, including The Major, Mr. Mercantile, Mr. Cartwright, the Greek, etc., etc., but we were glad to see Child Chappie out again, who apparently tired of Late Nights, was mounted on his old favourite Ladylove. The start took place to the left of the lane, leading from Rosedale, the paper being carried by Mr. Pedestrian on Cinders and Mr. Anderson on Commissioner. Amongst the starters we noticed the Mem Sahib on Black Pearl, Mr. Smith on Little King, Mr. Helyar on a brown, Mr. Baron on Zulu, Captain Muir on Skipper, Mr. Henry on a bay, Mr. Irwin on Adjutant, Mr. Beresford on Godfrey, Captain Webb on the Squire, Mr. Learoyd on Handicap, Mr. Lawrie on Pilgrim, Mr. Peel on Blackwater, Dr Morgan on Fairlie, Mr. Kilburn on Red Knight, Mr. Lenox on the Fire Engine, Mr. Lawrence on Ladylove, etc., etc.

At the call of time we dashed away at a grand pace, the first hurdle being taken by Handicap, Pilgrim, Blackwater, Red Knight, Zulu and Godfrey, all close together. The paper now led into a very deep ditch which stopped the pace for a few seconds ; we then dashed up the road, and across the railway, Handicap, Zulu, and Red Knight, leading. After crossing the railway a sharp turn to the right brought us in full view of a mud wall, after which we curved round to the left and on to a stiff hurdle, which brought Mr. Henry to earth, his horse appearing to roll right over him. We, however, saw him on his legs afterwards, and trust he escaped with a shaking only. The course was now quite straight for about three-quarters of a mile, and the pace was furious, the leading division consisting of Zulu, Fairlie, Blackwater and Pilgrim, all of whom were fencing in good style. After going over some rough ground, we turned to the left over a mud wall with a drop and a hurdle. We then got our heads towards the railway and galloped across the lane. Zulu was now leading easily, but ran out at a hurdle. This enabled Pilgrim (who missed one jump altogether) to get a long lead which Zulu could never quite make up. Mr. Lawrie, therefore, passed the flag first, Zulu second, Blackwater third, Fairlie fourth, Mr. Helyar fifth.

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The gathering at the Paperchase yesterday was the largest we have seen for some weeks in spite of the dance at the Fort on the previous night, which kept many of the mashers out of bed till the small hours of



the morning. The weather was just right, while the shower of rain which fell on Sunday last had considerably improved the going. The Government House party turned out strong, and Lord William gave the public a treat by showing them Jack's jumping powers.

The Cup, we believe, will be run for in the second week in March. We anticipate that there will only be about ten starters. From their performances, Zil, Blackwater, Pilgrim, and Zulu appear to hold the rest of the field safe. "The Tougall," however, has rendered himself so useful to his employers, that they object to his risking his precious life over leps. Blackwater will, therefore, not start, but we ought to witness a grand race between the other three, while Commissioner, Jim, and Red Knight are sure to be in the front rank.

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The course yesterday was good, though some of the turns were very sharp, no doubt with the idea of stopping the pace, which it certainly succeeded in doing to some extent. Falls were very plentiful. Sovereign slipped up at a corner, and got rid of his rider, while Othello also slipped going up a bank, his rider escaping with a dirty coat. Mr. Agra also came to grief at an open ditch, which he charged with all the daring and impetuosity that characterised his performances on the Kentish hunting nag, which however stopped short, but his rider's blood was now roused, and casting a look of contempt on his steed he boldly dived over the chasm, and was afterwards seen proceeding nimbly on his boots through a ploughed field.

The start took place across the railway, close to the Jodhpore station. The paper was laid by Mr. Perman and Captain Muir. Amongst the starters we noticed the Mem Sahib on Black Pearl, Mrs. Chapman on Master McGrath, Mr. Baron on Zulu, Mr. Beresford on Silver Fox, Captains Rochfort and Harbord on a pair of browns, Major Cook on Harlequin, Mr. Dunne on a black, Mr. Chota Pedestrian on Othello, The Bummer on Godfrey, Mr. Sandilands on Jimmy, Mr. Burn on a brown, Mr. Peel on his little grey, Mr. Mercantile on Zil, Lord William on Jack, Mr. Rawlinson on a bay, Mr. Gough on Jim, Mr. Anderson on Commissioner, Mr. Cooper on Red Rover, Mr. Chapman on Sovereign, Mr. Agra on Full Stop, Mr. Learoyd on Handicap, Mr. Apcar on Tambourine, etc., etc.

At the call of time, Tambourine, Captain Harbord, and Zulu led off at a sharp pace over a hurdle, which was placed parallel with the railway, and then round to the right over a line of jumps well placed in the open. We next turned to the left over a couple of ditches, and up a lane. About twelve of the leaders here overshot the paper, which turned off very sharp to the right. This enabled Commissioner and Black Pearl to obtain the lead, and they rattled straight away for about half a mile at a merry pace. The course now curved round in the



direction of home. Zulu, Commissioner, Red Rover, Mr. Rawlinson and Zil were now leading. The pace being fast, a slippery lane here made most of the riders take a pull at their nags, but on again reaching the open the leaders began to race; a mud wall here brought Red Rover to grief. After skirting a clump of jungle the red flags appeared with a nice run in over two hurdles. Zulu now appeared to have the best of it, but Mr. Anderson was not to be done, and shaking up Commissioner he forged to the front, and won pretty easily by a couple of lengths from Zulu; Mr. Rawlinson third, Mr. Peel fourth, Mr. Helyar fifth, Mr. Dunne sixth.

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The attendance at the Paperchase yesterday was very meagre, and the number of followers few. We suppose many sportsmen are reserving themselves for the Cup, which they advertised to be run for on 6th March. This has caused a good deal of grumbling as from previous advertisements it was generally understood that the Cup would be the second chase in March; some horses, therefore, will not be qualified to start, unless the number of chases for qualification is reduced from six to five. The weather yesterday was decidedly warm, and horses and riders, as a rule, came in utterly exhausted. The course was very open though the going was soft, and the distance considerably longer than we have generally been accustomed to. Falls and mishaps were plentiful: Mr. Watkins was swept off by the wing of the first hurdle, and Mr. Baron got a nasty fall at a big bund. He, however, escaped with what he described as "an awful shaking." Mr. Edwards parted company with his saddle owing to his horse stopping short at the last fence. Mr. Learoyd and Lord William both came to grief when leading close to home. This was owing to the paper being laid close to a shallow sort of ditch into which Handicap tumbled and Jack rolled over him. Nobody, however, was any the worse for the mishaps.

The start took place just beyond the Jodhpore Thannah on the right hand side of the road, the paper being carried by Messrs. Perman and Fox. Amongst the starters we noticed the Mem Sahib on Black Pearl, Mr. Peel on his grey, Captain Rochfort and Mr. Burn on a pair of browns, the Greek on the Villain, Lord William on Jack, Mr. Mercantile on Zil, Mr. Beresford on Lord Donald, Mr. Anderson on Commissioner, Mr. Sandilands on Dolly Varden, The Bummer on Premier, Dr. Morgan on Dauntless, Mr. Apcar on Tambourine, Mr. Learoyd on Handicap, Mr. Dunne on a black, Mr. Rivers on Magpie, Mr. Croft and Mr. Gough on Jim, etc., etc.

At the call of time we dashed over the first hurdle, the leading division consisting of Tambourine, Mr. Dunne, Lord Donald, Black Pearl, and Jack. We next turned towards the long track of open going generally known as the bund-country. The pace now was very fast,



and the jumps, consisting chiefly of mud walls and natural banks, very numerous. A big bank with a path running along the top of it proved a little too much for some of the horses, while many riders clung desperately to their horses' necks on reaching the landing side. After going over two very stiff old banks, we went through a piece of jungle to the right. Zil and Handicap now rushed to the front, the pace still being good. On emerging from the jungle we rattled down a long bit of lane and then sharp to the right over a nice bit of open country. In the direction of the Thannah the going hereabouts being very soft, Zil and Handicap were leading with Jack lying handy, while Commissioner was now hurried up to the front. The course now went over several mud walls, a hurdle, and a bank and across the road where the finish took place over a hurdle, a mud wall with a drop, and another hurdle. Handicap led over the road, after which Jack rushed up to him, and they took the hurdle together. They, however, had to turn very sharp to the left to reach the mud wall, and as above mentioned they both came down at the trappy place near which the paper was laid. Zil had now no difficulty in securing first honours, while the Mem Sahib, who came with a rattle over the last hurdle, was just beaten for third place by Commissioner, Mr. Dunne fourth, Tambourine fifth.

#### 1884-85.

With the month of December come the Paperchases, and old friends whose faces we are glad to see again.

“Jam satis terris nivis atque dirœ

“Grandinis misit pater.—”

Which being interpreted into the vernacular meaneth, the rains are over, and we shall now proceed to enjoy ourselves.

“Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum

“Collegisse juvat, metaque fervido.”

We shall again see coaches toiling up the Gurriah Hât Road, a proof of the efficacy of Turnbull tuition during the dull season.

The heavy fall of rain we had in September must have made the selection of a decent course a difficult task, the country as yet being more fit for snipe-shooting than for riding. Crops are not cut, the jungle is blind, and for some time courses will have to be laid more or less amongst the lanes and roads. For the next fortnight at least our flyers will be out of it, and happy is the man who possesses a crack as cunning as a lawyer and handy as a knife and fork; his will be the chance of a show at the finishes. The first new chases, however, are seldom a criterion of how horses will run for places towards the end of the season. Our “first rank” are usually either on young ones, or their nags are not yet in a condition to be hustled, and a man on a handy horse has a good chance of a “place” to his credit for the next few weeks.



The first meet of the season took place yesterday at Juggernaut Car on the Gurriah Hât Road, and there was a goodly muster of the sporting fraternity of Calcutta. Most of the old and well-known faces were there amongst the crowd of performers or onlookers, but we noticed here and there a mournful gap. We missed poor Dr. Morgan on Fairlie and Dr. Woolcott. Peace be to their ashes. It will be difficult to fill their places in Calcutta as sportsmen, and in many other ways. The field of starters was rather smaller than usual, some twenty or thirty all told, but the talent amongst them more than made up for the quantity.

We noticed Mrs. Cook on Hector, The Major on a new one, Mr. Agra on his bay, the Apostle on the Villain, Mr. Lawrence on Master McGrath, Mr. Flummery on Lord Donald, Mr. Cartwright on George Dashwood, Mr. Myers on a little one, Mr. Bintang on Zil, Mr. Nastrelep on Gloom, Mr. Mylne on a grey, several Ballygunge chummeries on horses of sorts, Mr. Learoyd on Handicap, Mr. Hamilton on Milkmaid, Mr. Hadow on Thoms, and Mr. Collin on Fort. We apologise to any gentleman we may not have mentioned, but we have not much space at our disposal. The start was down the lane to the right, over a hurdle, the going being very slippery, Mr. Lawrence, the Apostle, Mrs. Cook, Mr. Cartwright, and Mr. Bintang got away first, and kept well together for the major portion of the distance. Then we trended away to the left, over the open by the sheep-pens with a hurdle or two and a wall and a ditch, across the Red Road, with a blind-looking ditch into a garden. Mr. Lawrence here had a good lead with the Greek lying well up. Some thick jungle then entailed rather careful riding, until we got to the brick fields. A succession of walls and hurdles, with a scramble through the guava tope, led us out into the Tollygunge lane. Here the leading division sat down and began to ride, the Apostle having the legs of the lot round the corner. The finish was a real gallery one, being placed in a circle in the open to the right of the Red Road at the Gurriah Hât Thannah. After crossing the road three of the leading division shot off to the right of the paper, and lost their places. A warning shout, however, put the rest on the right track, and a good race home ensued. Mr. Lawrence landed first, Mr. Agra second, the Unknown third, Mrs. Cook fourth, Mr. Cartwright fifth, the Greek sixth, then the Masher, and a crowd of others. On the road home we noticed Mr. Flummery still looking for the course, and others, we fancy, will be dropping in all day.

The paper was laid by Mr. Latham and Mr. Walker. Mr. Simpson accompanying them to see that the ryots behaved properly. The course was a very good one. The pace moderate. There were no accidents, and we must congratulate the Honorary Secretary on having given the gallery such a good view of the finish.



The second Paperchase came off yesterday morning. The public turned out in great numbers, both as spectators and followers of the chase. The weather was all that could be desired, but the going was fearfully deep, and we think the distance was a little long, considering that the season has only just commenced. We heard many complaints of the sparing manner in which the paper was laid. We think it a great mistake to be niggardly in this respect, as the field spread all over the crops in the endeavours to recover the scent, and this naturally prejudices the natives against the sport. The riding, as it generally is in the first few chases, was decidedly loose. Courtesy is a thing we always advocate, but we think it is carrying the matter a little too far to see riders, after negotiating a fence, bowing politely to their horses' necks. This attention must be very embarrassing to the horses, while it is far from a pretty sight for the gallery. The start took place at the Juggernaut Car, the paper being carried by Messrs. Latham and Walker on Weaver and Cinders.

We noticed at the start the Mem Sahib on a new one, the Chauringi Mem Sahib on Nancy, Mr. Lawrence on Master McGrath, Mr. Burn on a pony, Mr. Learoyd on Engineer, Captain Webb on Remorse, Mr. Beresford on Boatman, Mr. Alston on Pilgrim, Mr. Graham on Sappho, Lord William on Pigsticker, Mr. Drysdale on Warrigal, Captain Haines on Ariel, Mr. Tom on Commissioner, Mr. Hamilton on a chestnut, Mr. Apcar on Tambourine, Mr. Myers on King Arthur, Mr. Petrie on a brown, Mr. Delphin on Credit, Mr. Agra on Sherry Cobbler, Mr. Dunne on Gretchen, Mr. Maitland on a black, Mr. Murray on Zil, Mr. Tunncliffe on a chestnut, Mr. Gordon on a ditto, and a host of other good men and horses, whose names unfortunately are unknown to us.

At the call of time we darted down the road and sharp to the left over a hurdle and a mud wall in full view of the gallery. After the mud wall we crossed the road, and then inclined to the left over a stiff hurdle. The leaders were Gretchen, Ariel, Messrs. Hamilton and Petrie. The pace was very fast. After going a short distance over some very heavy ground, we jumped on and off the red lane over a hurdle and a couple of mud walls, and then over a brushwood fence and another wall. Messrs. Alston and the Greek now joined the leading division. The course now lay through some jungle which proved disastrous to the Greek. On emerging into the open we found two more obstacles, a drop jump and a nasty looking hurdle. Gretchen, Ariel and Pilgrim were now at the head of affairs, but the pace had slackened down considerably. The paper now laid over a narrow wall and into a patch of jungle where we found two fearful grave-like ditches, the second one of which was cleared by Mr. Maitland in gallant style well ahead of his horse. We now got our heads in the direction of home, and several of



the field made ineffectual attempts to get near the leaders, who were now racing. As they came in view of the gallery Gretchen was leading. Mr. Alston, however, now gave Pilgrim her head, and the mare striding over the last two jumps came in first pretty easily, Mr. Hamilton second, Gretchen third, Ariel fourth ; then after a long gap came Messrs. Agra and Lawrence, the Mem Sahib, Lord William, etc., etc.

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Jodhpore Thannah, the advertised meet for Thursday, was one of the most distant meets we have had during the season,—a palpable disadvantage to many of the riders and spectators some of whom looked very much as if they had been assisting at the dance given the night before the chase, by one of our best-known sportsmen. The course was a long one, too long, we think, for the season, and the present holding nature of the ground. A long course will not stop the pace at the commencement of a run, unless its length is advertised beforehand. People crowd along gaily at the beginning, and find they are only half way through when they expect to see the red flags ; then comes the episode of a tired horse and a binding hurdle, or an obstinate mud wall, with the inevitable consequence, a fall. Messrs. Latham, Hamilton and Walker laid the paper, and the attendance, both of spectators and riders, was very good indeed. Most of the Calcutta riding brigade were there—Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Cook, Mrs. Sanders, and Mrs. Turner, Captain Muir on Skipper, Lord William on a grey, Mr. Alston on Pilgrim, Mr. Beresford on a brown, Mr. Cartwright on George Dashwood, Mr. Dickson on Napraxia, Mr. Lawrence on Master McGrath, Mr. Learoyd, Major Cook, Mr. Croft, Mr. Peterson on Gloom, Mr. Mayne on Sherry Cobbler, Mr. Donald on Warigal, Mr. Nosredna on Commissioner, Mr. Simpson, Mr. Myers, and a good many others. At the word “go” a general stampede took us off the road, across a pea-field, over a couple of hurdles, on and off a bank, past the railway, to the biggest wall during the run. This obstacle stopped two warriors, their downfall frightening Napraxia through the wing, and giving a couple of others a pretext for a refusal. A sweep to the right over an occasional jump or two took us into several patches of jungle ; a ditch here proved fatal to the Alipur Mem Sahib, and a little further on Mr. Agra might have been seen endeavouring to qualify his Sherry Cobbler with a little tank water. Mr. Dunne, Mrs. Cook, Mr. Alston, and a half dozen others composed the leading brigade, the pace being slow throughout and the field well together.

Some marshy ground, a hurdle in a lane, a succession of mud walls, and the well known guava tope, brought us round in full view of the gallery and the finish. We regret to say that Mr. Hamilton at the last wall put his shoulder out. We hope, however, that he will soon be out again to push along as pluckily as is his wont. This left Mrs. Cook and



Mr. Alston the opportunity of trying conclusions for first place. Mr. Alston's mare, however, landed a most enjoyable chase pretty easily. How is it that we have not had a "double" yet in any of the chases?

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Owing to the holidays the hour fixed for the fourth chase was 8 o'clock, and most people will regret that the daily labours of a large proportion of our sporting community prevent this from being the usual hour. We fancy that many sportsmen gladly hailed the respite of one hour after the convivialities of the previous night. Be that as it may, out they turned in force. Amongst those present were many of the visitors whom the attractions of the season call to Calcutta some old friends, some new, but all equally welcome. On the other hand, several of our well-known riders were conspicuous by their absence, having gone elsewhere for the Christmas holidays. The course was certainly the best we have had this season, and afforded the spectators ample opportunity of witnessing their friends' horsemanship. Amongst the field we noticed the Mem Sahib on a chestnut, Mrs. Chapman on Sovereign, Mrs. Turner on Ariel, Mrs. Murray on Peg, Mrs. Sanders on Red Rover, Mr. John on Comet, Mr. Alston on Pilgrim, Mr. Learoyd on Handicap, George Dashwood on George Dashwood, Mr. Euripedes on Sappho, Mr. Cochin China on Telescope, Mr. Rivers on Magpie, Mr. Bintang on Zil, Mr. Beresford on King Arthur, Mr. Donny on Query, Mr. Agra on Little Duke, Lord William on a chestnut, Captain Harbord on a grey, Mr. Little on another of the same colour, Mr. Pedestrian on Cinders, and Captain Hawks on his bay. Juggernaut Car was the starting point, and Captain Muir and Mr. Latham took charge of the paper on Skipper and the Weaver.

At the call of time they started down the road and field off across the open to the right, then to the left and over a wall which brought them to the Sheep-pens, where they negotiated a hurdle and went on and off a garden. The Mem Saheb, Pilgrim and Handicap were leading when they crossed the Red Road, followed by Comet, Red Rover, Little Duke and the rest. The hurdle in the open upset the Mem Saheb's chestnut, and we were very glad to hear afterwards that what looked like a nasty fall had resulted in nothing more serious than a severe shaking. The paper lay to the right again over some heavy going with a mud wall in the middle through the jungle and across the open. Another mud wall to the left barred the homeward track, which then lay over two hurdles on the high ground, across the kutchra road and through a mango tope, when the field were again in sight of the Red Road. Here Pilgrim was still at the head of affairs with Handicap coming along, and the rest a little way off, and this order was maintained to the finish which was over two walls in the narrow field leading to the Red Road. Mr. Alston and Pilgrim scored their third win this season,



Handicap was second, then *longo intervallo*, Red Rover, Comet, and Little Duke. The going is improving every week, but we see that the crops are still standing in the bund-country and over some of the other well-known courses.

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The meet for yesterday's chase took place at Cavanagh's stables, Gurriah Hât Road, and brought together a very large field both of spectators and riders. The Secretary, we notice, unburdened himself of one of his grievances in the advertisement of the meet, and we assist him with a word in season to those sportsmen who appear to think that the walls and fences put up during the week are intended more especially for their delectation before the chase comes off. The "gallery" would also oblige if they would kindly keep off the crops as much as possible, as compensation has of course to be paid to the ryot.

The paper was carried by Mr. Latham and Mr. Walker, and amongst the field we noticed Mrs. Cook on True Briton, Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Turner on Ariel, Mr. Beresford on Lord Donald, Mr. McCartie on a grey, Mr. Alston on Pilgrim, Mr. Lawrence on Ladylove, Lord William on a chestnut, Captain Hawks on his bay, Mr. Cartwright on George Dashwood, Mr. Myers on Satanella, Mr. Petersen on a grey, Mr. Currie on Magpie, Mr. Apostolides on Sappho, Mr. Boileau on Master McGrath, Mr. Agra on Sherry Cobbler, Mr. Murray on Zil, and Mr. Kilburn. The start was from the road opposite the stables, across a field to the left, over a couple of hurdles, two walls and a drop jump, back to the Red Road, and through some rather close country to the old brickfields. Up to this point the field, with the exception of a grey haired planter had managed to keep their seats. A mud wall, however, shortly afterwards disposed of Mr. Myers, while Mr. Chatham came to grass over a bamboo fence a little further on. The going at this point was rather slow, for the paper led through thick jungle and huts plentifully strewn the course. A turn to the right brought the riders out into more easy country with a succession of mud walls and a short stretch of open fields. A portion of the field here went astray in chase of the Apostle and lost their places, and Mr. Alston, Mr. Murray and Lord William formed the leading division as the red flags came in view. At the corner Mr. Alston overran the paper, letting Lord William up for the first place, with Mr. Murray second, while he came third. Then came some six or seven of our usual riders for a place, then a hiatus, and the rest of the field at intervals.

No gaieties or parades intervening, this week's meet took place on the usual day, Thursday, the start being from Jodhpore Thannah. The task of finding suitable ground for the courses this year has been rather a hard one. The sudden and heavy rain we had towards the end of the monsoon ran off instead of penetrating the flat ground, and the conse-



quence is that fields are already becoming as hard as iron, while many depressions are still almost deep enough for snipe shooting.

The ryots, moreover, seem to be putting in a larger crop of peas than usual, and this means that a good deal of plough has to be negotiated, all chances in the favour of light weights and thorough breds. It is early yet to form any opinion as to respective chances for the Cup, some six weeks hence. Up to date Pilgrim shows the best record, but there have been a good many going every week who have not tried, but have contented themselves with easy work for qualification.

The field on Thursday was hardly as large as usual. The gallery, however, turned out bravely in coaches, barouches, dog-carts, and every kind of conveyances down to ticcas, ulsters, rugs, and red noses testifying to the rawness of a Bengal January morning. Amongst the starters were Mrs. Cook on Handicap, Mrs. Chapman on a chestnut, Captain Burn, Lord William, Mr. Learoyd, Mr. Lawrence on Master McGrath, Mr. Dickson on a brown, Mr. Cartwright on Colchester, Mr. Beresford on Lord Donald, Mr. Myers on Satanella, the Butler on a galloway, the Greek on Sappho, Mr. Mayne on Drink, Mr. Rawlinson on a bay, Mr. Barnes, Mr. Noira on a chestnut, Mr. Petersen on Cavanagh, Mr. Kilburn on a pony, Mr. Murray on Zil, and Mr. Anderson on Commissioner. At the word "go" we streamed off to the left of the road over a hurdle and wall in full view of the gallery; to the right over some plough with a big grip and a drop jump on the right hand side of the railway, then across the lane and sharp round to the right, a wall and a hurdle intervening between us and the road. The course here led straight into the jungle and wound in and out of mango topes and bustis in a manner that tried the handiness of a good many of the horses. A ditch and a pond here disposed of Messrs. Myers and Barnes. A gallop down a long green lane formed an agreeable change to the heavy ground we had been floundering across, but a couple of hurdles prevented the pace from becoming too furious.

The paper then turned sharp to the right, through some jungle, over three or four walls and into the open with the red flags in view. The leading division here overshot the paper, and one wrong-headed animal refused the last wall. Mr. Butler seizing his opportunity landed his game little galloway first, Mr. Mayne second, Mr. Lawrence third, with rather an awkward-looking fall at the last hurdle, Mr. Murray, Mr. Beresford, Lord William, Mr. Cartwright and Mr. Dickson all following close up.

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There can be little doubt as to the daily increasing popularity of our paperchases. Time was, and that not so very long ago, when the field of starters might have been covered with a blanket, and when the spectators comprised half a dozen individuals. Now-a-days there is as large a crowd



on the road as on a Ballygunge race day, with a field of from thirty or forty riders graduating from our well-known sportsmen on steeplechasers down to willing, but unsteady youngsters on ponies and buggy nags.

On Thursday the Duke of Connaught, the Viceroy, and Government House party were present, and the meet was the largest that we have as yet had. Every trap and horse in Calcutta seemed to have been pulled out for the occasion, and the cross road where the gallery assembled was quite impassable from the Gurriah Hât Road to the corner. This position must have been as good as the dress circle at the Circus to the spectators, for there were no less than six jumps in full view, including the double, which at one time very much resembled a sheep-pen. A considerable number of the cracks in the first place refused to jump in, and when they did get in, these absolutely refused to get out again. One sportsman incontinently fell off on the flat, and a good deal of the riding was amusing, if not instructive, to witness. The pace was very hot indeed from start to finish, as it naturally would be with such horses going as Jack, Copper, and Handicap, everybody buzzing to the best of their ability. The paper was laid by Mr. Pedestrian and Mr. Latham, and amongst the field we noticed Mrs. Cook on Copper, Captain Baron on a bay, Captain Gordon, Lord William on Jack, Captain Harbord, Mr. Alston on Pilgrim, Mr. Dickson on Ladylove, Mr. Cartwright on Master McGrath, Mr. Beresford on Charles I, Mr. Myers on a grey, Mr. Agra on Drink, Mr. Petersen on Cavanagh, Mr. Learoyd on Handicap, Mr. Donald on Warrigal, Mr. Anderson on Commissioner, Mr. Rawlinson on a bay, the Greek on Sappho, Mr. Butler on his galloway, and one or two others. The start took place on the field to the left of the road, which we crossed at once, then over a hurdle, in a peafield ; a mud wall, a bank, two drop jumps, and a double, all well in view of the dress circle. The last jumps must have afforded considerable amusement to every one, for at one time it was as full as it could hold, with an anxious crowd waiting to jump in. The redoubtable Jack, too, refused here, but was soon set going again. We then threaded to the left, between two small wheels, and over some mud walls along the edge of the jungle, up a lane with a hurdle in it, and on to a stiffish mud wall, where Mr. Dunne came a real "buster." A succession of ditches, a little further on, brought Captain Harbord and Mr. Rawlinson to grief, and an unknown sportsman rode straight into a mud hole, when he was left. The course then led us round a mango tope and across some open fields, the "leps" consisting principally of alternate walls and hurdles. A turn to the right led us out in view of the red flags and the finish. Here Lord William, Mr. Alston, and Mr. Butler missed a couple of hurdles and disqualified themselves ; the former, however, persevered, and the other two went back.

Lord William was the first to go past the post, but as he had not gone the course, the chase must be credited to Mrs. Cook, Mr. Learoyd



second, Captain Burn third, Mr. Cartwright fourth, Stranger fifth ; then followed Mr. Alston, Mr. Beresford, Mr. Mayne, Mr. Dickson, and the rest of the field at intervals.

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Calcutta when it chooses can be the gayest city in India, and it has during the past fortnight put its best foot forward in this respect ; races, polo matches, dances and dinners following each other day after day most persistently. The past week has been a particularly gay one, and we noticed that the late hours we have lately gone through had left their impression on many of the field.

Thursday's course was a fair one, but not so good as many we have had the pleasure of riding over. The first portion took us over the same ground we travelled last week, the diversion taking place in front of the old bank and double. Thence we passed the mango tope, round the tank past the guava gardens, walls and hurdles alternating. A big wall on the home side of the Tollygunge Lane made Remorse and a couple of others run out, but they were soon restarted on their journey. Further the paper led us on past the brick fields, and we rattled along back into the last week's course, taking it in the reverse direction. At the take off from the lane into the rice fields, about a mile from home, the paper was laid over rather a trappy place, and here Captain Burn, Mr. Cartwright and Mr. Myers simultaneously came to grief, Mr. Myers' horse rolling over him, fortunately without evil results.

A hurdle a little further on brought Mr. Beresford down.

A succession of mud walls on the left of the Dhobie Talao brought us to the last two hurdles, and the run in, Mr. Butler landing his game little bay first, the Unknown second, Mr. Bintang third, and Captain Webb fourth.

The paper was laid by Messrs. Latham and Walker, and amongst the starters we noticed Mrs. Sanders, Mrs. Chapman, Mr. Chapman on a bay, Lord William on Jack, Captain Harbord, Captain Burn, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Perman on "a colt," Mr. Beresford on Lord Donald, Mr. Cartright on Colchester, Mrs. Murray on a bay, Mr. Murray on Zil, Mr. Petrie on Sawyer, Mr. Myers on Zulu, Mr. Petersen on Norseman, the Mem Saheb on a grey, Mr. Butler, Mr. Petrocochino on Telescope, Mr. Dickson on Ladylove, and Mr. Kilburn on a pony.

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A few days ago it appeared probable that this week's paperchase would have to be postponed. The southerly winds we have lately had brought up dense masses of fog from the sea, and our mornings since Monday have been dank, dark, and miserable, the jungle and trees dripping with moisture, and lamps all but invisible beyond ten paces. Yesterday, however, the wind blew again from the north and the morning was as bright and cool as one could well wish. Two dances running had thinned both the fields, and the gallery, and many



well-known faces were absent, evidently preferring a "Europe morning" to the questionable delights of a seat in a slippery saddle over twenty or thirty jumps. Dire grief, too, was the order of the day, and we have seldom seen more spills during the course of one paperchase. Messrs. Petersen, Drysdale, Butler, Thompson, Campbell and Captain Harbord all managed to upset themselves at various stages of the journey, and great was the horse-hunting in the jungles, for some hours after every one had gone home.

The course was laid in an entirely new direction, starting at the railway crossing at Old Ballygunge to the right in a line parallel to the rail, which was again crossed at Jodhpore, with the finish on the high ground to the left of the road. The field was a small one, and amongst the riders we noticed Mrs. Murray, Mr. Myers on Zulu, Captain Harbord on a grey, Captain Burn on his chestnut, Mr. Murray on Zil, Mr. Beresford on Lord Donald, Mr. Dunne on Peggy, Mr. Petersen on Cavanagh, Mr. Ashton on Pilgrim, Mr. Johnstone on Master McGrath, Mr. Nairn on a chestnut, Mr. Perman on the aged colt, Mr. Drysdale on Warrigal, Mr. Dickson on Ladylove, Mr. Simpson and Mr. Anderson.

After crossing the rails, a wall led us on to a close bit of going with a series of ditches which proved rather disastrous to some of the riders. A sweep to the left and a gallop down a lane then brought us out into the open, hurdles and walls alternating across the fields. The field were tailed off considerably, some of them finding the pace too good, and others being obliged from the force of circumstances to continue the chase on foot.

About half a mile from the Jodhpore crossing, the 8 A.M. train was seen coming up the line, and it looked long-odds on the train being up in time to stop the whole business. The leading division, however, managed to get across, leaving the tail of the back disconsolately shut out. Mr. Murray was first past the post, Mr. Currie second, Mr. Nairn third, Mr. Mayne fourth, and the field at intervals.

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Thursday's course was very similar to one laid at the commencement of the season. The start was from the Juggernaut Car, a short spin down the road and a turn to the left into the fields taking us up to the first two jumps, a hurdle and a wall. Across the road again, through a peafield, and we came to a couple of hurdles and a series of walls amongst the close country to the left of the cross Red Road. Mr. Mylne's proceedings came to an abrupt termination at this stage of the journey.

A lane, some thick jungle, a series of ditches, and a scamper through the guava garden, brought us out on the Tollygunge Lane. At the end of this, and just past the Thannah, a double was placed in full view of the gallery, a goodly crowd of spectators having taken up a position on the top of a bank to see the fun, and a good deal of fun we



fancy they witnessed, in the way of refusals, loose seats, and general gymnastics.

A hurdle on the high ground brought Mr. Murray to grief, extinguishing his chance, and two artists ran out at the water jump a little further on. The finish was laid in a circle between the railway and the road, giving every one a good view of at least the last half mile of the chase.

Mr. Myers landed Zulu first, Mr. Tom on Commissioner second, Nigger with a stranger up third, and Captain Burn fourth.

The field was composed of Mrs. Murray on Bintang, Mr. Esculapius on a grey, Mr. Beresford on Copper, Captain Burn on a brown, Mr. Cartwright on Nellie, Mr. Johnstone on Master McGrath, Mr. Tom Anderson on Commissioner, Mr. Learoyd on Handicap, Mr. Myers on Zulu, Mr. Dickson on Ladylove, Mr. Mylne on a grey, the stranger on Nigger, Mr. Anderson on a grey, the Greek, Mr. Nairn, and one or two others, the paper being laid by Messrs. Latham and Pedestrian.

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Interest in the Calcutta paperchases appears to be waning in sympathy with the Calcutta "season." The attendance has been weekly growing smaller, and on Friday, in spite of a fortnight's rest, enforced by the heavy state of the ground, both field and gallery were smaller than any we have yet seen. But few of the regular performers were present, and those that did start seemed to be riding with a good deal in hand. The chase was marred by an unfortunate accident to a horse of Mr. Heriot's. He succeeded in depositing his rider somewhere about the second fence, and getting away followed the field in the direction of the brickfields. Here the poor brute stepped on his reins and brought himself on to his head, breaking his neck. The Paperchase Cup is to be run for, we believe, on or about the 7th March—a Saturday—and we would suggest to the executive that the race might be run in the afternoon.

The change would be generally acceptable to the public and would ensure a much larger gallery.

Thursday's course was very similar to the Duke of Connaught's one, the start being from the east side of the Gurriah Hât Road, the first fences lying parallel to the Red Road. Leaving the old double to the left, the paper took us askirt the jungle, and over several "leps" of sorts down the lane to the brickfields.

Here our old friend the big wall faced us, and we galloped gaily to the left through the jungle and out into the open, about half a mile from home. A run through a garden, and a succession of walls, led up to the last two hurdles. The leading division consisted of Mr. Apcar, Colonel Pole Carew, Mr. Anderson, Captain Burn and Mr. Butler.



Finally Colonel Carew on a horse of Lord William's, just shot Mr. Apcar for first place, Mr. Anderson third, Captain Burn fourth, Mr. Butler fifth, and Mr. Murray sixth.

Amongst the starters, we noticed Mrs. Sanders, Mrs. Murray, Captain Burn, Mr. Myers, Colonel Carew, Mr. Barnes, Mr. Rivers Currie, Mr. Perman, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Apcar, Mr. Kino, Mr. Nairn and a few others.

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The last open chase of the season was run on Thursday last, with a very small field and before a limited gallery. Casualties were numerous, and the percentage of spills to the total number of performers must have proved both edifying and amusing to the crowd of natives who thronged most of the jumps along the course, and greeted each gymnast with cheers of approbation.

Both Messrs. Beresford and Dickson accomplished uncomfortable looking spills, and there were some four or five loose horses careering through the jungle before the journey was half over. The Cup will be run off on Thursday next, and as the Viceroy proposes being present, we fancy most of Calcutta will turn out to see the fun.

It is difficult to spot winners with Handicap, Copper, Pilgrim, and Lord William's horse out of the hunt. Zil, Commissioner, and The Rabbit show the best record up to date. The last of these is much too small to live with the big ones when it comes to real galloping, and of the other two we should feel inclined to "plank the counters" on Zil. Zulu has not as yet been really set going in any of the chases, having been in training for Ballygunge. We think he should about win. Master McGrath and Sappho have an off-chance, their owners being both straight-goers.

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Thursday's start was from Gurriah crossing, the paper being laid parallel to the railway for some two and a half miles down to Old Ballygunge. It was by no means a gallery course, and not more than three of the spectators managed to reach the winning post in time to see the finish. Blind ditches were numerous, causing a considerable amount of grief, and there was a good deal of Indian file business down lanes, at different portions of the chase.

The paper was laid by Messrs. Latham and Walker, and amongst the starters we noticed Mrs. Sanders on a grey, Mr. Beresford on Cavanagh, Mr. Dickson on a brown, Captain Balfour on a pony, Lord William on Skipper, Mr. Lawrence on Master McGrath, Mr. Cartwright on Nellie, Mr. Murray on Zil, Mr. Myers on Zulu, Mr. Anderson on Commissioner, Mr. Perman on a black, and one or two others. Mr. Apostolides secured the first place, with Mrs. Sanders second and Mr. Anderson third.



The following will be the starters for the Cup on to-morrow morning :—

Mr. S. A. Apar's ...	—	...	... Tambourine.
Mr. R. Murray's ...	...	...	... Zil.
Mr. T. S. Anderson's ...	...	...	... Commissioner.
Mr. D. B. Myers' ...	...	...	... Zulu.
Mr. R. G. Currie's ...	...	—	... Magpie.
Mr. A. L. Butler's ...	...	...	... Rabbit.
Mr. E. C. Apostolides'	...	...	... Sappho.
Mr. G. Nairn's ...	...	...	... Redgauntlet.
Captain Burn's .	...	...	.. Tanderook.
Mr. W. L. Alston's...	...	...	... Pilgrim.
Mr. Evelyn's ...	...	...	— Black Ace
Mr. A. Dunne's ...	...	...	... Peggy.
Mr. C. D. Petersen's	...	...	... Scandinavia.
Mr. C. L. Johnstone's	.	...	... Master McGrath.

In all 14, of which 7 are old competitors. On public form Tambourine and Zulu should be first favourites, but when following the paper, the race is not always to the swift, and we would recommend the Tollygunge winners not to be too confident.

Ballygunge is well represented by Commissioner and Zil, the former having been placed in three out of the last four Cup Chases, and we are sure no win would be more popular than that of Mr Anderson, the veteran paperchaser.

Pilgrim favoured by a light weight should be well to the front, but Mr. Alston is a doubtful starter, owing to possible absence from Calcutta. The foreign division is ably represented by Sappho, who ran well last week. Of the rest Rabbit has the best record, but to-morrow the race will be too hot. Government House sends only one representative, Captain Burn, who will be well to the front, but we hardly think first past the post, and on the whole, barring accidents, we are inclined to pin our faith upon Commissioner with Zulu second, but we would warn the Ballygunge representative to keep a good lookout for the finish and not this year to lose sight of his men in the dust.

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Owing to the rain last month the chase on the 12th had to be abandoned, and we have only twelve this season, and a starter for the Cup must have gone in at least six chases ; the regular frequenters should have a very good idea of the form of the competitors. The Soudan war has cost us two starters, Copper and Handicap, both likely winners, and from some cause neither Lord Donald nor Othello are entered, but notwithstanding the field will be fully up to the



average, and we expect a very good race, and one well worth coming to see.

The start is to be at 7-30 punctually, and we would warn all riders to be up to time.

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### 1885-86.

The scent laid admirably all the way by two well-known sportsmen used to the game to their fingers' ends, from the Jodhpore Dépôt crossed the Gurriah Hât Road near the Moulvi Spinney, then over two mud walls into a cross-grained plough, was carried over broken ground abounding in natural "bunds" and grips across the paddy land on to the Tollygunge Musjid Lane, and on into the country lying just south of the Red Road, where the Hunt came in view of the small but select company of admiring spectators, who, as usual, managed to get in the way ; but the field was sufficiently strung out for every horseman to take his own line. At the fall of the flag Commissioner pranced leisurely on in front of the gallant band ; but from want of practice or distemper, or some unexplained cause, refused at the second hurdle and completely upset his entire following, who in the excitement of the moment gave him the best *galli* at their command till they got by. So much did his master take the refusal to heart that Commissioner was immediately on his return to the Park, added to the list. The next episode of any interest was the dethronement of *Collars*. He clutched at mane, ears, and headstall, all in their proper order, but without avail, a thump he came down where the back joins the legs, discomfited, but undismayed. Zulu, carrying a visitor from the Clyde Country, did not stop anywhere, and finished well up. Warrigal was fast losing his friends when some of his gear parted, an ancient stirrup leather probably, and thus occurred another casualty. The owner of this good nag has developed into quite a horseman and there is a vast gap between a horseman and a rider. As for the order at the finish, the best man out (and who will deny that he is?), came in first ; as for the others, A. A. Apcar, Howes, J. J. Rose, E. T. Roberts, was about the order, but I was not close enough up myself to see.

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Notwithstanding that it was the morning after Christmas, a large number of people found their way to Jodhpore Railway station to witness the start for the second of the popular meets. A good many of the old faces were not amongst the starters, but the holidays, no doubt, accounted for their absence, and we hope to see them out next week, for it must be remembered that there is ap for Cup the horse that comes in first and oftenest. We are glad to see The Bummer back again, and



hope that he will soon be amongst the starters. Bummer's voyage back did not agree with him, for we hear he has lost weight. Amongst the starters we noticed Mr Sanders on Footlights, The Masher on his own Bunny, Captain Harbord on a grey, Mr. Rawlinson on Forester, Calcutta's Own, under an exquisite cap, on Copper, Mr. Richardson on a grey, Ally Sloper on Saunterer, Mr. Gregory on the Padre's mare, Ballygunge Jim on his new bay, Chota Dunne on a grey, Captain Muir on a brown, Mr. Nolan on Sunbeam, and a few others.

Punctually at 7-30 Mr. Latham on Weaver and "The Tougall" on Trump Card started with the paper, both horses fencing beautifully, and fifteen minutes later the word "go" was given to the eager field of starters. The course lay down by the railway where the first obstacle, in the shape of a mud wall, was negotiated by the leaders without a mistake, The Rabbit, Copper, Mr. Richardson, and Footlights, showing the way. A turn to the right brought us on to a hurdle and mud wall which stopped no one, although a little later on Captain Harbord came to mother earth gracefully and took no further part in the chase. The going was a little heavy after this, until we came into a pucca lane, which was the signal for the leaders to increase the pace, and a merry rattle soon brought us into the open again where a hurdle and a mud wall had to be got over. Mrs. Sanders and Footlights parted company at the latter owing to a riderless horse knocking the grey out of his stride, and she was obliged to finish the chase on foot. Crossing a field with a hurdle across the centre brought us into the last turn for home, but not before Mr. Butler had tried the experiment of tumbling off and running alongside his handsome galloway for a little. The result was not successful; he got on again, but failed to make up what he had lost, and Mr. Richardson, taking advantage of these little eccentricities, raced over the last fence an easy winner, Copper and Captain Harbord's riderless horse making a close finish for second place, Rabbit third, Forester fourth, Ballygunge Jim fifth, Mr. Gregory sixth, and Ally Sloper a good seventh.

Owing to the crops not being cut, a gallery course could not be arranged, but this difficulty will soon vanish, and we promise the spectators something good on an early date.

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It was no doubt the promise of a "gallery course" that attracted so large a number of onlookers to Ballygunge on Saturday morning to see the third chase of the season. The field, however, was small, and we should have liked to see more of the old faces. The starters were Mrs. Harvey on a magnificent bay, Lord William on an English horse, Lord Clandeboye on a bay, Mr. Alston on Pilgrim, Calcutta's Own on Copper, The Masher on Red Rover, Ballygunge Jim on



Beeswing, Mr. Muir on Zulu, Mr. Anderson on Commissioner, Mr. Newall on Trump Card, Mr. Sholto on Kate Coventry, Mr. Hen on Silver Fox, Ally Sloper on Saunterer, Mr. Richardson on Crinolette, Dusra on Othello, and several others. Mr. Latham on Weaver and Mr. Pedestrian on Squire started punctually at the appointed hour on the road at the Old Kennels, and after allowing them twelve minutes Captain Muir let the field go. A merry rattle down the road brought us to a sharp turn to the left over a ditch where the first mud wall and hurdle were placed in an open field. Red Rover, Pilgrim, Zulu, Mrs. Harvey, and Beeswing led them across the road at a strong pace, the course winding down to the right towards the Dhobie's tank and the old double. Mr. Sholto and Kate Coventry parted company at the first hurdle, and one or two others had a narrow squeak in consequence of being baulked ; but we must go forward with the leaders, who were streaming out of sight, and negotiating every obstacle in an undeniable style. Mrs. Harvey lost her hat and stopped, which was a pity, as her horse was going strong, and would have been well to the front at the finish had she persevered. Three ditches with a fence in front of the last brought us over to the road again, and down the lane the pace increased visibly, Pilgrim, Red Rover, and Zulu being still at the head of affairs. A mud wall lost Calcutta's Own his stirrups, and thus stopped him. A rather novel double in the mango tope puzzled some of the riders, but no one stopped. We were now very near home, and, crossing the railway embankment, we turned down to the left over a mud wall and a hurdle. Pilgrim passing the red flag first with two Tollygunge winners, Red Rover and Zulu, close up, second and third, Othello fourth, Beeswing fifth, and Crinolette sixth. The rest of the field straggled in at intervals, some with hats and some without them. Messrs. Latham and Pedestrian must be congratulated on the excellent course chosen and the faultless way in which the paper was laid. It was noticed that one or two professionals were riding, and while there is no wish to be disagreeable, there is a disposition to remind them that these chases are got up purely for sport and not for training horses, and it is to be hoped that they will take this hint and not join in any future chases, or, if they do, that they will kindly keep back until the whole field have gone before. We do not for one moment grudge them the course after the chase is over. The next chase will be on Saturday, we understand, so feed your "mokes" well and come out strong, for there will be lots of fun ; and if you have not got horses, borrow them.

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There was a large field and there were more spectators than usual at Jodhpore Thannah on Saturday morning to see "the start," for the fourth chase of the season. Notwithstanding the railway bund which



has been put up, and which everyone predicted would spoil our paper-chases, the courses so far have been excellent, and Saturday's was not an exception. At the same time, there is no doubt that we are getting further away from Calcutta; and unless the new Dock scheme collapses, we must make up our minds to start earlier, for we cannot do without our favourite cold weather sport. Amongst the gooily show of starters we noticed Lord William Beresford on a black, Captain Harbord on Zulu, Lord Clandeboye on a bay, Captain Muir on Sappho, Mr. Alston on Pilgrim, Mr. Richardson on Crinolette, Mr. W. W. Petrie on Snark, Mr. Rawlinson on a grey, Mr. Evans on a bay, Mr. Edwards on Nancy, Mr. Chapman on Hurricane, Jamie on Curly, Mr. F. Walker on a brown, Mr. Newall on Trump Card, Mr. Sawyer on Nellie, and several others. Mr. Latham on Weaver and "The Tougall" on Red Rover started with the paper at the Jodhpore Thannah, and thirteen minutes later the starters got the word to go. The course lay to the left of the road towards the railway, where on the high ground was placed a nice long hurdle, over which the leaders went in line, Pilgrim, Crinolette, Lord Clandeboye, Trump Card, and Nellie showing well in front. The next obstacle was a mud wall with a ditch in front, which the leaders negotiated in grand form, but it was too much for some of the tail of the field, and several stopped short, at least the riders did; some of the horses went on without them. A hurdle was the next leap met with, and then we crossed the road up to the station, and turning to the right came on a mud wall judiciously placed between two banks; and on to the road through a narrow gap. So far the leaders were unchanged, and after rattling down the road we turned to the left over a hurdle on the high ground, then down into the paddy fields, where the going was rather heavy; but it did not last long, and we soon came on to firmer ground to the right over two mud walls. Three retired Sylhet planters were racing for the lead as we came across by the lane to the Ballygunge Road, but going round a sharp corner to the right Crinolette and Nellie slipped up and got rid of their riders. Mr. Richardson, however, was not to be done, and getting into the saddle again caught up the leaders at the two ditches, which had checked some of them. Pilgrim had by this time obtained a strong lead, and as we came into the open was sailing in front with the race comfortably in hand, the second division together some three fields behind. After crossing the railway bund the red flags appeared and Mr. Alison came cantering in first with Lord Chandeboye and Mr. Richardson riding hard some distance behind for second honours, which was eventually secured by the former. Mr. Richardson's third was a most creditable performance for horse and rider, seeing that they had both been down, thereby losing a lot of ground, Mr. Newall on his new purchase was fourth, Ballygunge Jim on old place fifth, Mr. W. W. Petrie on Snark sixth, with Mr. Rawlinson,



Captain Muir and several others close up. As the season advances the horses show a marked improvement, and the fencing of the leading horses on Saturday was something worth getting up to see. One or two paperchasers are entered at Tollygunge on Saturday, and we expect to see them well to the front, for from the earliest records we find that the Ballygunge paperchases accounted for most of the winners, and there are several men, here now, who can remember Billycock coming in a winner at the big tree by the bodyguard lines, while the names of such winners as Jovial, Snark, Boojum, Telegram, Warwickshire Lad, The Cripple, Quiet Cove, Blackwater, Zulu, and Red Rover are familiar to most of us. The next chase will be on Thursday, and as several men have already announced their intention of being first, it should be unusually interesting.

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There was again a large turn out of people at Ballygunge yesterday morning, and from seven to half past the road from the Old Kennels to the corner of the Red Road was crowded with carriages, etc., of all sorts. The field was also a good one, although some of the horses took their time to start. We were glad to see two or three of the old paperchasers out yesterday, and no doubt several more will appear as the season advances. We noticed amongst those waiting for the word to go, Mrs. Sanders on Footlights, Lord William Beresford on Prospero, Mr. Murray on Zil, Lord Clandeboye on a bay, Captain Harbord on Zulu, Mr. Alston on Pilgrim, Mr. Rawlinson on Crinolette, Mr. F. Walker on a brown, Mr. Newall on Bourbon, Mr. Westmacott on Saunterer, Mr. Nolan on Sunbeam, Mr. Dickson on Blackboy, Mr. Cochin China on Telescope, the old man on Jumbo, Mr. Anderson on Commissioner, Mr. Gregory on a chestnut, Mr. Butler on a bay, and a good many others whose names we cannot remember.

The paper was laid by Latham on Weaver, and "The Tougal" on Red Rover punctually at 7-30, and after allowing the horses thirteen minutes' grace, the field got away in line over a hurdle placed to the left of the road. Then crossing the road to the right we went across the corner down to the first mud wall which stopped a few of the second division. A close bit of jungle forced the leaders into Indian file, which order was maintained round the tank and down to the railway line, where we got into open country again. Pilgrim, Prospero, Mr. Walker, Lord Clandeboye, Crinolette and Zil showing well in front. Heavy going checked the pace a little until we turned into the lane leading down to the open ground, across which was placed a mud wall which every one took, as it was the only way of getting across. The course now lay to the left towards the railway over a hurdle and mud wall, then back to the Gurriah Hât Road over a double which the leaders negotiated in undeniable style, but the second division used it



as a sheep-pen, no fewer than six horses being in at one time. They eventually got out, however, but not without levelling the off wall pretty well. The leaders were now well ahead along the open. Turning round to the right we came on two stiffish walls, at one of which Hurricane took off too soon, landing smack into the wall and rolling over on the far side with his rider, who, however, with the help of a dozen friendly but noisy Bengalees, caught his horse and followed on. Turning through the old gateway of the Sandy Lane the pace increased, Pilgrim leading, with Zil, Prospero and Mr. Walker in close attendance. Indian file was assumed again along the tank before coming into the open, where a hurdle and mud wall brought us to the railway bund, and on turning to the right, the welcome red flags were sighted. Mr. Walker made a most determined effort to catch Pilgrim, but it was no use, and the little mare cantered in an easy first, Zil third, Crinolette fourth, a length in front of Prospero. The rest came in at intervals amidst cheering words from the gallery, who held a commanding view of the first hurdle.

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The chase of the season, on Saturday, was well attended. Amongst the starters we noticed Mrs. Sanders on Footlights, Captain Harbord on Zulu, Mr. Rawlinson on Crinolette, Mr. Alston on Pilgrim, Mr. Newall on Trump Card, Lord Clandeboye on the Demon, Mr. Westmacott on Saunterer, Calcutta's Own on Copper, the Old Man on a youngster, Mr. Anderson on Commissioner, Mr. Pain on Paddy, Mr. Hen on Silver Fox, Ballygunge Jim on Beeswing, Mr. W. W. Petrie on Snark, Mr. Mylne on a grey, Mr. Cochin China on Telescope, Mr. Walker on Othello, Mr. Emerson on a chestnut, Mr. John Anderson, Mr. Drysdale, and a host of others. Mr. Pedestrian on Squire and "The Tougall" on Red Rover started with the paper at the hour appointed on the road by the Juggernaut Car, and turning up a green lane were lost to sight, but the field had not long to wait before the magic word was given, and away we rattled down the road and up the green lane to the right, where we came in sight of the first hurdle, a long low one, which stopped nobody. Turning down a lane to the left a short mud wall judiciously placed in a corner between two impassable banks was likewise negotiated without a mistake. Pilgrim, Copper, Othello, Zil, and Zulu were gradually making headway from the rest of the field, and on reappearing in the open at the Red Road, were lengths in front. After disposing of a hurdle, mud wall and a second hurdle in the open we crossed the road and found two stiffish walls, at the first of which Mr. Westmacott's horse took off too soon, and came down with his rider, who landed heavily on his right shoulder, and broke his collar-bone. He is, however, we are glad to hear, doing well, and will soon be out again. The course now wound to the left over the railway bund,



and again to the right across the open to the mangoe tope, where a formidable binder made some of the leaders jump big. The next mud wall brought Trump Card to grief, but his rider stuck to him pluckily and was soon in the saddle again. Pilgrim, Crinolette, Zil, Zulu, and Copper were still well to the front, as we bustled through the well-known gap in the stone wall before turning towards home. The leader was unchanged as we crossed the railway bund back by the brickfields, where a nice water jump was placed beside a tank, into which most of the horses dropped their hind quarters, but no stoppage took place, and after getting through the brick fields we rattled up the lane for home. Leaving the road we turned to the left over some blind ditches and a hurdle, and round by the Dhobie's tank over a stiff mud wall, which all the horses took beautifully. Othello took a big leap over a small bund turning down to the open, and, landing on all fours on soft ground, was unable to extricate himself, and rolled in the mud, where he left his rider well painted with *muttee*. The buzz of the gallery now attracted the leaders, who quickened the pace, and Mr. Alston giving Pilgrim her head, the game little mare landed a winner by three lengths from Zil, Copper and Crinolette persevering to the end made a dead heat for third place, Silver Fox was fifth, Beeswing sixth, Mr. Mylne seventh, and Lord Clandeboye eighth. The others straggled in at intervals much pleased with themselves and their horses, and mentally placing themselves well to the front next Saturday. Altogether the chase was a most enjoyable one, and as there are only five or six more this season, we would recommend those who ride to make the most of their opportunities.

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The rain last week stopped our favourite sport, but there was quite a large gathering at Ballygunge yesterday morning to witness the seventh chase of the season. Punctually at 7-30 Mr. Latham on Weaver and Mr. Pedestrian on Squire started with the paper from the road at Jodhpore Thannah. We noticed amongst the field waiting to start Mrs. Sanders on Footlights, Mr. Rawlinson on Forester, Mr. Richardson on Crinolette, Mr. Murray on Zil, Calcutta's Own on Copper, "The Tougall" on Red Rover, Ballygunge Jim on Beeswing, Mr. Butler on Rabbit, Mr. Dusra on Othello, Mr. Hen on Silver Fox, Mr. Newall on Trump Card, Mr. Alston on Pilgrim, and several others. After an interval of ten minutes the word was given, and away they went, Pilgrim, Red Rover, Copper, and Rabbit taking the lead over the first hurdle on the high ground. The going was excellent as we skirted the railway down towards the station, where the pace increased visibly. Pilgrim leading with Red Rover and Rabbit close behind. Coming out on the road Rabbit took second place, and further on raced up to Pilgrim, the two leading in turn for the most part



of the way. The going on the low ground was heavy as we turned off the road to the right towards Tollygunge, and one or two of the horses slipped up, depositing their riders in the *muttee*. Turning towards home Rabbit put on the pace and raced along the open neck-and-neck with Pilgrim, Red Rover lying about ten lengths behind. An enterprising spectator appearing in sight warned the leaders that the finish could not be far off, and some hard riding commenced as we rattled down the last lane for home, when a most unfortunate accident happened to Pilgrim who slipped up going round a sharp corner, and broke her leg. [This corner has ever since this accident been called "Pilgrim's Corner."—ED.] Red Rover now came up with a wet sail, and overhauling Rabbit, the pair raced over the last hurdle neck-and-neck, Red Rover ultimately winning on the flag by a head from Rabbit, Zil third, with Copper, Crinolette, Othello, and Footlights close up. Great sympathy was felt for Mr. Alston in the loss of his game little mare; she was always to the fore in the paperchases, and stood a great chance of winning the Cup for the second time for her sporting owner. We trust he may soon get such another, for we can ill afford to lose such a straight-going pair.

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Notwithstanding the change in the weather the interest in these popular meets does not seem to flag, and the gallery yesterday morning was quite up to the average. A start was made at the time appointed. "The Tougall" on Sunbeam and Mr. Anderson carrying the bags. Neither of their horses were very steady at first, and we saw Sunbeam carry away a considerable portion of the first mud wall which was quickly built up again before the chasers started. The scent was well laid, however, and there was no difficulty in following the "ins and outs" of the course. The field was a small one, and we missed several familiar faces. Amongst those present were Mrs. Sanders on Footlights, Mr. W. W. Petrie on Snark, The Hatter on Silver Fox, Ballygunge Jim on Beeswing, Mr. Butler on Rabbit, Mr. Richardson on Crinolette, Mr. Murray on Zil, Mr. Mylne on Merrythought, Captain Rawlinson on a grey, Mr. Dusra on Othello, Mr. Sholto on Kate Coventry, Mr. Newall on Bourbon, Mr. Roberts on a roan, Mr. Jimmie on Bob, Mr. Killian on a chestnut, Mr. Ackworth on a black, and several others. At the call of time, Rabbit, Zil, Crinolette, and Snark jumped off with a lead up the road, and down to the left over a bank and brush fence winding down towards the left towards the Red Road, which we crossed after negotiating a hurdle. Across the road a nice mud wall was placed in the open, and then we crossed towards the brick fields and across the railway bund, then turned to the left across the open again by the mangoe tope and over several nice leaps, until we finally came out by the old gates on the Sandy Lane leading down to Jodhpore Thannah. The



course now lay down to the right on the low land and round to the right over two old mud walls built up. Turning down towards the Ballygunge station, Zil was at the head of affairs, with Rabbit in close attendance. The latter assumed the lead as we crossed the road down to the station, and must have come in first, had he not lost the paper at the next turn, which was Zil's fate also. This let Crinolette and Snark in, and the pair ran a ding-dong race to the end, Crinolette winning by half a length, Zil third, Rabbit fourth, and after a long gap Merrythought, Footlights and Othello came in. The gallery mustered strong at the last hurdle, and witnessed some amusing incidents as the exhausted hounds came up to the last fence. There were very few spills.

We would remind those who intend to run for the Cup to see that their horses are qualified, for there are only two or three chases more before the Cup Day, and a careful record is being kept. It is not easy to pick out the winner ; Copper will be dangerous in an open course, while Rabbit, Zil, Beeswing, Crinolette, Zulu, Trump Card, Red Rover, and Forester have claims to be considered.

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Captain Hayes' class took away a good few of our Paperchasers this week, but notwithstanding this counter-attraction there was a good show of spectators, and a large field of starters at the corner of the Red Road yesterday morning. Some of the villagers had put up a barrier in front of the first jump during the night, but it was very soon disposed of by the *mali* in charge, and at 7-15 the course being signalled clear, "The Tougall" on Red Rover and Major Davidson on a bay started with the paper up the road, turned the lane up the left out of sight. The starters mustered strong, a large proportion of them being quite new faces. Amongst them were Mrs. Sanders on Footlights, Mrs. Murray on a bay, Mr. Butler on Rabbit, Mr. Richardson on Crinolette, Mr. Murray on Zil, Mr. Mylne on Merrythought, Mr. Dusra on Othello, Mr. Atlay on a chestnut, Mr. Sholto on Galatea, Mr. Newall on Trump Card, Mr. Killian on a chestnut, Mr. Ackworth on a black, Mr. Orrell on a bay, Mr. Morgan on a brown, Mr. Barrow on a chestnut and a lot more whose names we cannot recollect.

Twelve minutes' grace having been allowed to paper carriers, Mr. Petrie let the field go, Zil, Rabbit, Footlights, and Crinolette showing in front over the first hurdle. Turning off the road to the left we negotiated a second hurdle, and now we went up by the brick-kiln over a nice fence with a good ditch on the off-side, where the first incident of the chase occurred, the victim being Crinolette's rider, who was swept off by a low branch. The same greedy twig, not being content with Mr. Richardson, carried away a portion of Mrs. Sanders'



riding habit and several topees. The course now lay towards the Jodhpore Sandy Lane over two walls, and then across the road to the "on and off," quite a novelty in a paperchase. The majority of the horses took it beautifully, but Mr. Orrell's mount was too eager to get over it, and shrinking away from under his rider at the off ditch left that enterprising sportsman to think how it had all come about. The leaders were now well on to the Gurriah Hât Road, which was crossed below the station road, and then we turned homewards over two natural fences parallel with the road, and on by the lane to the right of the Thannah down towards the railway over three mud walls and two hurdles. Emerging from the jungle Zil was shaken up a bit and came over the last two fences an easy first, three lengths in front of Rabbit, Mr. Sholto was third up to the last wall which his horse hit hard, and his rider rolled off, but beyond a slight shaking was uninjured. After a little time, Mr. Atlay appeared to take third place, and then Merrythought, Footlights, Othello, and the rest straggled in at intervals. The last chase before the Cup day will be held on Saturday next, we understand, and we would remind those who have not qualified their horses that it is their last chance.

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There was a moderate gallery at Jodhpore yesterday morning to witness the tenth chase of the season, but the field was the smallest we have seen this season, possibly on account of the sultry weather, but the more likely reason is that the horses are now being kept for the Cup, which is advertised for the 10th proximo. We regret having to record another sad accident, and again to a horse that stood a good chance of the Cup. We mean Trump Card, who broke his leg at the "on and off," and had, we understand, to be shot. Mr. Nairn has the sympathy of all paperchasers, and it is exceptionally hard in this case, as the horse was only paperchased a short time ago, and showed great promise of becoming a valuable chaser. Punctually at 7 A.M. Mr. Latham on Weaver, and "The Tougall" on the great Kingston started with the paper from the Jodhpore Thannah up the Sandy Lane, to the right, and twelve minutes later the field followed. We give the names of those we noticed:—Mrs. Murray on a bay, Mr. Murray on Zil, Mr. Dusra on Othello, Mr. W. W. Petrie on Snark, Mr. Richardson on a bay, Mr. Mylne on Merrythought, Mr. Verschoyle on a bay, Mr. Atlay on a chestnut, Mr. Nairn on Trump Card, Mr. Ackworth on a black, Mr. Henry on a bay, Mr. Sniktaw on a bay, and one or two others. At the call of time Snark, Othello, Trump Card and Mr. Richardson jumped away with the lead and showed first over the low hurdle before going up the lane. Leaving the lane the first mud wall was negotiated, and then the "on and off" which brought Trump Card



to grief, and unfortunately finished his career for ever. Turning to the left we went through some close jungle on the high land before emerging into the open by the *bund* country, where another hurdle divided the break before coming into a second piece of jungle. The horses named were still holding the field, leading in turn as we turned homewards down a long stretch of open which brought us to the Gurriah Hât Road. The pace increased visibly as we took the circuit down by the station, and coming on to the road again the gallery appeared in full view. Snark and Othello raced over the last two hurdles, the former winning by about three lengths. Othello, however, was disqualified from taking a place, as he missed a jump, and Mr. Richardson was, therefore, accorded second place, Merrythought third, Mr. Atlay fourth, Zil fifth, Mr. Ackworth sixth, Mr. Verschoyle seventh. We understand there is to be one chase more next Thursday, and then the Cup. There will likely be a dozen starters, and it will be a difficult matter to spot the winner. If Copper comes to the post fit, he will be difficult to beat, but we are inclined to pin our faith on Rabbit or Zil, although Crinolette, Othello and Snark's chances must not be overlooked.

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### 1886-87.

Yesterday morning the Ballygunge Circular Road was once more alive with vehicles wending their way to the Jodhpore station to witness the first chase of the season. The muster was as good as has been seen, and shows that these meets are as popular as ever. Owing to the lateness of the season and softness of the ground, no meet could be arranged last week, but now that a commencement has been made, it may be expected these popular meets will be carried on without interruption, and although the new railway has seriously interfered with the favourite gallery course round the Red Road, there is still lots of good country round Jodhpore, and there is no doubt that the executive will keep the ball rolling merrily till the Cup Day. There were a good many old faces at the start as well as many new ones, although there was disappointment expressed at the actual number that started out of such a promising assemblage. Among the actual starters were two, if not more, ladies which is encouraging, and it is to be hoped a few more of the fair sex will venture to follow next time.

Punctually at 7-30 Mr. Anderson on Bedouin and "The Tougall" on Red Rover, started with the paper over a low hurdle on the other side of the railway at Jodhpore station, and ten minutes later Mr. Johnstone let the field follow. Another week is required before the names of the riders and of all the numerous horses can be given, but there was no mistaking some of them—Calcutta's Own on Sappho, Mr. Murray on



Zil, Mr. Alston on Rocket, Mr. Atlay on a chestnut, Mr. Currie on Magpie, Mr. Sniktaw on a bay, Mr. Dusra on Othello, Mr. Eden on a bay, Captain Rawlinson on a grey, Mr. Ackworth on a black, Mr. Orrell, Mr. Verschoyle, Mr. Campobello on Tim, Dusra Cawmill and a host of others. The starters drew up in line and went away together towards the first hurdle, but before reaching so far, the Snark put his fore legs in a small drain and rolled over his rider, who fortunately was not much hurt. Sappho got rid of Calcutta's Own over the first hurdle, and matters looked serious for a first start, but the horses, headed by Rocket and Jumbo, soon settled down as we raced over the paddy-fields where a mud wall was placed.

We then turned to the left over two ditches with mud walls in front, and on through a village inclining round to the right through some lanes and then on to the open towards the Salt Water Lakes, where we turned round for home across the road over some nicely placed jumps. The two leaders had by this time got well away from the field, and came sailing across the railway towards home with nothing else in sight. The last four jumps were in full view of the gallery, and some encouragement was doled out to each rider as he rushed by. Rocket came in some two or three lengths from Jumbo and then after a long interval Magpie appeared, followed by a gentleman on a bay, who the gallery called "Tom," Mr. Atlay was fifth, Mr. Ackworth sixth, Mr. Murray seventh, Mr. Orrell eighth, and the rest came straggling in at safe intervals. The next chase will probably be on Thursday morning, when it is hoped that a larger field of starters and a closer finish will be run. All interested should qualify their horses early, for there may not be quite so many chases this year, owing to the lateness of the season and the bad state of the ground.

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It was to be regretted that a better gallery course could not be provided for Christmas week, but as the crops are still lying about the Red Road country and the new railway is so much in the way, nothing could be done inside Jodhpore. The extra distance, however, did not prevent a large number of people from coming out, and the number of starters was a long way above the average. The course, though a short one, was well chosen, and the jumps were judiciously placed, while the scent was laid thick and unbroken throughout; indeed, there was nothing for any one to find fault with, not even the weather which was cold enough to bring out furs!

The start was at the sixth milestone beyond Jodhpore, on the right hand side. Among the starters we noticed Mr. Murray on Zil, Mr. Alston on Trumpeter, Mr. Masher on Tom, Mr. Holmes on Jumbo, Mr. Roland on a black, Dusra on Othello, Mr. Atlay on a chestnut, Mr. Currie on Magpie, Captain Muir on a bay, a stranger on Snowstorm,



Mr. Gregory on a chestnut, Mr. Boyd on Le Coe, Mr. Eden on a bay, Mr. Barrow on a bay, Mr. Paget on a brown, Eyeglass Topee on a chestnut, and a host of others whose names we cannot remember.

Mr. Walker on Malta and "The Tougall" on Red Rover started about 7-30 and freely distributed the paper from start to finish, both horses fencing beautifully. Mr. Johnstone timed, and let the field go in a line ten minutes after the paper carriers had disappeared round the corners. Jumbo, Tom, Trumpeter and Zil showed in front as we went Indian file through the lane towards the first mud wall which all the horses negotiated in good form. A little more lane brought us to another open bit, where a hurdle was got over without accident. Turning to the left we went through some close country, but beyond the Absaloming of a few ancient topees no damage was done, and we came out to some grand country with mud walls and hurdles placed at intervals. At one of these Mr. Paget and his steed rolled over, but neither was hurt, and the horse cantered on with the field, leaving his sporting owner to finish on foot. Going round a corner of the homeward turn, Jumbo slipped up and destroyed his chance. His rider was not hurt and got on again, but too late to catch up the leaders, who were now at the last turn for home. Mr. Butler on the little pony came in sight first, and was only caught over the last hurdle by Snowstorm, who finished first by about a length in front of the pony, Mr. Roland third, Mr. Alston fourth, Mr. Murray fifth, Mr. Atlay sixth, followed by a round dozen all in a lump.

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There was again a large turnout of people at Ballygunge to see the third meet of the season. The Behar visitors turned out strongly and came well to the front. The number of starters was again above the average, and included, amongst others, the following :—Mrs. Murray on Peggy, Mrs. Sanders on Footlights, Ballygunge Jim on Red Rover, Captain Rawlinson on a grey, Mr. Roland on Rona, Mr. Dickson on Snowstorm, Captain Wheeler on Robin, Mr. Sniktaw, Mr. Holmes on Jumbo, Mr. Murray on Zil, Mr. Boyd on Le Coe, Captain Learoyd on a bay, Mr. Shins on a bay, Mr. Killian on a chestnut, Mr. Barnes on a pony, Mr. Alston on Commissioner, Mr. Verschoyle on a bay, Mr. Cartwright on Hurricane, Mr. Dusra Cawmill on Sidling Sal, Mr. Tisra Cawmill on Tim, Mr. Taylor on Rob Roy, Mr. Barrow on a bay, Mr. Robinson on Charlie, Mr. Gregory on Powder, Mr. Orrell on a bay, Mr. Macnabb on an elephant, Mr. Atlay on foot, and several others on wheels.

Punctually at 7-30 the Old Man on a Young 'Un and Mr. Walker on Malta started with the paper down the road at Juggernaut Car, and turning to the right at the corner of the big wall went out of sight. Whether it was cold nervousness, or excitement, the next ten minutes



seemed very long, and the word "go" must have been a relief to many. Away we clattered down the road till we came to the corner, where we turned to the right into a field where the first hurdle was placed, Jumbo, Zil, Rona, Robin, and Snowstorm showing the way. A little close country kept the field well together, but as we came in sight of the Red Road the pace increased and the tailing process commenced. The railway was crossed without accident, but between this and the Sandy Lane at Jodhpore some part of the ground was heavy, and those who eased their horses found it paid to do so. Mr. Shins came to grief in these parts, and was left behind unhurt, his steed going on with the other horses and taking the jumps as they came, up to the very last; coming into the Sandy Lane Rona was leading with Snowstorm, Tom, and Robin close by, and in this order they crossed the road at the Thannah. Going round by the railway Mr. Butler forced Tom to the front, but at the second last hurdle the race proved too fast to be safe. The pony being unable to collect himself, made a mistake and rolled over with his rider, who though stunned by the fall, luckily escaped unhurt. Rona now got her head, and shot over the last hurdle in front of Snowstorm with Captain Wheeler on Robin a good third, Jumbo and Zil fourth and fifth, respectively. Rob Roy, coming next, jumped too high for his rider over the last hurdle, and managed to unseat him. He came down heavily and was considerably shaken. No bones were broken, however, and we hope to see him to the front again next week. Mr. Barrow was seventh, and the rest finished at intervals during the next quarter of an hour.

So ended a most enjoyable chase. I hear the Old Man is raising the jumps at Tollygunge to something like the jumps of former years, and I sincerely trust the experiment will be a success.

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No doubt the performance of the "Mikado" and other late festivities accounted for the rather poor turnout of people at Ballygunge yesterday morning. The meet was at Jodhpore station, no less than six jumps being in full view of the gallery, and it was much to be regretted that the field was so small, for a better course could not well be found. The going was good throughout, while the jumps were many and varied, and were spread over about three miles of country. Those who stayed in bed certainly lost a most enjoyable ride, and we hope they will not be so lazy again. Among the starters were Mrs Sanders on Footlights, Mrs. Murray on Peggy, Ballygunge Jim on Beeswing, Mr. Murray on Zil, Mr. Alston on the Major, Mr. Holmes on Jumbo, Mr. Johnstone on North Star, Mr. Sholto on Pygmalion, Mr. Petrie on Bob, Mr. Verschoyle on a bay, Mr. Masher on Tom, Mr. Prevost on a grey pony, the Apostle on Cocktail, Mr. Ackworth on a black, Captain



Rawlinson on a grey, Mr. Atlay on a chestnut, Major Glancey on his charger, Mr. Barrow on a bay, and a few others.

Punctually at 7-30 Mr. Walker on Malta and "The Tougall" on Red Rover started with the paper, and ten minutes later Mr. Johnstone started the field in line over the first hurdle by the Jodhpore station road, The Major and Jumbo showing the way, before the road had been crossed. Turning to the left along the railway a hurdle, drop, and mud wall were negotiated, most of the horses fencing beautifully. Mr. Prevost's pony cleared the wall at the drop all right, but the ditch was too broad for him, else he did not see it, and was so pleased with it that he sat down and let his rider walk over his head! Descending into the low ground by the Thannah, Major Glancey overbalanced himself in his eagerness to counteract the effects of a "peck" and rolled over into the *muttee*. The course now wound up a lane towards the railway crossing with a mud wall laid across it which was unbroken; when the chase was over, Jumbo and The Major were still at the head of affairs, as we came out into the open where Zil and Beeswing joined the leaders. Turning to the left we found a hurdle and mud wall which stopped no one, and shortly afterwards we turned to the right over two open ditches, and again to the left over a further series of open natural ditches which brought us to the road. Crossing over towards the Salt Water Lakes Zil assumed the lead, while Jumbo and The Major made room for Beeswing, and in this order the road was recrossed. The course here wound through a narrow lane, which had to be gone through Indian file. Zil led over the last mud wall before coming to the railway station, but after coming across the rails he would not turn off the road, and Beeswing cut in and romped over the last hurdle an easy first much to the delight of his sporting owner, Zil second, The Major and Jumbo third and fourth, respectively, Mr. Ackworth fifth, Tom sixth, and Cocktail seventh. The next man showed the gallery how easy it was to leave the saddle when the horse hit the hurdle, and we would caution a few of the beginners to learn the art of sitting back over their fences, otherwise they must come to grief sooner or later.

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Notwithstanding the dissipations of the week in the shape of dancing, the "Mikado," etc., there were a good many people out at the paperchase yesterday morning. The starters came out strong, and we were very glad to see among them so many of our military friends. Thursday morning is selected, as often as practicable, to suit them, and we hope they will come in even larger numbers next and following meets. The starters were Captain Muir on The Baron, Mr. Mylne on a bay, Captain Rawlinson on his grey, Mr. Dusra on Othello, Mr. Sniktaw on a bay, Mr. Butler on a chestnut, Mr. Gregory on Sterling,



Mr. Orrell on Toby, Mr. Ackworth on a black, Ballygunge Jim on Beeswing, Major Glancey on a bay, Captain Worlledge on a black, Captain Garland on a roan pony, Mr. Digan on a charger, Captain Hunt on a C. B., the Apostle on Cocktail, Mr. Barnes on a grey, Mr. Barnard on Trumpeter, Mr. Sholto on Pygmalion, Mr. Barrow on a bay, Mr. Henry on a bay, and a good many others whose names we cannot remember.

The start was from the Jodhpore station, and the finish close to the Ballygunge station. Between these two points a distance of over three miles as the course lay, the going was excellent, and the jumps, nineteen in number, were judiciously placed. The paper was carried as usual by Mr. Walker on Malta, and "The Tougall" on Red Rover, and it would be difficult to find better fencers, not a twig being touched all the way round. Scent was fully distributed throughout, and altogether matters looked promising for a good chase. Ten minutes having been allowed, the field galloped down the road at a steady pace. Over the first hurdle, Beeswing, Othello, Mr. Mylne, and Toby showed the way, and changed places occasionally throughout the first part of the chase, which took us along to the right across a hurdle and mud wall. The next turning brought us across a bit of last week's chase in the shape of four open ditches, the last one with a wall placed in front of it. The Baron made a mistake here, and came down; his rider, who, however, was not damaged, was soon in the saddle again. Mr. Butler, who came to grief almost at the same moment, was not so fortunate, we regret to say, and broke his arm; we trust it will soon mend again, for we cannot afford to lose such a straight rider. After crossing the road we came round the left and shortly after turned homewards. Going across the open Trumpeter "pecked" and threw Mr. Barnard, who was damaged about the head though not seriously hurt. A little further on Mr. Mylne followed suit, and here our casualties ended. Going across the new brickfields Othello took the lead from Beeswing, while Toby took third place, Sterling, Cocktail, Captain Worlledge, and Mr. Ackworth close up. After getting through the big ditch the gallery came in view, and showed, that the finish was not far off. Toby shot in front, but after negotiating the hurdle at the corner of the jungle he overran the paper and allowed Ballygunge Jim to come up. Toby, however, managed to get on the scent again just before reaching the last hurdle, which he and Beeswing took together. After a brief struggle, and some hard riding weight told, and Mr. Orrell managed to get Toby first past the red flag, beating Beeswing by a neck, Captain Worlledge third, Othello fourth, then Sterling, Cocktail and Mr. Ackworth all in a lump. It is early to say any thing about the Cup yet, but from all appearances it promises to be a most open race, and we hope to see at least fifteen starters.



There was a good turn-out of spectators at Ballygunge yesterday morning to witness the sixth meet of the season. "After a storm comes a calm" is an old adage, and a true one, for while we had no less than four accidents to record last week, no one was hurt yesterday, although there were several amusing spills. The going was very fair throughout, while the number of starters must have gladdened the hearts of those who arrange these popular meets. Among them we noticed :— Mrs. Sanders on Footlights, Mrs. Murray on Peggy, Lord William Beresford on a bay, Mr. Alston on Major, Mr. Flummery on Cocktail, Mr. Orrell on Toby, Mr. Paget on a bay, Captain Rawlinson on a grey, Ballygunge Jim on Beeswing, Mr. Acworth on a black, Mr. Gregory on Sterling, Captain Turner on Trumpeter, Mr. Tom Anderson on Commissioner, Mr. Murray on Zil, Mr. Henry on a brown, Mr. Holmes on Jumbo, Captain Hunt on Eila, Captain Garland on Paleface, Mr. Sholto on Pygmalion, Mr. Killian on a chestnut, Mr. Sniktaw on a bay, Mr. Mylne on a bay, Mr. Dynamite on Paddy, Mr. John Anderson on Bedouin, Mr. Taylor on a black, Mr. Dusra on Othello, and a few others.

The course, which was well laid, started to the left of the Gurriah Hât Road opposite the sixth milestone, crossed the road and wound out towards Tollygunge, through some villages and gardens where mud walls and hurdles were judiciously placed at convenient intervals, then came back round by the open country outside the villages and into the lane leading down to Jodhpore, where the last two jumps were placed, and where the gallery were arrayed in goodly numbers to witness the unusually exciting finish.

Shortly after half past seven o'clock Mr. Walker on Malta and "The Tougall" on Diamond started off with the paper bags, both horses fencing beautifully, and ten minutes later the impatient field got the word "go." A rare scramble for the first hurdle ensued, but happily all got over it safely, though a good many rapped it hard, not to speak of the numbers who found a resting-place between their horses' ears. Away they went across the road, Beeswing, The Major, Jumbo, and Sterling showing the way, with Toby, Cocktail, and Zil following.

After getting through the villages into the open the pace increased visibly, Sterling making strong running with Beeswing and The Major lying handy. An amusing incident occurred at the two mud walls in the open. Mr. Taylor's horse took charge of him over the first of these obstacles, and jumping high at the second, landed his rider on his neck, where he clung on most tenaciously, but could not get back into his saddle, to the delight of a crowd of natives who held the high ground and speculated as to the probable result of this feat of horsemanship, and as we came by, shouts of "girta," "girta," "girta," were raised, followed by a joyful shout of "girgya" as he landed on his back in the *muttee*.



The leaders were now in the lane for home. Beeswing and Sterling still at the head of affairs. Turning into the last field for home, the former overshot a jump and went on racing, The Major and Sterling with Toby and Jumbo following. A regular ding-dong race was kept up to the last hurdle, where Beeswing came down an awful "buster," but beyond a painting of brown clay Ballygunge Jim escaped scatheless. Mr. Alston finished first, Sterling a close second, then Toby, Jumbo, Mr. Acworth, Cocktail, Zil and the rest of the field came in at intervals much pleased with themselves and their mounts, and mentally placing themselves well to the front next Thursday. Altogether the chase was a most enjoyable one, and as there are only five or six more this season, we would recommend those who ride to make the most of their opportunities. We regret to learn Mr. Alston is leaving us so soon, but hope to welcome him back on a good crock at the beginning of next season. As the season advances, the horses show a marked improvement, and the fencing of the leading horses yesterday was well worth getting up to see. The next chase will probably be on Thursday again, when we hope to see a large field and a good gallery.

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The fact that the start was considerably nearer home this week no doubt induced a large number of people to go out of Ballygunge, and they were certainly amply rewarded, for we have seldom, if ever, seen such a large number of starters. The rain which fell on Thursday did no harm, but on the contrary made the going very good in some parts where the ground was hard, while the low ground is not much affected. Among the starters were Mrs. Sanders on Footlights, Mrs. Murray on Peggy, Lord William Beresford on a bay, the Maharajah of Cooch Behar on a chestnut, Mr. Mountflummery on Magpie, Mr. O'Malley on a pony, Mr. Orrell on Toby, Mr. Gregory on Sterling, Mr. Paget on a bay, Mr. Barnes on a pony, Ballygunge Jim on Beeswing, Mr. Sholto on Pygmalion, Mr. Murray on Zil, the Prophet on Red Rover, the Apostle on Sappho, Mr. Anderson on Bedouin, Mr. Dusra on Othello, Mr. Acworth on a black, Mr. Dynamite on Paddy, Mr. Holmes on Jumbo, Mr. Killian on a chestnut, Mr. Mylne on a pony, Mr. Henry on a brown, Captain Muir on Diamond, Mr. J. E. K. B. on Bob, Mr. Sniktaw on a bay, Mr. Tamvaco on a chestnut, Captain Worlledge on a black, Herr Professor on a brown, Mr. Hazenbalg on a roan, the Macnabb on Selina, Mr. Verschoyle on Donegal, Mr. Harold on Pippin, A. D. C. on Babbler.

The course started to the left of the Gurriah Hât Road beyond the new railway crossing, wound through the thick jungle by the railway and came out by the lane to the left of Jodhpore Thannah, then over a mud wall and a bund on to the high ground along to the old mud wall and



bank jump, across the station road to last week's finish over a hurdle and across the road to a second hurdle, then it skirted along the path for a good piece, turning sharp to the right over two mud walls and up the Sandy Lane, turned to the right through the gates, then down to the right, again over two mud walls and round to the left to the far railway crossing, eventually finishing over two hurdles by the Sheep-pens.

Shortly after the appointed hour Mr. Walker on Malta and "The Tougall" on Trumpeter started with the paper bags and soon disappeared in the jungle; ten minutes later time was called, and away we bustled to the first hurdle which was negotiated without accident. The thick jungle immediately after compelled an Indian file process, which was pursued over the second hurdle and round by the narrow path skirting the forbidding looking tank where gracefully overhanging bamboos played havoc among the *topes*. Coming out into the open Sterling, Red Rover, Magpie and Mr. Acworth were leading with a strong second division close up. A mud wall was the next obstacle met with, but no one was stopped, and we were soon in the lane again where another "you must take me" wall was placed across the path. Coming out into the open at Jodhpore the leaders showed little change, and the pace was a cracker along the open, over the wall and bank where Babbler deposited his rider who, however, was not going to be done out of his ride, and remounting continued the chase. The leaders had now got well across the Gurriah Hât Road and streamed along the edge of the high ground, then turning to the right took the two mud walls before coming to the Sandy Lane. The course took a sharp turn to the right through the gates, but after getting through the jungle opened out again, and the field went along towards the new railway at a strong pace. Mr. Acworth was first over the crossing, but gave way to Sterling and Toby over the second last hurdle. The last named raced hard to the finish, Toby winning by a neck from Sterling, Magpie a good third, Red Rover fourth, and Zil fifth. Mr. Acworth came off at the last hurdle, or he would have been well placed. The second division comprising a round dozen, came in all together, and then the stragglers came up to the last hurdle amidst volleys of chaff which Pygmalion refused to face and stopped short, allowing Mr. Sholto to go over alone, which he did with alacrity and a smile. The Cup looks as if it would be a very open race this year, as each chase brings out a new winner. Toby with such a light weight ought to have a good look in, while Red Rover, Beeswing and Captain Muir have also strong claims. We would remind competitors that there will only be four or five chases before the Cup.

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There was an unusually large turn-out of people at Ballygunge yesterday morning to see the eighth meet of the season. The morning was crisp and cold, furs and ulsters being the order of the day. The



number of starters was again large, over 35 having actually finished, including three ladies. As long as things go on in this encouraging way, there need be no talk of giving up paper-chasing. Indeed, we have never seen it more popular than it has been this season in spite of the new railway and other drawbacks. The following is a list of starters :—

Mrs. Murray on Peggy, Mrs. Eck on a black, Mrs. Rautenburg on a black, Mr. Tom Anderson on Commissioner, Lord William Beresford on a bay, Mountlummery on Bourbon, Mr. O'Malley on Gipsy, Mr. Orrell on Toby, Captain Muir on Diamond, Captain Gordon on a bay, Hr. Murray on Zil, Mr. Turner on a bay, Mr. Rawlinson on Forester, Mr. Cartwright on Hurricane, Mr. Paget on a bay, Mr. Gregory on Sterling, Ballygunge Jim on Beeswing, Mr. Acworth on a black, Mr. Shelto on Pygmalion, the Prophet on Red Rover, Mr. John Anderson on Bedouin, Mr. Dusra on Othello, Mr. Dynamite on Paddy, Mr. Holmes on The Beau, Mr. Killian on his chestnut, Mr. Henry on Dontcherknow, Mr. Kennedy on Bob, Mr. Sniktaw on Contrariety, Captain Worledge on a black, the Macnabb on Selina, Mr. Shanghai on Mr. Millett's black, and a few others.

The course was, perhaps, a trifle longer than usual, but the going was excellent, and the jumps, 23 in number, were well placed ; indeed, from the favourable comments we heard from riders all round, it must have been an unusually happy selection. Starting to the right of the road leading down to Jodhpore station over a hurdle, it wound round to the left by the railway line over the drop and mud wall, and along the low ground towards the Thannah over a bank mud wall and hurdle, the latter placed at the entrance to the lane which winds round to the railway crossing ; and out into the open cross the paddyfields, where hurdles and mud walls were judiciously placed at convenient intervals, along to the " Monsoon Road." The course took a turn round by the Salt Water Lakes, and back again at the back of the tanks, eventually finishing with two hurdles not far from the Jodhpore station.

Punctually at 7-30 Mr. Walker on Malta and "The Tougall" on Footlights started with the paper bags, and after allowing them twelve minutes' grace, Lord William called time, and away they went in a line, Zil, Toby, Sterling and The Beau immediately taking the lead. The pace was slow at first, but after getting out into the open it became a regular cracker, the leaders racing each other alternately from start to finish. There were very few spills. The Shanghai paperchaser found water jumps too big, and gave it up as a bad job. The old black, however, was not accustomed to this sort of thing, and went on without him.

Coming back from the Salt Water Lakes Sterling and Zil raced together all along to the finish, Zil securing the verdict by half a length,



Othello and The Beau a dead heat for third place, Red Rover fifth, and Toby sixth. Then Beeswing, Commissioner and Lord William came, followed at intervals by the rest of the field. The mali informed us that they kept coming in till 10 o'clock last week, so we did not wait to see the end of them! We would call attention to the Cup advertisement which appeared in Wednesday's issue. We understand it is to be run for about the 10th proximo.

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A meet anywhere near the Red Road always attracts an unusually large number of spectators, and yesterday morning was no exception, for the road was crowded with vehicles from the corner of the Gurriah Hât Road down to "the double," well packed with "old familiar faces," some of them out for the first time this season. We hope it won't be the last, though alas! there are not many more chases to see. The field was quite up to last week, although a strong contingent from the Fort arrived just too late to start. We were able to notice the following:—

Mrs. Sanders on Footlights, Mr. O'Malley on Lady Amy, Mr. Holmes on Sterling, Mr. Orrell on Toby, Captain Rawlinson on his grey, the Old Man on The Sinner, Mr. John Anderson on Bedouin, Mr. Rawlinson on Forrester, Mr. Cartwright on Hurricane, Ballygunge Jim on Beeswing, Mr. Sholto on Pygmalion, The Prophet on Red Rover, Mr. Campobello on Blue Grass, Mr. Acworth on a black, Mr. Dusra on Othello, Mr. Dynamite on Paddy, Mr. Killian on his chestnut, Mr. Kennedy on Bob, Captain Worlledge on a black, and a good many others, among them several strangers.

The course started from the corner of the Red Road over a hurdle placed in a field by the side of the road, came back to the road again for a little, then turned to the right and round by the left over a mud wall, across the Green Lane to the "Duke of Connaught's double," down to the right towards the jungle round by the Dhobie's tank to a mud wall and ditch, over the bund to the long wall at the back of the jungle, then it came back by the bund along the lane over a hurdle and up to the Red Road again. After coming along the road a little it turned sharp to the right and wound round by the open to the railway crossing. After this it was intended to go out by the back towards Jodhpore, but the hares finding the field had started, cut across to the first railway crossing finishing the course over two hurdles in the open by the Red Road.

The paper was started about the appointed time by "The Tougall" on Jumbo and Mr. Tom Anderson on Commissioner. Whether it was that Jumbo objected to "The Tougall's" extra weight or that he was started too slow, it was evident he was not in a jumping mood, which seemed to have disturbed his rider's mind considerably. After allowing



the usual start of ten minutes Mr. Johnstone let the field go in a line; Sterling, Toby, Beeswing and a black showing the way up to the "double" where a "confusion" commenced; only by a few of the leading horses going on without "tarrying" inside the walls. Down by the tank Sterling and the others came to the front again, only to be passed in turn, when a sharp corner came, by Beeswing. Very little change took place till after the railway was crossed, after which the pace waxed hot, and as before mentioned the hares were nearly overlapped. Abandoning a part of the course, however, the honour of the chase was saved, and no "golmal" occurred. Mr. Holmes rode hard over the railway followed by Beeswing second, and Mr. Acworth third, then came Red Rover, Othello, and Toby together, followed by the remainder of the field at intervals. "All's well that ends well," and every one seemed pleased with the course and their mounts in general and with themselves in particular. Beyond a gentle tumble off Gipsy by Mr. O'Malley no accidents occurred that we heard of, but we would caution some of the riders not to ride so hard over the railway crossings as the earth is sometimes removed the morning of the chase and the rails exposed. Some one suggested that it was useless giving advice on this subject for there are some men who won't look, would ride at a church placed in the course if there were no rails round it or a parson standing at the door! We are glad to learn Mr. Cartwright is recovering from last week's "purler."

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Notwithstanding the fact that there were very many more Jubilee suppers than dinners on Thursday night, a good many people turned out yesterday morning to see the tenth meet of the season advertised to start from Jodhpore Thannah at 7-30. Shortly before that hour the following starters put in an appearance:—Mrs. Sanders on Footlights, Mrs. Murray on Peggy, Ballygunge Jim on Beeswing, Mr. Orrell on Toby, Mr. Holmes on The Beau, Mr. Gregory on Sterling, Mr. O'Malley on Lady Amy, Mr. Kennedy Boyd on Bob, Mr. Killian on Shanrock, Herr Gerlich on Grane, Captain Rawlinson on a bay, Mr. Greenway on Babbler, Mr. Acworth on a black, Mr. Tom Anderson on Commissioner, Captain Worlledge on a black, Mr. Barnes on a bay, Mr. Rennie on a bay, Mr. Cartwright on Hurricane, Mr. John Anderson on Rivington, Mr. Dynamite on Paddy, Mr. Sholto on Pygmalion, Mr. Sandy on Blue Grass, Mr. Dusra on Othello, and a few others.

The course started from the left of Jodhpore Thannah over a hurdle on the high ground and on towards the railway lines, taking in the old mud wall and bank, crossed the station road and came back to the Gurriah Hât Road over a hurdle and mud wall. After crossing the road a turn to the left brought it into the favourite "Bund" country,



which extends all the way out to the newly-bricked Tollygunge Lane, which was the turning point. The line of country back was on a parallel with the Sandy Lane up to the two mud walls which took us round to the other side of the high ground. The remainder of the course was almost a straight run home, the last hurdle being placed on the high ground close to the road. The going throughout was very fair.

Mr. Walker on Malta and "The Tougall" on Jumbo started with the paper at about 7-30, both horses fencing beautifully. After an interval of twelve minutes the field started off at a strong pace over the first hurdle, which was negotiated safely by all. Sterling, The Beau, Pygmalion, Beeswing and Toby led over the wall and bank with others, and Mr. Acworth close behind. Babbler repeated his old tricks here, and disposed of his rider for a little, but he was remounted and taken round without further accident. The leading horses were going at a very strong pace down the bunds, Sterling got the better of his rider here, and crossed Mr. O'Malley who, in trying to steer clear, came to grief, but beyond a shaking, we are glad to say, nothing serious happened. Coming back from the Tollygunge Lane, Toby and Beeswing came to the front, a position they maintained alternately till the last corner round which Beeswing obtained the advantage by a clever turn, and eventually finished first by a clear length from Toby, Shamrock third, Sterling fourth, and The Beau fifth. Then came Mr. Acworth and Herr Gerlich after a long interval. The rest of the field straggled in quietly. During the next five minutes we observed one or two would-be sportsmen missing jumps, which is most unpardonable.

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The unusual heat yesterday morning did not prevent a large number of people from finding their way out to Jodhpore station to see the last meet of the season, except the Cup Chase which, of course, is only open to a limited number of starters. A few of the leading lights were absent, no doubt saving their horses for next week's struggle, and the field was therefore not so large as usual. We noticed Mrs. Sanders on Footlights, Mrs. Routenburg on a black, Mr. Killian on Shamrock, Mr. Holmes on The Beau, Mr. Tom Anderson on Commissioner, Mr. Acworth on a black, Mr. Gregory on Sterling, Mr. Boyd on Bob, Captain Worlledge on a black, Mr. Dusra on Othello, Mr. Edward on Job Trotter, Mr. Cartwright on Hurricane, Herr Gerlich on Grane, and a few others.

The course started close to the Jodhpore Railway station by the Gurriah Hât Road over a hurdle on the high ground, a mud wall down below, and a ditch and bank just before crossing the line. Following the Monsoon Road for a little the course inclined to the right over a built up bund and then took a circular sweep down towards the Salt



Water Lakes with mud walls and hurdles placed at judicious intervals. A new thing in jumps was a tree raised on two bamboo trestles about three feet three inches from the ground, which stopped a good many. Turning homewards there was a very nice double which seemed to have taken the fancy of the Ballygunge peasant, for they collected alongside in hundreds waiting for some "fun." The course from this point lay across the fields to the road, then across a series of ditches, finally finishing with two hurdles close to the railway line at Jodhpore station.

The paper was carried by Mr. Walker on Malta, and "The Tougall" on Red Rover, who started a little before 7-30, twelve minutes in advance of the field, who followed The Beau, Sterling and Othello over the first hurdle; going up the lane to the station all the leaders overshot the paper, which resulted in grief to Othello, who came down over the corner of the small ditch, and gave his rider a nasty fall, which, however, is not so serious as it looked, and we hope to see him to the front again on the Cup Day. Before turning down to the Salt Water Lakes, Mr. Holmes came to grief over a hurdle, but fortunately escaped unhurt, although Shamrock tried him as a carpet before passing him. The leaders all negotiated the log jump without a stoppage, but Grane refused, and several others following his example, some confusion took place. Sterling and Shamrock led alternately for the rest of the way, Shamrock getting the verdict by half a length, Mr. Acworth a good bit off was third, followed after a long interval by Commissioner fourth, Grane fifth, and Footlights sixth. We congratulate Mr. Euler on his first win, which he thoroughly deserves, having worked up to it with undoubted pluck for the last five years. We saw an unpardonable offence on the part of some of the spectators a short distance from home, where several took up a position on the top of a bank where the horses had to come over. This was quite enough to stop any horses, and we trust it will not be repeated. Favouritism for the Cup seems pretty evenly divided between Beeswing or Sterling, Shamrock and Toby. The last-named has all the advantage of a light weight, which is also in favour of Sterling and, while either are good enough to win, we should not be surprised to see a resolute finish bring Beeswing in. Shamrock and Othello have also great claims as well as Captain Muir's selected.

### 1887—88.

Judging by the large number of people who found their way to Jodhpore Thannah yesterday morning, it is clear the paperchases are going to be as popular as ever; and indeed more so, for the interest has no doubt been considerably enhanced by the offer of a Cup to be given by a sporting paperchaser on terms which appeared in Thursday's



paper. No names are disclosed, but we are allowed to say the donor is a "Burra Saheb" which ought to encourage other Burra Sahebs to allow their assistants to join in this healthy amusement. A record of the first six past the flag is being kept by one of the hares, and any one objecting to the placing, as it appears in this paper, the day following the chase, should lodge objections and reason forthwith, and have any possible errors rectified. The new railway has sent us further away, but we are still safe to have our favourite cold weather amusement for some years to come.

The course yesterday morning was by no means a difficult one to get over, and the large percentage of falls must be put down to the horses being new to the work. No one was much damaged, we are glad to say. The meet started to the left of Jodhpore Thannah over a hurdle on high ground, turned round to the right over a second hurdle and mud wall towards the station road across the railway, and through the village out into the open, where hurdles and mud walls were encountered at short intervals until the screw pine ditches near the Monsoon Road were reached where some very nice jumps were prepared. The course then turned homewards and finished close to the railway line.

The paper was started by Messrs. Walker and "The Tougall" on Malta and Jack. Ballygunge Jim (who will be sadly missed in the front ranks if he elects to stand down) kept time and sent them away in line. We cannot give the names of all the riders, but we were glad to notice the following:—Mrs. Sanders on Footlights, Mr. Alston on The Major, the Prophet on Red Rover, Duggie on Pygmalion, Boojum on Crusader, the Ex-Deputy on Sir Launcelot, Mr. Maxwell on Gameboy, the Old Man on a Young 'Un, Dr. Edwards on Zig Zag, Mr. Butler on Toby, Jaggerit on Blackberry, Mr. Verschoyle on his new purchase, Mr. Acworth on Blackstone, Mr. Rivers on Magpie, Mr. St. Leger on Crinolette, Mr. Rose on a pony, Captain Turner on a polo tat, Killian on Shamrock, Tom Anderson on a grey, Mr. Eden on a bay, Mr. Sniktaw on Contrariety, Captain Rawlinson on a bay, Mr. Harold on Pippin, and Dr. Babbie on a C. B.

The first horses to show in front were the Old Rover and Zig Zag with Pygmalion and The Major close up, which position was little changed for the first half of the course. Mr. Alston lost some ground at the screw pines which he was unable to make up. Coming homewards Pygmalion got tired of carrying Duggie, and rolled over to get rid of him, which let in Toby and Zig Zag, the former taking the lead as they came in sight, hard pressed by Red Rover, with Zig Zag and Shamrock following. Mr. Butler forced Toby too hard at the last hurdle; the horse, not being able to collect himself, came down with his rider who fell heavily, but was eventually able to walk to his tumtum,



Shortly after the appointed time Messrs Walker and "The Tougall" on Malta and Jack started with the bags, and ten minutes later the field were allowed to follow. I think the following list of starters is about correct:—Mrs. Sanders on Footlights, Mrs. Murray on Maud, Mrs. Norman on Brenda, Dr. Edwards on Mustella, Mr. Butler on Badminton, Captain Burn on a bay, Captain Rawlinson on Duchess, Mr. Kingsley on Lady Bird, Jemmie on Bob, Mr. Cooper on a bay, Mr. St. Leger on Crinolette, Mr. Dangerfield on Buck, the Ex-Deputy on Sir Launcelot, Dr. Clark on a bay, Mr. Eden on a bay, Mr. Kidston on a pony, Mr. Petrie on Scots Grey, Mr. Cowie on a bay, Mr. Parsons on a brown, Captain Hunt on a brown, Mr. Dunne, Jr., on a bay, Mr. Acworth on Blackstone and perhaps one or two more. Mustella, Badminton, and Buck took up the running after getting over the first hurdle, and continued to lead alternately until the open was reached, where Buck lost the scent and was out of it. Captain Burn now came up and joined the leaders, and the pace, after turning for home, increased visibly. Mustella was over the last mud wall first, but taking a wide turn at the corner let up Badminton and Captain Burn. The former came past the flag comfortably first, two lengths in front of Captain Burn second, with Mustella a neck behind third, then after a short interval Mr. Acworth came in fourth, closely followed by Ladybird fifth, with Mrs. Murray not far off sixth, Duchess was seventh, Crinolette eighth, Mr. Dunne ninth, Buck tenth, and Captain Hunt eleventh.

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It was like the good old times to see a meet at Juggernaut Car, and no doubt its being nearer attracted the large gallery. The field was also larger than last week's and I regret to add that spills were again in the ascendant. This was not, however, due to any extra stiffness in the jumps, but in many cases to some thoughtless riding.

It was generally known throughout the paperchasing community that the course this week, unlike those of previous chases this season, was not a galloping one, and starters were cautioned to have their horses well in hand throughout, which caution was regarded by the majority, and a prettier sight than the field crossing from the gates on the Sandy Lane to the high ground opposite, with the horses well in hand, would be difficult to find. The course started on the Gurriah Hât Road at Juggernaut Car, leaving the road a couple of hundred yards lower down where the first hurdle was placed in a field to the right: then wound round through the jungle towards the Red Road, which was crossed by the "Duke of Connaught's double." Winding round to the right on a parallel line with the new railway it came out on the lane leading up to the level crossing, and came along the other side. It then wound up to the right and came out at the old gates on the



Sandy Lane, crossed over to the high ground, and wound back to the finish on the low ground by the Sandy Lane leading up from Jodhpore Thannah. The going was good throughout, and many of the old paperchasers expressed themselves well pleased with the course. It was a fair hunting course, without being in any way trappy and on the whole easy to negotiate.

The hares of the day, *viz.*, the Old Man on Bedouin and "The Tougal" on Jack, started with the bags shortly after the appointed hour, and after the usual time allowance were followed by a goodly field, among whom we noticed Mrs. Murray on Maud, Mrs. Blisset on Grane, the Prophet on Red Rover, Captain Burn on Diamond, Mr. Alston on Blazes, Mr. Butler on Badminton, Dr. Edwards on Pearl, Herr Gerlich on a bay, Mr. Walker on Malta, Captain Gordon on a new one, Mr. Dixon on Lola, Captain Rawlinson on Duchess, Mr. St. Leger on Crinolette, Mr. Goward on Job Trotter, Mr. Henry on a bay, Mr. Anderson on Commissioner, Indigo Billy on Molly, Mr. Cowie on a C. B., Mr. Cartwright on Bourbon, Mr. Kidston on a pony, Mr. Dangerfield on Buck, Mr. Saunders on Charlie, Mr. Boyd on Bob and several others.

The leaders negotiated the first hurdle in good style, but a refusal in the tail end kept the bulk of the slower ones at the first hurdle for some time; Pearl came down early in the race over a small blind ditch, but his rider was equal to the emergency, and nipped up again minus a boot. Crossing the Red Road Blazes, Diamond, Buck, and Badminton were well in front with Red Rover, Lola and Crinolette not far off. There was little alteration in this order throughout, one or other of the horses named leading in turn, and all fencing beautifully. The pace up to near the end was moderate, but the buzz of the gallery, attracting the attention of the riders, was the signal for putting on the pace, and Diamond, Buck and Blazes came round the last corner at a cracker. The two first named took a wide turn, and were practically knocked out, and although Buck's rider tried to come in again, it only led to his crossing in front of Blazes, the result being a fall to both. Fortunately neither was hurt, but it might easily have been otherwise. The jumble let in Badminton and Pearl, who finished first and second in the order named, Lola third, Captain Gordon fourth, Red Rover fifth and Crinolette sixth.

On New Year's day the sporting community of Barrackpore turned out at 7 o'clock for a paperchase, the first that has taken place here for upwards of three years. The following members assembled near the Club House:—The Examiner on Hector, Chawbs on the Begum, a Calcutta visitor on an iron grey, John D. on Ginger, the Policewalla on a fiery Arab, the Silent One on Vivid, the Serampore Masher on a dark bay, the Nobb Garrison Captain on his tat, Gubbins on a chestnut,



Ginger on Alice, and Brownie on Robin. The start took place at half past seven punctually across the Artillery Riding School jumps, past the elephant lines, and along a bye road across the railway; the pace was tremendous not to say dangerous. Brownie, who had laid the paper on the previous evening, led the way, closely followed by the Nightingale, John D., Chawbs, and the Serampore Masher. Turning off to the right the paper lay over several awkward jumps in a close cultivated country where few followed correctly, owing to the natives having taken up the paper. Across some rough open ground nearly the same order was maintained, the Begum apparently taking Chawbs for a gallop according to her own fancy, jumps of all sorts were manipulated, as also were falls and scrambles. A broad water jump put the Silent One *hors de combat*, while a bank and ditch proved fatal to the Calcutta visitor who trudged home the remainder of the way. A long gallop down a grassy lane then followed, Brownie, Chawbs, John D. and the Serampore Masher heading the string. A slope proved too much for the Begum, who crossed her forelegs, bringing Chawbs a tremendous cropper. The paper then led over two small jumps across the railway and along the Station Road, through a Bazaar, and finished over a couple of ditches near the Cricket Ground, Robin and Serampore Masher close together, John D. well up third. A *chota hazri* was provided on the Cricket Ground by David and Jonathan, where several ladies were assembled anxiously awaiting the safe arrival of the sportsmen.

The time taken from start to finish was 18 min. 5½ sec. by Benson's chronometer. Two ladies deserve special praise for riding from start to finish without a check, and it is to be hoped that on the next occasion still more will find their way to the meet.

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The fifth chase of the season met at Jodhpore Thannah yesterday morning. There was a large turn-out of spectators and a goodly number of starters, indeed considerably more "starters" than "finishers." The second mud bank seems to have been too much for some of the horses, and the number of refusals was a caution. Only two cleared it at the first go-off, and I am told some twenty horses were hung up for a considerable time, causing endless amusement to the onlookers. I noticed a paragraph in Monday's paper in which a correspondent comments on my criticism of the accident in last chase. I have read over my remarks carefully, and cannot find any allusion to "foul riding," or even "reckless riding." The former term is quite foreign to Calcutta paperchasers, and its introduction quite unnecessary. I am quite sure Mr. Dangerfield never thought anything beyond a friendly caution was meant by my remarks; and if he will look over accounts of former chases, he will find that a good many of us came in for equally severe criticism in our day.



The course was a trifle longer than usual, and some of the jumps more formidable ; notably the second mud wall which was built after the rains, and has settled down into a good substantial "lep." The start was to the left of Jodhpore Thannah, across to the railway line and over the Station Road, then along the Gurriah Hât Road for a little down to the right through the Tollygunge Gardens, coming back through the villages and finishing on the low ground opposite the Station Road. The going was a little heavy throughout, but this is a fault which will very soon rectify itself.

The paper was laid by Messrs. Walker and "The Tougall" on Malta and Jack, Ballygunge Jim officiating as starter. Among the field were Mrs. Murray on Maud, Mrs. Sanders on Footlights, Mrs. Blisset on Grane, Dr. Edwards on Rufus, Herr Gerlich on a bay, the Ex-Deputy on Sir Launcelot, Mr. Butler on Badminton, Mr. Verschoye on his New One, Mr. Proffit on Red Rover, Lord William Beresford on Diamond, Mr. St. Leger on Crinolette, Colonel Pole Carew on a bay, Mr. Alston on his black mare, Mr. Cartwright on Bourbon, Mr. Cowie on Tinker, Captain Gordon on Hot Coffee, Major Glancey on a bay, Mr. Parsons on Atlay, Dr. Clark on a bay, Captain Gore on a bay, Mr. Kingsley on Ladybird, Mr. Finucane on a bay, Mr. Dunne on Ladybird, Captain Rawlinson on Duchess, Mr. Kidston on a pony, Mr. Goward on Job Trotter, and a few more.

At the call of time Rufus and Badminton went away with the lead, and matters went well up to the first mud wall, where Major Glancey came to grief. The second mud wall was negotiated by Rufus and Badminton in good style, but the remainder of the field were hung up for a considerable time, two ponies eventually showing the way. The two leading horses were fully 300 yards in front of anything else, and making their own pace came in as they liked, Badminton beating Rufus for first honours close to the winning flags. After a considerable interval Mr. Verschoye and Mr. Proffit followed in the order named with Mr. Dunne and Mr. St. Leger a long way behind, fifth and sixth.

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The season is wearing on, and yesterday morning witnessed the sixth meet. A large number of people found their way out to the starting place, a little beyond Jodhpore, opposite the Station Road. The field was not a very large one, however, but the few who started had a most enjoyable ride. The course was considerably shorter than usual, the time occupied being only  $8\frac{1}{2}$  minutes. It ran from the low ground opposite the Jodhpore Station Road, starting with a low hurdle, followed the path by the tank into the open over a mud wall, and then took a turn to the left over a bush fence with a ditch on the near side. Turning again to the right, it led straight out to the Tollygunge Lane, where it turned



round through some thick jungle, coming out again on the low ground along the gardens, back to the Gurriah Hât Road, and round by the station to the low ground by the bamboos, on the opposite side of the road from the start, where the flags were placed. The going, though a trifle uneven, was better than that of last week, and the number of spills were trifling.

The paper was carried by the Old Man on Bedouin and "The Tougall" on Jack, who started at 7-30, followed by the field ten minutes later. The following were among the starters :—Mrs. Murray on Maud, Mrs. Blissett on Grane, Mr. St Leger on Crinolette, Mr. Alston on The Major, Mr. Butler on Badminton, Mr. Acworth on Blackstone, Mr. Proffit on Red Rover, Duggie on Retreat, Mr. Petrie on Footlights, Mr. O'Malley on Bourbon, Mr. Goward on Job Trotter, Mr. Verschoyle on a brown, Dr Edwards on Somersault, Mr. Parsons on Atlay, Mr. Kingsley on Ladybird, Mr. Henry on a bay, Mr. Cartwright on Hurricane, the Ex-Deputy on Sir Launcelot, Mr. Anderson on Commissioner, Mr. Barnes on Mustella, Mr. Kidston on a pony, Mr. Euler on Shamrock, Captain Burn, Mr. Merewether on a pony, and a few more.

The leading division got over the first hurdle in good style, and went on their way at a merry pace, Red Rover, Badminton, Somersault, and Blackstone showing well in front. Meantime Ballygunge Jim was helping some of the tail end to get over the several obstacles by loud shouts and gesticulations. Even these strong measures were insufficient to persuade some of the horses to go on, at all events with their riders, some of whom were left behind to examine the nature of the ground. The leaders were now well on to the Tollygunge Lane, where Red Rover and Blackstone lost a lot of ground through overshooting the paper. Badminton was at the head of affairs coming back, and though pressed by Red Rover at the finish, won all out by a length from Red Rover, Blackstone third, Somersault fourth, Footlights fifth, and Bourbon sixth, then came Job Trotter, The Major, Mr. Verschoyle and Mr. Murray.

I have not made up the figures for the "Average Cup," but a glance at the records shows Mr. Butler first, with Mr. Proffit second, and Mr. Acworth third, and unless something unforeseen happens to Badminton or his owner, his chance is very rosy indeed.

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No doubt yesterday being a close holiday accounted for the unusually large turn-out of spectators who found their way to the start for the seventh meet of the season at Dacuria Thannah. Lord William Beresford brought down a party from Government House on his coach, and there were carriages of every description full of people down to the humble but useful ticca gharry. The number of starters was far above



the average, and as few came to grief, I presume the ride was a pleasant one to most of them. The course was perhaps the longest we have had this season, being well over three miles with about 22 jumps placed at judicious intervals. It ran from the low ground to the left of Dakuriah Thannah, where the first hurdle was placed, through the jungle over a second hurdle and down by the railway towards Jodhpore. Three mud walls had to be negotiated before appearing in the open at Jodhpore Thannah, where the course turned sharp to the left towards the railway, over another mud wall and then round by the tank to the two favourite ditch and bank jumps. Winding round to the right along the Station Road, it crossed the Gurriah Hât Road, and went along the low ground where last week's chase started over a hurdle, then turning sharp to the left over a mud wall with a considerable drop. Following the lane it reversed last week's course out to the Tollygunge Lane and back to the bush fence from which point it went straight across to the Sandy Lane entering the jungle through the old gates. Some pretty hunting ground was then passed through, the finish eventually appearing in an open field close to the start on the opposite side of the road. The going throughout was excellent, and to those who overshot the paper I would mildly suggest :—

“Ask for them and see you get 'em,  
Solomon's spectacles are the best.”

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The hares of the day were “The Tougall” and Mr. Alston mounted respectively on Diamond and Hadji. I am sorry I cannot remember all the starters, but the following were all there :—Mrs. Sanders on Footlights, Mrs. Murray on Peggy, Mr. St. Leger on Crinolette, Mr. Flower on a bay, Captain Burn on Nellie, Mr. John Anderson on the Sinner, the Old Man on Blazes, Mr. Acworth on Blackstone, Dr. Edwards on Hurricane, Mr. Rawlinson on a bay, Mr. Goward on Job Trotter, Mr. Butler on Badminton, Mr. Prophit on Red Rover, the Ex-Deputy on Sir Launcelot, Mr. Petrie on Scots Grey, Captain Rawlinson on Duchess, Mr. Tom Anderson on Great Scot, Duggie on a chestnut, Mr. Murray on Maud, Dr. Clarke on Somersault, Mr. Rivers on the Gift, Herr Gerlich on Grane, Mr. Barnes on Mustella, Mr. Euler on the Buzzard, Mr. Ellis on Pippin, Mr. Boyd on Robert, Mr. Lombe on a grey, and Mr. Mead on a bay.

Ballygunge Jim gave the word after allowing the hares the usual 10 minutes, and away went a goodly dozen, clearing the first hurdle in line. The heavy jungle forced them into Indian file, which was maintained until they appeared at Jodhpore, Dr. Edwards leading them at a good pace on Hurricane till they were over the two big jumps by the railway, where Red Rover and Badminton took up the running followed by



Blackstone, Maud, and Crinolette. This order was kept with little change all the way out the Tollygunge Lane and back to the bush fence, where Butler and Prophit lost the scent and raced to an imaginary finish on a course of their own. Mr. Verschoyle attended by Blackstone now took up the running, and came in first and second in the order named. After a considerable interval Mr. Flower found his way in third, with Rawlinson fourth, Job Trotter fifth, and Maud sixth.

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I annex the result of the first seven chases, which may interest competitors in the "Average Cup."

*1st Chase.*—1, Prophit on Red Rover ; 2, Euler on Shamrock ; 3, Forsyth on Little King ; 4, Dr. Edwards on Pearl ; 5, Cartwright on Crusader ; 6, Millett on Blackberry.

*2nd Chase.*—1, Dangerfield on Buck ; 2, Murray on Maud ; 3, Butler on Badminton ; 4, Watkins on Contrariety ; 5, Acworth on Blackstone ; 6, St. Leger on Crinolette.

*3rd Chase.*—1, Butler on Badminton ; 2, Burn on Diamond ; 3, Edwards on Mustella ; 4, Acworth on Blackstone ; 5, Kingsley on Ladybird ; 6, Mrs. Murray on Maud.

*4th Chase* — 1, Butler on Badminton ; 2, Dr. Edwards on Pearl : 3, Dixon on Lola ; 4, Gordon on Hot Coffee ; 5, Prophit on Red Rover ; 6, St. Leger on Crinolette.

*5th Chase.*—1, Butler on Badminton ; 2, Dr. Edwards on Rufus ; 3, Verschoyle on The Snob ; 4, Prophit on Red Rover ; 5, Dunne on Ladybird ; 6, St. Leger on Crinolette.

*6th Chase* — 1, Butler on Badminton ; 2, Prophit on Red Rover ; 3, Acworth on Blackstone ; 4, Douglas on Retreat ; 5, Petrie on Footlights ; 6, O'Malley on Bourbon.

*7th Chase.*—1, Verschoyle ; 2, Acworth on Blackstone ; 3, Flower on a bay ; 4, Rawlinson on a bay ; 5, Goward on Job Trotter ; 6, Murray on Maud.

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The attendance at the eighth meet yesterday morning was rather meagre, although the number of starters was quite up to the average. No doubt the Fancy Dress Ball of the previous evening had a great deal to do with the scant gallery. The morning was crisp, and those who did manage to get up had an enjoyable ride.

The course, though not quite so long as last week's, was a very good one. It started from last week's finish over the usual hurdle and turned into the jungle at once, taking in a mud wall built up since last chase. The exit to the old gates was altered, and after crossing the Sandy Lane it went out towards the Tollygunge Lane by the new brickfield and returned by the Tollygunge Gardens, winding in and out through some



close jungle and round sharp corners, eventually finishing in the open space behind the Jodhpore Station Road. The rain had softened the ground very considerably which made the going good, and the few who came to grief had nothing much to complain of.

Messrs. Anderson and Walker carried the paper on Great Scot and Malta, and Ballygunge Jim again acted as starter. The following is a list of starters :—

Mrs. Murray on Peg, Mrs. Blisset on Grane, Mrs. Sanders on Cleopatra, Mr. Alston on the Major, Mr. J. Anderson on The Sinner, Mr. Sheriff on Bourbon, Dr. Clark on Somersault, Herr Gerlich on a chestnut, Mr. Goward on Job Trotter, Mr. St. Leger on Crinolette, Dr. Edwards on Footlights, Mr. Prophit on Red Rover, Mr. Butler on Badminton, Captain Henderson on a bay, "The Tougall" on Diamond, Mr. Acworth on The Snob, Mr. Euler on Shamrock, Captain Burn on a brown, Captain Birdwood on a pony, Mr. Ross on Lady Gertrude, Mr. Grant on a chestnut pony, and a few more.

Badminton and Red Rover took up the running at the call of time, followed by Footlights, Captain Henderson, and Blackstone, which order was maintained with little alteration till they came out at the old gates on the Sandy Lane where the leaders hesitated, and Blackstone, Captain Henderson and Diamond took up the running out to the Tollygunge Lane. Badminton came on here again and turned homewards with a good lead from Captain Henderson, Blackstone and Diamond, Red Rover lying close behind. A sharp turn threw two of the leaders out a bit and Blackstone led the field along at a merry rattle, the close country was reached, where he came to temporary grief by colliding with a tree and dislodging his rider, who, however, was not long in getting on again. On getting into the open again Badminton nipping round a sharp corner resumed the lead, which he kept to the finish, Red Rover second, Diamond third, Footlights fourth, Mr. Acworth fifth, and Captain Henderson sixth.

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The Paperchase Season is drawing to a close like all other cold weather amusements, and with the exception of the Cup Chase the present month will see the end of these popular meets. That the weather is getting warmer was only too apparent, judging from the state the horses were in as they finished. The course was longer than last week's. It started from the Jodhpore Station through the village by the railway line going along the open country by the favourite screw pine jump to the Monsoon Road. After crossing the road it went through some gardens and jungle by the back of Ballygunge, and eventually finished close to the Ballygunge Station. Jumps were pretty numerous, a good many of them being natural ones. The going was very good



gratifying to see such a consistent paperchaser as Mr. Acworth to the front, the more so as he has just got over the effect of a bad spill in a former chase. The Cup Chase will very soon be on now and on paper it looks any odds on Badminton who has been going so well in these chases this season. At the same time the chances of horses like Shamrock and Diamond cannot but add a great deal more interest to the issue, while Red Rover, Blackstone, and Donegal will not be far behind. Mrs. Murray has a speedy and clever fencer in Maud, and if she starts, will have a very good chance indeed. Altogether it looks a pretty open race, and in any case the starters should not be less than a dozen. The "Average Cup" will go to Badminton bar accidents, as there are only two more chases before the Cup Day.

The Calcutta Mounted Rifles Chase for two Cups—one for light weights walking 11st. 7lbs. or under and the other for all who walk over that weight—comes off on Wednesday, and should prove an interesting and amusing race. The Cup presented by Mr. Ezra is to be given to whoever comes in first, whether a light or heavy weight, and an equally valuable Cup will go to the first in the light or heavy weights as the case may be, that is, if a light weight comes in first, he receives Mr. Ezra's Cup and the other Cup will go to the first heavy weight in, and *vice versa*. The light weights will wear blue sashes to distinguish them from the heavy weights, who are to wear red ones.

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Saturday morning being cool and crisp for this season a large number of people found their way to the starting point for the twelfth chase of the season. As the Cup Day draws near, the interest seems to increase, and the running of Blackstone, Diamond, and Shamrock lately points to a very open race for the Cup; it is to be hoped none of the horses will go wrong in the short interval that has to run before this sporting event is decided.

The course on Saturday was, with some judicious alterations, a familiar one to many old paperchasers. It ran from the Jodhpore Station across the Gurriah Hât Road, keeping parallel with the road through some in-and-out winding up to the Old Jump with the ditch in front alongside the road close to the sixth milestone, from which point it turned to the right out by the Tollygunge Gardens, returning over the "Bund" country and crossing a bit of high land by the tank, finished on the right hand side of the road, a little past Jodhpore Thannah.

The hares of the day were Mr. Walker on Malta and "The Tougall" on Jack, who started the usual ten minutes in advance of the field, who were taken in hand by Ballygunge Jim and despatched with his usual punctuality. The following comprise the majority of the field:—

Mrs. Sanders on Footlights, Mrs. Hamilton on a chestnut, Mr. Emerson on Duchess, Captain Burn on Nelly, Lord William Beresford



on Diamond, Herr Gauhe on Fatzke, Mr. T. Anderson on Great Scot, Mr. J. Anderson on Bedouin, Major Hunt on a pony, Mr. Butler on Badminton, Mr. Euler on Shamrock, Mr. Arthur on Charlie, Mr. Edwards on Job Trotter, Mr. Kidston on Gascard, Mr. Rivers on Magpie, Mr. Acworth on Blackstone, Mr. Millett on a grey, Mr. Verschoyle on The Snob, Mr. Campbell on Partition, Mr. St. Leger on Duchess, Mr. Cartwright on Hurricane, Mr. Dangerfield on Rambler, and a few more.

At the call of time Badminton, Blackstone, and Great Scot went to the front, followed by Diamond, Fatzke, and Partition over the first hurdle, and away they rattled at a merry pace across the road into the jungle beyond. Appearing again by the road, the leaders showed little change. At the next village, however, Badminton and Diamond went a little off the paper, but found it again round the corner. Blackstone, Magpie, and Great Scot, however, put back, and thereby lost ground, although coming down the "Bund" country they were close up again. A little confusion took place here, some natives having deliberately scraped up the paper and carefully laid it up to a bank leading to a big wide ditch where they evidently expected some fun, but they were doomed to be disappointed for no one came to grief, and although there was nothing to show the scent, Diamond's rider spotted a hurdle ahead and was on the right track again, followed by the rest of the field. After negotiating the last hurdle Badminton made an effort to overhaul Diamond, but could only get within a length of him. Lord William scoring first honours by that distance, Blackstone some distance off third, with Magpie fourth, The Snob fifth, and Mr. Millett sixth.

Immediately after the chase was over, the hares, accompanied by some of those who rode in the chase, went back to the point referred to, but the delinquents had made tracks, and nothing could be done beyond airing a little of the language of the country and intimating that no *backsheesh* would be forthcoming for the week's damage. The latter procedure may have a salutary effect on the gentle mind of the Ballygunge peasant, and we hope they may never play similar tricks again, as it might lead to a serious accident.

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With the exception of the Cup Chase yesterday morning saw the last of these most popular meets. The season has been unusually successful. The fields have been larger and accidents fewer ; indeed, there have been no serious accidents to horses or riders, and the way in which spectators found their way to the varied starting places advertised, shows that they enjoyed the sport. The Cup Day was originally fixed for the 8th instant, but in deference to a wish expressed by the Government House party, it has been postponed to Wednesday, the 14th, so as to give Their Excellencies an opportunity of being present.



The course yesterday morning started from the little piece of open ground by the Dakuriah outpost on the Gurriah Hât Road, wound through the jungle by the Railway and came out into the open again close to Jodhpore Thannah, then crossing the road circuited the big tank and went straight across to the Sandy Lane, returned again, and going through the old gates came back to the new railway crossing. After passing through the brickfield opening, the course took in a small piece of flat land on which a nice water jump had been prepared. It finally ended up in the open by the Red Road in full view of the gallery. The going was good throughout, and although the heat is beginning to tell on the horses, there was nothing much to complain of yesterday.

Among the starters were Mrs. Sanders on Footlights, Mrs. Hamilton on a chestnut, Mrs. Blisset on Grane, Miss Howey on a bay, Mrs. Murray on Maud, Lord William Beresford on Diamond, Mr. Butler on Badminton, Captain Burn on a brown, Mr. Arthur on Charlie, Mr. Barnes on Mustella, Mr. Verschoye on The Snob, Mr. Tom Anderson on Great Scot, Mr. Dangerfield on Rambler, Mr. Euler on Shamrock, Mr. John Anderson on Bedouin, Mr. Cartwright on Hurricane, Mr. Goward on Job Trotter, and a few others.

Mr. Walker on Malta and "The Tougall" on Jack carried the paper as usual, and Ballygunge Jim was to the fore at the start which was effected with the usual promptitude, ten minutes after the hares had gone. Badminton and Shamrock led alternately for the first portion of the chase, with Diamond, Zil, and Great Scot close up. After crossing the Sandy Lane into the jungle, some of the leaders shied off at a corner, and Diamond took up the running for a little. They were all together across the railway level crossing, and the water jump saw them again in line. Diamond was first over, but was passed by Zil and Badminton immediately thereafter, the pair racing hard to the last hurdle which Badminton struck hard and rolled over, leaving Zil to come in first with Diamond coming away strong, a length behind, Great Scot third, Fatzke fourth, Maud fifth, and Rambler sixth.

The rider of Badminton, I am glad to hear, was not hurt, and will be "all there" on the 14th.

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## CALCUTTA MOUNTED RIFLES.

### PAPERCHASE CUP.

This new and sporting event was decided at Jodhpore yesterday morning over a course kindly prepared by Mr. George Walker. The interest attached to the result appears to have been considerable, judging from the number of spectators who found their way out. The conditions



were that competitors were to ride *bondâ fide* chargers ridden at the Camp of Exercise, Ballygunge. Two Cups were given—one for *Light Weights* scaling 11st. 7lbs. or under, and the other for *Heavy Weights* scaling over 11st. 7lbs. The original entries, when the day was fixed during the Camp, numbered nearly 30, but yesterday morning the number dwindled down to a dozen.

The course was an excellent one in every respect. It started from the Jodhpore Thannah, and took in the two big jumps by the railway, then winding round by the Jodhpore Station crossed the Gurriah Hât Road and went out over the “Bund” country towards the Tollygunge Lane, returning through the new brickfields and finishing in the open opposite the Old Gates on the Sandy Lane leading up from Jodhpore Thannah.

Messrs. Walker and Anderson on Malta and Great Scot carried the paper, and Mr. Macnair started the field comprising the following twelve warriors, after the usual interval of ten minutes.

*Light Weights.*—Quarter Master Sergeant Murray on Zil, Sergeant Currie on Magpie, Lance Corporal Watkins on Contrariety, Trooper Orr on Gill, Trooper Goward on Job Trotter, Trooper Clark on Somersault, Trooper Kidston on Gascard.

*Heavy Weights.*—Troop Sergeant Major Hodgson on Le Moke, Sergeant McLeod on Jack, Corporal Blechynden on his brown charger, Trooper Garland on the Laird, Trooper Pope on his dun charger.

Despatched to an even start, Job Trotter and Jack were in front over the first hurdle, but the latter was pulled back, and Zil, Magpie and Contrariety came up. The leader took the big wall in good form, and crossing the road to the “Bunds” there was little alteration. Job Trotter led the most of the way, and finally landed the winner of the Ezra Cup from Zil; the heavy weights some distance behind, headed by Jack who wins the other Cup. Corporal Blechynden came to grief over one of the “Bund” jumps, and Troop Sergeant Major Hodgson stuck for some time at the big wall, otherwise there were no casualties. It is to be hoped the field will be much larger next year when we understand the competition will be repeated.

### 1888—89.

Owing to the late heavy rainfall paperchasing this season has commenced later than usual, and even now most of the country is heavy going. A capital course had, however, been laid out for the first chase, which was run off yesterday morning. The mud walls were not immense, but some of the hurdles were considerably higher than those used in previous seasons. Nearly all the horses fenced well, but some of them came in very blown, a remark which also applies to several of the riders.



Judging from the large number of carriages and the crowds of equestrians to be seen out yesterday morning, the popularity of paperchasing is evidently as great as ever. Lord W. Beresford drove down the Government House coach with a large party.

The paper was well laid by Mr. Walker on Malta and "The Tougall" on his new purchase Lola; both animals fenced perfectly. As it is the commencement of the season, we must be excused for missing the names of several of the field, but there were so many new followers that it is impossible to give an accurate list of the starters. We noticed, however, Mr. Murray on Rocket, Mr. Gauhe on Fatzke, Mr. Garth on Dacca, Mr. John Anderson on a brown, Mr. Tom Anderson on Great Scot, Mr. Edwards on Remount, Mr. Clark on Somersault, Lord William on Diamond, Mr. Dangerfield on Rambler, Mr. Acworth on Blackstone, Mr. Perman on Blazes, Mr. Butler on Little Samson, Mr. Prophit on Badminton, Mr. Euler on Shamrock, and Mr. Verschoyle on The Snob, and a host of others. The start took place on the right hand side of the Gurriah Hât Road, just beyond the sixth milestone. The leading lot for the first half of the journey were Messrs. Prophit, Gauhe, Murray, Garth and Little Samson. After crossing the road the course went through several gardens and a clump of trees. Messrs. Gauhe, Garth and another soon afterwards missed a jump by which they obtained a long lead and finish by themselves; they were of course disqualified. The remainder of the field now began to increase the pace which proved fatal to Little Samson, who hit a mud wall hard and came down much to the disadvantage of his rider's immaculate get-up. Mr. Butler was knocked silly for a bit, but we are glad to say soon came round, and gallantly again rode his game little nag at the fatal obstacle, and this time without mishap. As the field came in view of the gallery, the result was seen to lie between Badminton and The Snob, and the latter being the fresher won a good race by a length, Rocket third, Somersault fourth, Blackstone fifth, and Great Scot sixth.

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Owing to the meet yesterday being considerably nearer town than at the first chase a large number of people assembled to see the start which took place at the Juggernaut Car. The morning was very cold, but luckily without any fog.

The paper was carried by Mr. Walker on Malta, and "The Tougall" on Lola. Among the field we were glad to see several ladies, Mrs. Blissett on Granville, Mrs. Gatacre on Jewell, Mrs. Grey on a brown, and Mrs. Murray on Peggy. The stronger sex were well represented by Mr. Prophit on Badminton, Mr. Acworth on Blackstone, Mr. Goward on Job Trotter, Lord William Beresford on Diamond, Captain Harbord on Return, Mr. Barnard on Mavourneen, Mr. Edwards on a pony, Lord



Binning on a black, Mr. Tom Anderson on Great Scot, Mr. Lindsay on bay, Mr. Murray on Rocket, Mr. Verschoyle on The Snob, Mr. Cartwright on Sweet Dreamland Faces, Mr. Clark on Somersault, The Apostle on a chestnut, Major Hunt on a bay, Mr. Gregory on Zig Zag, the Old Man on Blazes, Mr. Gauhe on Fatzke, etc., etc. The going generally was good, but it was a bit "ponky" in parts. Owing to the course going through several clumps of trees, many riders reached the finish in a hatless condition.

At the first word being given, Mr. Gregory and Dr. Edwards led out up the lane, over a hurdle and through a field on the right hand side of the road. After negotiating a mud wall, the field went across the road over two mud walls and across the railway. The paper now lay along the railway for a short distance, and afterwards over a nice bit of open country with mud walls and hurdles judiciously placed; when the Sandy Lane was reached, Messrs. Gregory and Edwards overshot the paper and lost their positions. The Snob, Rocket and Fatzke now went on at a strong pace with a large portion of the field in close attendance. Skirting a tank, the course now lay over several jumps and then back along the low ground and across the road to the last hurdle which was placed close to the bamboo clump. The leaders were now all racing, but Mr. Verschoyle had a bit in hand, and although Rocket was making up a lot of ground at the finish, he could never get near The Snob who won easily, Fatzke finished third, Job Trotter fourth, Blackstone fifth, Badminton sixth.

As the public may have forgotten that three Cups are being presented this season, we give the following particulars:—

1. Paperchase Cup for all weights.
2. Welter Cup, presented by Lord William Beresford. For horses qualified for the Paperchase Cup, but whose owners must weigh 11st. 7lbs.
3. Average Cup, presented by Mr. G. W. Walker. For horses ridden by owner who has the best average at the end of the season in the first six places.

*Conditions.* 1. All horses must be the unconditional property of the riders.

2. In the event of there being twelve or more chases, horses to qualify must have been ridden in at least six chases while the property of the present owner. If there are less than twelve chases horses must have been ridden in at least half the number.

3. No horse allowed to enter who has ever won a race of any description of the value of Rs. 550 or upwards.

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Owing to the finish being at the Red Road yesterday a large number of people assembled to witness the third paperchase. The weather was



slightly warmer than at the second chase, but bright and clear. The first half of the going was excellent, but the latter half was heavy in parts, and many of the horses appeared very distressed before they arrived at the winning flags.

The paper was well laid by Mr. Walker on Malta and "The Tougal" on Lola, both horses fencing in their usual perfect style. We noticed the following starters:—Mrs. Gatacre on Jewell, Mrs. Murray on Peg, Mrs. Grey on a bay, Mrs. Hayes on a bay, Mr. Butler on Badminton, Mr. Goward on Job Trotter, the Maharaja of Cooch Behar on a very handsome chestnut, Dr. Clark on Somersault, Mr. Verschoyle on The Snob, Mr. Gregory on Zig Zag, Mr. Murray on Rocket, Mr. Acworth on Blackstone, Mr. Alston on the Major, Mr. Gauhe on Fatzke, the Apostle on Gazelle, Mr. Barnard on Mavourneen, Mr. Durance on Sweet Dreamland Faces, Major Hunt on a bay, Dr. Edwards on a pony, Mr. Mitchell Innes on a bay, Mr. Sniktaw on Contrariety, Mr. Garth on a bay, Mr. Boyd on Bob, Mr. Shaw on Marigold, Mr. Tom Anderson on Great Scot, Mr. Barrow on a bay, Mr. Kingsley on Ladybird, Mr. Kidston on Gascard, Mr. Adye on a bay, Mr. John Anderson on a bay, the Old Man on that perfect hunter Blazes, and several strangers.

The start took place on the left hand side of the road beyond Jodhpore Thannah, Rocket, The Snob, and Dr. Edwards led out at a strong pace, closely followed by Zig Zag, Gazelle and Fatzke. At the first mud wall Dr. Edwards had a difference of opinion with his pony, but Fatzke, coming up fast, knocked them both safely to the right side of the obstacle. A lot of horses declined to take this mud wall at the first trial, and the field was all over the shop. When they settled down to work again, Rocket, Fatzke, Zig Zag and The Major were leading. The next mud wall proved too much for Zig Zag, who deposited his rider on the cold ground in a somewhat abrupt manner. Jewell shortly afterwards put his foot into a hole and turned a complete somersault, Mrs. Gatacre luckily escaping unhurt. Nothing daunted by her severe fall, she pluckily remounted and finished the chase. After crossing the road, the paper led on to the Sandy Lane through the Old Gates and a bit of jungle across the railway and on to the finish at the Red Road, the last two jumps being a ditch, a hedge and a hurdle. As the leaders came in view, it was seen that Rocket, Fatzke and The Major had obtained a long lead, and they finished in the order named. After a considerable interval Blackstone, Gazelle and The Snob appeared and obtained the next three places. Mrs. Murray and Mrs. Grey finished close up to the placed horses.

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In spite of the many festive meetings that have been taking place in Calcutta during the last few days, a large number of people assembled



to witness the start for the paperchase yesterday morning. The start unfortunately was the only part of the chase that was generally witnessed, as the finish was in an obscure place which most of the gallery were unable to find. The going was excellent, and the jumps were placed very well and not of a trappy order.

The paper was carefully laid by Mr. Walker on Malta and "The Tougall" on Lola. The mare jumped slovenly, and "The Tougall" had not such a pleasant ride as usual. Every one was glad to see the Mem Saheb once more among the field and riding better than ever. She was well mounted on that good hunter Shamrock. We also noticed Mrs. Gatacre and Mrs. Hayes among the followers. The sterner sex were strongly represented by Mr. Barnes on Mustella, Mr. Turner on a bay, Mr. Dacca on Dash, Mr. Garth on Nelly, Mr. Acworth on Blackstone, Dr. Clark on Somersault, Mr. Wills on a pony, Mr. Titwillow on Solicitor, Mr. Verschoye on The Snob, Captain Harbord on a pony, Mr. Barnard on Mavourneen, Mr. Mitchell Innes on Nelly, Dr. Edwards on a bay, Mr. Shaw on Marigold, The Apostle on Gazelle, Mr. Goward on Job Trotter, Mr. Pat on Kangaroo, Mr. Lawrence on a bay, Mr. Arthur on Rambler, Mr. Dangerfield on a new one, Mr. Nicholls on a bay, and Major Hunt on a black.

The start took place at the Jodhpore Station. At the word "go" Mr. Mitchell Innes went out at a spanking pace and led over the first jump, but finding he had taken precedence of the Mem Saheb, he blushingly assumed a more backward position. Fatzke, Diamond and Shamrock headed the field over the next few jumps at a fair pace. The third wall proved fatal to Captain Harbord's pony, who hit it hard, and falling heavily broke his neck, his rider escaping with a few bruises. The fourth wall brought Mr. Nicholls to grief. His horse tried to run through it and turned a complete somersault, rolled over his rider, who was badly shaken. After a couple of jumps the course was laid across the Monsoon Road, and then through a piece of open country and back through the lanes towards Ballygunge Station where the last hurdle was placed. About a mile from the finish the leaders overshot the paper, letting in Nell and Blackstone, who maintained the lead until the winning flags appeared where they were passed by Fatzke who, capitally ridden, secured an easy win. Blackstone second, Nell third, Diamond fourth, Dash fifth, Shamrock sixth. The riding in several parts of the chase was very wild, and there were many narrow escapes owing to several riders persistently crossing each other instead of riding their own line.

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The weather yesterday morning being bright and clear, a large number of spectators assembled to witness the fifth chase. The start took place from the lane beyond the Jodhpore Station. The course lay



over a hurdle and round to the right where another hurdle and mud wall were placed in close proximity. Going on towards the Salt Lakes, several ditches which the tide had filled had to be negotiated. The paper afterwards led back to the Monsoon Road over several mud walls, a water jump and the screw pine jumps. Turning sharp to the left, the finish was seen to be situated close to the Jodhpore Thannah. The going throughout was all that could be desired. The fences were higher than we have seen them this season, but horses are now getting fit, and hardly a horse touched any of the jumps.

The paper was laid by Mr. Walker on Malta and "The Tougall" on Lola. Unlike last week the latter fenced beautifully, and her owner still exhilarated by Christmas cheer looked at peace with the whole world.

Among the starters we noticed the Mem Saheb on Shamrock, Mrs. Murray on Peg, Mrs. Walker on Banshee, Captain Harbord on a bay, Dr. Edwards on Zig Zag, Mr. Goward on Job Trotter, Mr. Murray on Rocket, Mr. Butler on Mosel, Mr. Alston on Blazes, Mr. Verschoyle on The Snob, Mr. Barnard on Mavourneen, Mr. Turner on a bay, Mr. Adye on Her Ladyship, Colonel Gatacre on a bay, The Apostle on Gazelle, Mr. Arthur on Rambler, Mr. Dangerfield on a bay, Mr. Anderson on Great Scot, Dr. Clark on Somersault, Mr. Acworth on Blackstone, Mr. Gauhe on Fatzke, Mr. Titwillow on Blue Bag, Mr. Othello on Garth, Mr. Mitchell Innes on a bay, Mr. Durance on Sweet Dreamland Faces.

At the call of time Fatzke and Rocket showed the way over the first few jumps followed by Zig Zag, Blazes, Shamrock and Mosel. At the second mud wall the sporting Alipore Doctor bit the dust, but invigorated by the taste of the soil, and notwithstanding the loss of a stirrup, he managed to get the course in safety. As the leaders headed back towards the railway, Blazes made up a lot of ground, and soon afterwards went to the head of affairs. Fatzke and Mosel both tried vainly to catch the leader, who, capitally handled by Mr. Alston, won fairly easily, Fatzke second, Mosel third, Shamrock fourth, Blackstone fifth, Rocket sixth.

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A number of visitors having left Calcutta after the Christmas festivities only a small gallery assembled to witness the chase yesterday. The morning was cold, but unfortunately a heavy mist hung close to the ground and rendered the jumps almost invisible until the horses were close upon them, it also made the finding of the paper a very difficult task. The going was excellent, and the jumps were very carefully placed and built up to a very nice height.

The paper was laid with rather a sparing hand by Mr. Walker on Malta and "The Tougall" on Lola. The field was very numerous, and most of the horses looked in good condition. Among those present we noticed :—The Mem Saheb on Shamrock, Mrs. Murray on Peg,



Mr. Tom Anderson on Great Scot, Mr. Alston on Blazes, Mr. Acworth on Blackstone, Dr. Edwards on a black, Mr. Millett on Blackberry, Mr. Shaw on Marigold, Mr. Beresford on the King, Mr. Goward on Job Trotter, Mr. Dangerfield on Rambler, Mr. Arthur on a bay, The Apostle on Gazelle, Major Hunt on The Colonel, Mr. Eck on a black, Mr. Trilitan on Contrariety, Captain Rawlinson on a bay, Mr. Titwillow on Solicitor, Mr. Adye on the Old Girl, Mr. Henry on a bay, Mr. Murray on Rocket, Mr. Westmacott on a bay, Mr. Prophit on Badminton, Mr. Verschoyle on The Snob, Mr. Milton on a chestnut, Great Scot on a chestnut, Mr. Kidston on Scotswood, and Mr. Turner on Britomarte.

At the call of time Shamrock, Mr. Eck, and the King led out at a strong pace over the first hurdle. At the next jump, a mud wall, the fun commenced ; the King refused and his rider was left caressing him with a stick and calling him endearing names. Great Scot's nag also refused, and on his rider trying to force him over, he resented the indignity by bucking him straight up into the air where his legs separated, and he alighted on the ground in the shape of a compass. After negotiating the two big walls (at the second of which Blackstone refused several times ; his rider's judicial seat, however, was not disturbed) the leaders overshot the paper and the running was taken up by Mr. Henry, Mrs. Murray, and Mr. Arthur. After crossing the Station Road the paper led back to the Gurriah Hât Road. A mud wall hereabouts sent Titwillow with a twitter to the grass, an example which was shortly afterwards followed by Mr. Henry, much to the damage of a new pair of boots. Skirting the Tollygunge gardens the course lay through a bit of jungle, the leaders being Rocket, Badminton, and Blackstone. On emerging into the open the finish was seen to be situated close to the Jodhpore Station Road. The leaders were now all close together, and after a ding-dong finish Mr. Murray on Rocket secured premier honours by a neck from Mr. Prophit on Badminton, closely followed by Mr. Turner on Britomarte, Mr. Acworth on Blackstone, Mrs. Murray on Peg, and Mr. Goward on Job Trotter.

As Rocket seems to go better every week, he will most likely have most supporters for the Cup. Blazes, Badminton, and The Snob are also much fancied. For the Average Cup Blackstone has a very good chance, as he always runs a game honest horse, and is placed almost every week.

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Owing no doubt to the number of entertainments which are taking place this week the attendance at the paperchase yesterday morning was considerably below the average. The number of starters was also meagre, which is not to be wondered at, considering that almost every stable in Calcutta is suffering from the prevailing cough and influenza epidemic. The weather was unpleasantly warm and a rather heavy



mist proved depressing. The going throughout was excellent, and the jumps were quite as big as in last week's chase. The paper was laid by "The Tougall" on Hadjee and Mr. Walker on Malta. Among the field we noticed :—The Mem Saheb on a chestnut, Mrs. Murray on Peg, Mr. Verschoyle on The Snob, Mr. Acworth on Blackstone, Mr. Millet on Nina, Mr. Goward on Job Trotter, Mr. Eck on a black, Mr. Alston on Blazes, Mr. Turner on Britomarte, Mr. Philips on a pony, Mr. Watkins on Contrariety, Mr. Henry on a bay, Mr. Butler on Badminton, Captain Rawlinson on a bay, Mr. Murray on Rocket, Mr. Shaw on Marigold, Major Hunt on a black, Mr. Campbell on Norseman, and Mr. Titwillow on Solicitor.

The start took place at the bamboo clump near the Jodhpore Station round to the right over a hurdle, and a double across the Gurriah Hât Road on to the "Bund" country, where a miscellaneous collection of jumps had been placed. The leading lot consisted of Blackstone, Badminton, Rocket, Blazes, and Peg. After twice crossing the Tollygunge Lane the paper led on to the brickfields where Britomarte, Job Trotter and Nina joined the leaders. The course now lay through a bit of jungle back to the old gates and finished close to the road over two hurdles. Blazes obtained the lead near the brickfields, and appeared first through the Old Gates where he was challenged by Rocket, who after a rattling finish secured first honours, Britomarte third, Badminton fourth, Blackstone fifth, Job Trotter sixth, Nina seventh, Peg eighth.

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Owing to the very heavy fog which prevailed yesterday morning at Ballygunge it appeared doubtful whether the chase would come off or not. As we stood shivering at the start, it was a case of

"To whit ! To whoo ! How do you do ?

"The mist and the fog have wet me through !

"I've caught a cold on my chest, hav'n't you ?

"But all the same To Whit ! To whoo."

About 7-30 A.M., however, a bit of blue sky appeared, and things began to look more cheerful, and by the time the start took place a fair gallery had assembled, who were rewarded by a capital view of several of the jumps at the commencement as well as at the finish of the chase. The paper was capitally laid by "The Tougall" on Lola, and Mr. Walker on Squire. The latter horse evidently feels that he is getting into the "sere and yellow leaf" as he jumped very unkindly on several occasions.

The number of the field was hardly up to the average. We noticed, however, the Mem Saheb on a raw chestnut, Mrs. Murray on Peg, Mrs. Eck on a black, Mrs. Gatacre on a brown, Mr. Turner on Britomarte, Mr. Euler on Shamrock, Major Hunt on a black, Mr. Beresford on Badminton, Captain Huddart on a brown, Mr. Brazier Creagh on



Diamond, Colonel Gatacre on a bay, The Apostle on Gazelle, Mr. Murray on Rocket, Mr. Alston on Blazes, Captain Sherston on a pony, Mr. Acworth on Blackstone, Mr. Goward on Job Trotter, Mr. Titwillow on Port Trust, Mr. Sheriff on Exile, Colonel Pole Carew on the Star, Mr. Apjohn on a bay, Mr. Kidston on Gascard, Mr. Boyd on Bob, and Mr. Campbell on Tim.

After twelve minutes "law" time was called and Diamond, Badminton, Britomarte and Blackstone led out over a hurdle across the Gurriah Hât Road and over a mud wall on to the "Bund" country, where a formidable number of mud walls had been placed close together. Diamond was still leading, followed by Job Trotter, Britomarte, Badminton and Blackstone with Rocket and Peg lying handy. Turning sharp over to the right, Diamond overshot the paper, and Badminton went on with the lead. Britomarte and Blackstone being close behind. After a bit of jungle Mr. Murray brought up Rocket, and at once went to the head of affairs. At the next fence, however, he jumped the wrong side of the flag, and had to go back, which quite extinguished his chance. Blackstone, Britomarte and Badminton had now obtained a good lead; the two former, however, missed a hurdle which had been placed round a corner. Mr. Beresford only discovered it in time to pull his horse broadside on to it in which position the animal declined to jump, and his rider all but bit the dust; he, however, clung on with one hand to the animal's neck, and hung there for some time, — a thing of beauty — but hardly of joy from the agonized expression of his features. After some clown-like antics he managed to regain the saddle amidst the cheers of a large number of his Aryan brethren. The running in the meantime had been taken up by Peg and Job Trotter who raced over the two remaining jumps, and on to the red flags. After a most artistic finish Mrs. Murray managed to catch the judge's eye by a short neck from Mr. Goward on Job Trotter, Diamond third, Blackstone fourth, Britomarte fifth, and the Star sixth. The Average Cup is now almost a certainty for Blackstone who has been placed in every chase this season. Mrs. Gatacre got a fall towards the middle of the chase, and was dragged for some distance. She, however, we are glad to say, escaped with a shaking. At the last hurdle Exile and his rider both stood on their heads, but finding the position rather uncomfortable, they finally reclined side by side on the dewy turf.

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Yesterday morning being bright and clear a large number of people assembled at Ballygunge to witness the paperchase. The start and finish were situated in close proximity, and the gallery were enabled without much exertion to witness both the first few and the final jumps. Owing to the late rain the going was decidedly heavy, but great care had been taken to build the jumps on sound ground. The horses all



round were fencing in excellent form, and we did not hear of a single casualty.

The paper was carefully laid by "The Tougall" on Lola and Mr. Walker on Squire.

Among the field we noticed Mrs. Murray on Peg, Mr. Eck on a black, Mr. Proffit on Badminton, Mr. Maxwell on Q. O., Mr. Brazier Creagh on Lancer, Lord William Beresford on Diamond, Mr. Barnard on Mavourneen, Mr. Dickson on Baccarat, Major Hunt on Ginger, Mr. Alston on Beacon (late Blazes), Mr. Murray on Rocket, Mr. Boyd on Bob, Mr. Beresford on Plantation, Colonel Pole Carew on The Star, Mr. Acworth on Blackstone, Mr. Campbell on Norseman, Mr. Euler on Shamrock, Mr. Milton on Fred, Mr. Wigmore on a bay mare, Mr. Adye on the Ancient Dame, Mr. Goward on Job Trotter, Mr. Verschoyle on The Snob, Mr. Turner on Britomarie, Mr. Shaw on Marigold; Mr. Edwards on a black, The Apostle on Gazelle, Mr. Phillips on a country-bred, Mr. Titwillow on Port Trust, Mr. Cartwright on Hurricane, etc., etc. The start took place at the Dakuriah Thannah; the paper went over two hurdles, along the railway round to the right over two mud walls and through a lane with a jump in the middle of it, and on to the open ground near the Jodhpore Thannah. The leading lot consisted of Beacon, Rocket, Blackstone and Badminton with Diamond and The Star lying handy. The Guriah Hât Road was crossed near the bamboo clump where Rocket assumed the lead and led over the water jump with Beacon and Badminton in close attendance. After going through a longish bit of jungle the paper led over the new railway crossing, alongside the line for a bit, and on in the direction of the Red Road close to which the red flags were placed. Near the railway crossing Rocket, who was going very easily, overshot the paper which let up Badminton, whose owner's eagle eye quickly discovered the lost trial, and benefiting by this chance Mr. Proffit gave his old nag his head, and rattling over the last two fences won fairly easily. Mr. Murray second on Rocket, Mr. Alston third on Beacon, Mr. Acworth fourth on Blackstone, Mr. Euler fifth on Shamrock, Colonel Pole Carew sixth on The Star.

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Owing to the very heavy fog which prevailed yesterday morning there was a considerable doubt as to whether the chase would be run off. About 7-45 A.M., however, the sun made his appearance, and rapidly drove away the fog and his depressing influences. The gallery and field were both very small, owing; no doubt, to many people reserving themselves for the Fancy Ball in the evening. The going throughout was capital, and a nice line of country had been selected. The mud walls were built much as usual, but several of the hurdles had been placed on bunds which made them rather formidable obstacles.



The paper was laid by Mr. Walker on Malta and "The Tougall" on Norseman ; the latter animal did not jump very kindly, and his rider broke a stirrup at the second jump, but managed to get round the course without this very necessary article. His mount ran through the last wall and tumbled on his head, but fortunately recovered himself without unseating his rider. Among the field we noticed Mrs. Murray on Peg, Mrs. Othello on Bengy, Mrs. Eck on a black, Mr. Brazier Creagh on Diamond, Mr. Maxwell on a brown, Mr. Prophit on Badminton, Mr. Butler on Little Samson, Mr. Dickson on Baccarat, Mr. Turner on Britomarte, Mr. Acworth on Blackstone, Mr. Milton on a grey, Mr. Daniell on Nell, Mr. Verschoyle on The Snob, Mr. Wigmore on a bay, Mr. Tom Anderson on Great Scot, Mr. Walker on Othello, Mr. Apar on two ponies, Mr. John Anderson on The Sinner, Mr. Murray on a chestnut, Mr. Sheriff on a bay, Mr. West on a pony, Mr. Barnard on Mavourneen, Mr. Dangerfield on a black, Mr. Shaw on Marigold, and a lot of youths on small tats.

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The start took place on the right hand side of the Gurriah Hât Road just beyond the Jodhpore Thannah. At the call of "time" Diamond, Blackstone, Badminton, Britomarte, and Nell led over the first hurdle round to the left over a mud wall with a drop and through a piece of jungle on the "Bund" country where Mrs. Eck and Job Trotter joined the leaders. Diamond led at a strong pace over the "Bund" country and round to the left by the Tollygunge Gardens back to the Gurriah Hât Road, soon after passing which he began to tire and was passed by Britomarte and Badminton who raced home over the two big jumps by the station and over a mud wall and hurdle ; a short distance from home Britomarte slightly overshot the paper which allowed Badminton to obtain a two-lengths lead, which advantage he maintained to the finish. Mr. Brazier Creagh on Diamond was third, Mr. Goward on Job Trotter fourth, Mr. Acworth on Blackstone fifth, Mr. Shaw on Marigold sixth, Mr. Eck seventh. Half way through the chase Mr. Wigmore came to grief, an example shortly after followed by Mr. West's mount who shot his rider with considerable force on the ground. Mr. West's business instincts were too strong to be suppressed by a trifle like this, and he gravely proceeded to sample the soil, finally pronouncing it fairly twisted, choky broken dust with a strong flavour ; value uncertain on account of the fog. We are sorry to hear that in the last chase Rocket overreached himself, but it is hoped that he will get round in time for the Cup. The rest, however, is bound to prove prejudicial to his chance.

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A bright clear morning yesterday was a welcome change after the very foggy weather which we have lately been experiencing, and those



and the water jump, where most of the gallery had assembled. The first hurdle proved fatal to Mr. Rice who came to the ground in rather a hasty manner. The horses all jumped the water jump well. Fatzke's rider nearly cut a voluntary, but managed to save himself after a desperate struggle. A sportsman on a pony caused much amusement by riding his mount from head to tail in the most approved circus fashion, but escaped a fall in the most miraculous way. After crossing the "Band" country the paper led towards the Tollygunge Lane and on by the Tollygunge Gardens back to the well-known finish on the west side of the Gurriah Hât Road opposite the green land near the Jodhpore Station. After the field came in view, it was seen that about eight of the riders were all in a bunch. Shamrock, however, obtained a slight lead when near home, an advantage which he maintained to the finish. Mr. Murray just contrived to beat Britomarte for second honours ; the next three were all close together, but the judges placed Mr. Gauhe fourth on Fatzke, Mr. Goward fifth on Job Trotter, Mr. Butler sixth on Mosel. Lord William arrived late in a desperate hurry, but could never manage to catch up the leaders. Two of the spectators taking a short cut to see the finish suddenly disappeared into a pit, the falling was soft !

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# APPENDIX B.

## PLACED HORSES AND RIDERS SINCE 1889.

1889	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th
1st Chase	Mr. Murray on "Rocket" }	Mr. Gauhe on "Fatzke" }	Mr. Alston on "The Major" }	Mr. Acworth on "Blackstone" }	Mr. Apostolides on a chestnut }	Mr. Verschoyle on "The Snob" }
2nd Chase	Mr. Murray on "Rocket" }	Mr. Alston on "Blazes" }	Mr. Turner on a bay }	Mr. Butler on "Badminton" }	Mr. Acworth on "Blackstone" }	Mr. Goward on "Job Trotter" }
3rd Chase	Mr. Murray on "Rocket" }	Mr. Propit on "Badminton" }	Major Turner on "Britomarte" }	Mr. Acworth on "Blackstone" }	Mr. Murray on "Peg" }	Mr. Goward on "Job Trotter" }
4th Chase	Mr. Murray on "Peg" }	Mr. Goward on "Job Trotter" }	Col. Pole Carew on a bay }	Maj. Turner on "Britomarte" }	Mr. Acworth on "Blackstone" }	Mr. Brazier-Creagh on "Diamond" }
5th Chase	Mr. Propit on "Badminton" }	Mr. Murray on "Rocket" }	Mr. Alston on "Blazes" }	Mr. Acworth on "Blackstone" }	Mr. Euler on "Shannock" }	Col. Pole Carew on "The Star" }
6th Chase	Mr. Propit on "Badminton" }	Maj. Turner on "Britomarte" }	Mr. Brazier-Creagh on "Diamond" }	Mr. Goward on "Job Trotter" }	Mr. Acworth on "Blackstone" }	Mr. Shaw on "Marigold" }
7th Chase	Mr. Propit on "Badminton" }	— on a black }	Mrs. Murray on "Maud" }	Mr. Goward on "Job Trotter" }	Mr. Maxwell on a brown }	Mr. Acworth on "Blackstone" }
8th Chase	Mr. Butler on "Badminton" }	Ld. Wm. Beresford on "Diamond" }	Mr. Campbell on "Norseman" }	Mr. Maxwell on a brown }	Mr. Euler on "Shamrock" }	Mr. Acworth on "Blackstone" }



# PLACED HORSES AND RIDERS SINCE 1889—(con'tinued)

1889	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th
9th Chase	Mr. Euler on "Shamrock"	Mrs. Murray on "Peg"	Maj. Turner on "Britomarte"	Mr. Gauhe on "Fatzke"	Mr. Goward on "Job Trotter"	Mr. Butler on "Mosel"
1890						
1st Chase	Mr. O. W. Mallitte on "Glaicks"	Capt. Turrer on "Weeks"	Mr. Prophit on a chestnut	Mr. Rees on "Col-lard & Collard"	Mr. Butler on "Favorite"	Mrs. Hayes on "Terence"
2nd Chase	Dr. Edwards on "Fatzke"	Mr. Prophit on "Badminton"	Mr. Goward on "Job Trotter"	.....	Mr. Bayley on "Warlock"	Mr. J. Boyd on "Le Moke"
3rd Chase	Capt. Turner on "Weeks"	Mr. Alston on "Beacon"	Mr. McKie on "Barrister"	Mrs. Murray on "Maud"	Mr. Rees on a brown	Mr. Murray on "Rocket"
4th Chase	Mr. Alston on "Beacon"	Mr. Jennings on _____	Mr. Rees on "Col-lard & Collard"	Capt. Brazier-Cieagh on a brown	Mr. West on "Saxonbury"	Mr. Goward on "Job Trotter"
5th Chase	Mrs. Murray on "Maud"	Mr. Acworth on "Laddie"	Mr. A. B. B on _____	Mr. Barnard on "Noiseman"	Mr. Petrie on "Gambler"	The Mem Sahab on a brown
6th Chase	Mr. Max O'Rell on "Asbestos"	Mr. Rees on "Col-lard & Collard"	Mr. Hutchinson on "Badminton"	Mr. Wilson on "Lara"	Mr. Butler on "Maid of Honour"	Mr. Goward on "Job Trotter"
7th Chase	Mr. W. Petrie on "Collard & Col-lard"	Mr. Max O'Rell on "Best 'Oss"	Mr. Goward on "Job Trotter"	Capt. Body-Guard on "The Substitute"	Miss Prestage on "Hadgi"	Mr. Alston on "Blazes"
8th Chase	Mr. Acworth on "Laddie"	Mr. Goward on "Job Trotter"	Mr. Prophit on "Badminton"	Mr. Max O'Rell on "Best 'Oss"	Mr. Barnard on "Norseman"	Lord. Wm. Beresford on "Shikar"



9th Chase	{	Mr. Acworth on "Laddie"	Mr. Reeson "Col- lard & Collard"	Mr. Goward on "Job Trotter"	Mr. Barnard on "Norseman"	Mr. Kingsley on a bay	Dr. Clark on a bay
10th Chase	{	Mr. Max O'Rell on "Best 'Oss"	Mr. Goward on "Job Trotter."	Mr. Reeson "Col- lard & Collard"	Mr. Wilson on "Laura"	Mr. Barnard on "Norseman"	Mr. Kingsley on "Ladybird"
11th Chase	{	Dr. Clark on "Somersault"	Mr. Reeson "Col- lard & Collard"	Mr. Max O'Rell on "Best 'Oss"	Mr. Goward on "Treason"	Mr. Kingsley on a bay	Mr. D. Gibson on a bay
1891		1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th
1st Chase	{	Mr. Parsons on "Mildred"	Mr. A. Ezra on a black	Dr. Edwards on "Fatzke"	Mr. Verschoyle on a brown	Mr. Butler on "Favourite"	Mr. Titwillow on "Gazelle"
2nd Chase	{	Mr. Verschoyle on "Bannagher"	Mr. Titwillow on "Gazelle"	Mr. Paris on "Flatcatcher"	Dr. Edwards on "Fatzke"	A. Stranger on "Nutcracker"	Mr. Taylor on "Slim Jim"
3rd Chase	{	Mr. Verschoyle on "Binnagher"	Dr. Edwards on "Fatzke"	Mr. D. Myers on "Flatcatcher"	Mrs. Grey on "Blarney"	Capt. Irwin on "Hector"	Mr. West on "Saxonbury"
4th Chase	{	Dr. Edwards on "Fatzke"	Mr. Butler on "Favourite"	Mr. Parson on "Charity"	Mr. Taylor on "Slim Jim"	Mr. Verschoyle on "Bannagher"	Mr. Hamilton on "Allow Me"
5th Chase	{	Mr. Parsons on "Charity"	Mr. Titwillow on "Gazelle"	Capt. Irwin on "Hector"	Mr. D. Myers on "Flatcatcher"	Capt. Turner on "Collard & Col- lard"	Mr. Verschoyle on "Bannagher"
6th Chase	{	Mr. D. Myers on "Flatcatcher"	Mr. O'pherts on "Collard & Col- lard"	Capt. Turner on "Don Juan"	Dr. Edwards on "Favourite"	Capt. Irwin on "Hector"	Mr. Verschoyle on "Bannagher"
7th Chase	{	Mr. Butler on "Favourite"	Mr. Alston on "Gambler"	Mr. Olpherts on "Collard & Col- lard"	Mr. Verschoyle on "Bannagher"	Capt. Irwin on "Hector"	Mr. West on "Saxonbury"
8th Chase	{	Mr. Butler on "Favourite"	Mr. Myers on "Flatcatcher"	Mr. Taylor on "Slim Jim"	Mr. Verschoyle on "Bannagher"	Mr. T. Anderson on a black	Mr. Barrow on "Blair Athol"



# PLACED HORSES AND RIDERS SINCE 1889—(continued)

1891	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th
9th Chase	... { Mr. Taylor on "Slim Jim"	Mr. Verschoyle on "Bannagher"	Mr. D. Myers on "Flatcatcher"	Mr. Olpherts on "Collard & Col- lard"	Mr. L. Walker on "Sonapet"	Mrs. Beverly on a brown
10th Chase	... { Mr. Rees on "Charity"	Mr. Butler on "Favourite"	Mr. Campbell on "Norseman"	Mr. Olpherts on "Collard & Col- lard"	Mr. Verschoyle on "Bannagher"	Capt. Turner on "Garnet"
11th Chase	... { Mr. Olphert on "Collard & Col- lard"	Mr. Taylor on "Slim Jim"	Mr. Hamilton on "Allow Me"	Mr. Rees on "Charity"	Mr. Titwillow on "Gazelle"	Capt. Turner on "Garnet"
1892						
1st Chase	... { Mr. Murray on "Rocket"	Mr. Rees on "Charity"	Mr. L. Walker on "Blazes"	Mr. Barrow on "Flatcatcher"	Mr. Cobbold on "Laetus"	Mr. Alston on "Marigold"
2nd Chase	... { Mr. Blair on "Sussex"	Mr. Barrow on "Flatcatcher"	Mr. Murray on "Rocket"	Mr. Campbell on "Norseman"	Mr. L. Walker on "Blazes"	Capt. Grimston on "Garnet"
3rd Chase	... { Mr. Rees on "Charity"	Mr. Verschoyle on "Collard"	Mr. G. Garth on "Dash"	Mr. Cuthbert on "Exile"	Mr. F. Walker on "King Cole"	Mr. Cobbold on "Laetus"
4th Chase	... { Mr. Barrow on "Flatcatcher"	Mr. L. Walker on "Blazes"	Mr. Cabbold on "Laetus"	Capt. Grimston on "Garnet"	Mr. Graham on a grey pony.	Mr. Downes on a black
5th Chase	... { Mr. Dangerfield on "Warrigal"	Mr. Barrow on "Flatcatcher"	Mr. Cobbold on "Laetus"	Mr. Pugh on "Dawson"	Mr. L. Walker on "Blazes"	Mr. Clark on "Snob"
6th Chase	... { Mr. Barrow on "Flatcatcher"	Mr. Olpherts on "Grey Dawn"	Capt. Grimston on "Garnet"	Mr. Von Schmidt on "Tory Boy"	Mr. L. Walker on "Blazes"	Mr. H. O. Pugh on "Cubitt"



7th Chase	... {	Mr. Olpherts on "Grey Dawn"	Mr. Cobbold on "Laetus"	Mr. L. Walker on "Blazes"	Capt. Grimston on "Garnet"	Mr. Clark on "Snob"	Mr. Barrow on "Flatcatcher"
8th Chase	... {	Dr. Edwards on "Grey Dawn"	Mr. Clark on "Snob"	Mr. Barrow on "Flatcatcher"	Mr. Rees on "Kildrumnie"	Mr. L. Walker on "Blazes"	Capt. Grimston on "Garnet"
9th Chase	... {	Capt. Grimston on "Garnet"	Mr. Rees on "Kettledrum"	Mr. L. Walker on "Blazes"	Mr. Dangerfield on "Grey Dawn"	Mr. Barrow on "Flatcatcher"	Mr. Cobbold on "Laetus"
10th Chase	... {	Mr. Butler on "Grey Dawn"	Mr. Lamond Walker on "Blazes"	Mr. Barrow on "Flatcatcher"	Mr. Dangerfield on "Warrigal"	Mrs. Trollope on a roan	Mr. Cobbo'd on "Laetus"
1893		1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th
1st Chase	... {	Mr. Rees on "Kettledrum"	Capt. Grimston on "Garnet"	Mr. Ezra on "Blazes"	The Hon. F. Roberts on a bay pony	Mr. Lorraine King on a chestnut	Mr. Butler on "Lady Flo"
2nd Chase	... {	Lord Wm. Beresford on "Ratafia"	Mr. Rees on "Kettledrum"	Mr. Ezra on "Blazes"	Capt. Grimston on "Garnet"	Mrs. Barrow on "Flatcatcher"	Mr. A. Pugh on "Taffy"
3rd Chase	... {	Mr. Rees on "Kettledrum"	Mr. Butler on "Lady Flo"	Mr. A. Pugh on "Taffy"	Mr. Ezra on "Blazes"	Mrs. Trollope on "Lavendar"	Mr. Magor on a brown
4th Chase	... {	Mr. Rees on "Kettledrum"	Mrs. Barrow on "Flatcatcher"	Mr. L. King on "Dinah"	Mr. Magor on "Stella"	Mr. Barrow on "Cablegram"	Mr. A. Pugh on "Taffy"
5th Chase	... {	Mr. Rees on "Kettledrum"	Mr. Ezra on "Blazes"	Mrs. Barrow on "Flatcatcher"	Mr. Magor on "Stella"	Mr. MacKellar on "Stepper"	Mr. Pugh on "Taffy"
6th Chase	... {	Mr. L. King on "Kettledrum"	Mr. MacKellar on a bay	Mrs. Barrow on "Flatcatcher"	Lord Wm. Beresford on a brown	Dr Forsyth on a bay	Mr. Ezra on "Blazes"
7th Chase	... {	Mr. Richardson on "Secretary"	Mr. Dangerfield on "Belle Swiveller"	Mr. Rees on "Kettledrum"	Mr. Dring on "Tantalus"	Mr. A. Pugh on "Taffy"	Lord Wm. Beresford on "Ratafia"



# PLACED HORSES AND RIDERS SINCE 1889—(continued.)

1893	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th
8th Chase	... { Capt. Jenkins on "Half Pay"	Mr. Richardson on "Cavalier"	Mrs. Barrow on "Flatcatcher"	Mr. Olpherts on "Rosette" on a bay	Mr. Blackmore	Mr. Rees on "The Drummer"
9th Chase	... { Mr. Butler on "Lady Flo"	Mrs. Barrow on "Flatcatcher"	Mr. Rees on "The Drummer"	Dr. Forsyth on "I am O'Shanter" on "Cavalier"	Mr. Richardson	Mr. Blackmore on "Nellie"
10th Chase	... { Mr. Butler on "Lady Flo"	Mr. Rees on "Hortense II"	Miss King on a chestnut	Mr. Ezra on "Blazes" bay	Mr. L. King on a bay	Mr. Richardson on "Cavalier"
11th Chase	... { Mr. Butler on "Lady Flo"	Mr. Rees on "The Drummer"	Mr. MacKellar on "Stepper"	Lord Wm. Beresford on "Katafia"	Mr. Ezra on "Blazes"	Miss King on "Ostrich"
12th Chase	... { Mr. MacKellar on "Stepper"	Mr. Rees on "The Drummer"	Mr. Butler on "Lady Flo"	Mr. Von Schmidt on "Snowdon"	Miss King on "Ostrich"	Mrs. L. Walker on "Othello"
13th Chase	... { Lord Beresford on "Ratafia"	Mr. Rees on "Kettledrum"	Miss King on "Dinah"	Mr. Von Schmidt on "Snowdon"	Mrs. Murray on "Maud"	Mrs. Barrow on "Flatcatcher"
1894						
1st Chase	... { Capt. Jenkins on "Half Pay"	Mr. Dring on "Tantalus"	Capt. Turner on a bay	Mr. Paget on "R. B."	Mr. King on "Dinah"	Mr. Glasgow on "Blink Bonny"
2nd Chase	... { Capt. Jenkins on "Half Pay"	Capt. Lawrence on "Rosette"	Mr. Dring on "Tantalus"	Mr. Glasgow on "Blink Bonny"	Mr. Smith on "Jericho"	Mrs. Barrow on "Flatcatcher"



3rd Chase	{	Mr. G. Walker on "Splasher"	Mr. Paget on "R. B."	Capt. Lawrence on "Rosette"	Capt. Grimston on "Tom Watson"	Mr. C. C. Camp- bell on "Miss Theo"	Mr. Barrow on "Dandy"
4th Chase	{	Mr. Boden on "Jackdaw"	Mr. Rees on "The Drummer"	Mr. Campbell on "Miss Theo"	Capt. Grimston on "Tom Watson"	Mr. Magor on "Stella"	Mr. Blackmore on "Defiance"
5th Chase	{	Mr. Boden on "Jackdaw"	Capt. Jenkins on "Half Pay"	Mr. Glasgow on "Blink Bonny"	Mr. Blackmore on "Defiance"	Lord Milton on a brown	Mrs. Barrow on "Flatcatcher"
6th Chase	{	Capt. Jenkins on "Half Pay"	Mr. Barrow on "Avalanche"	Lord Milton on "Cruiser"	Mr. Blackmore on "Defiance"	Mrs. Barrow on "Flatcatcher"	Mr. Deakin on "Dinah"
7th Chase	{	Capt. Lawrence on "Rosette"	Mr. C. C. Camp- bell on "Miss Theo"	Mr. Cowie on "Artaxerxes"	Mrs. Barrow on "Flatcatcher"	Mr. Smith on "Nellie"	Capt. Jenkins on "Half Pay"
8th Chase	{	Mr. C. C. Camp- bell on "Miss Theo"	Mr. Cowie on "Artaxerxes"	Mr. Rees on "The Drum- mer"	Mrs. Barrow on "Flatcatcher"	Mr. Blackmore on "Bruce"	Mr. Von Schmidt on "Hardface"
9th Chase	{	Mr. C. C. Camp- bell on "Miss Theo"	Mr. Butler on "Lady Flo"	Mrs. Barrow on "Flatcatcher"	Mr. Barrow on "Belle Swiveller"	Capt. Turner on "Khalid"	Mr. Magor on "Stella"
10th Chase	{	Mr. A. Pugh on "Taffy"	Mr. L. Walker on "Banshee"	Capt. Turner on "Khalid"	Mr. Robson Scott on "Aurora"	Mr. C. C. Camp- bell on "Miss Theo"	Vety. Capt. Moore on "Merriboy"
11th Chase	{	Mr. Rees on "The Drummer"	Mr. C. C. Camp- bell on "Miss Theo"	Mr. Von Schmidt on "Hardface"	Mr. H. Pugh on "Triumps"	Mr. Blackmore on a grey	Vety Capt Moore on "Merriboy"
12th Chase	{	Mr. C. C. Camp- bell on "Miss Theo"	Mr. Rees on "The Drum- mer"	Mr. Cowie on "Artaxerxes"	Vety. Capt. Moore on "Merriboy"	Mr. Gresson on "Daphne"	Mr. Glasgow on "Blink Bonny"



# PLACED HORSES AND RIDERS SINCE 1889—(continued.)

1895	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th
1st Chase	Mr. C. Campbell on "Miss Theo"	Mr. Lamotte on "Strabane"	Mr. Gresson on "Dinah"	Mr. Glasgow on "Blink Bonny"	Capt. Gough on "Melton"	McHills on "The Rake"
2nd Chase	Mr. C. Campbell on "Miss Theo"	Mr. C. Hills on "The Rake"	Mr. Pugh on "Taffy"	Mr. Childe on "Cockell"	Mr. Glasgow on "Blink Bonny"	Mr. Barrow on "Flatcatcher"
3rd Chase	Mr. C. Campbell on "Miss Theo"	Mr. Gresson on "Ellerslie"	Mr. Pugh on "The Rake"	Capt. Turner on "Damages"	Capt. Fuller on "Queen"	Mr. Price on "Half Crown"
4th Chase	Mr. C. Campbell on "Miss Theo"	Capt. Gough on "Chesterfield Gen"	Capt. Watson on "Midnight"	Mr. Barnett on "Ellerslie"	Mr. McGeorge on "The Cat"	Capt. Turner on "Damages"
5th Chase	Mr. C. Campbell on "Miss Theo"	Capt. Turner on "Damages"	Mr. McGeorge on "The Cat"	Mr. Gresson on "Asthere"	Mr. Glasgow on "Blink Bonny"	Mr. Westmacott on a bay
6th Chase	Capt. Turner on "Damages"	Mr. C. Campbell on "Miss Theo"	Mrs. L. Walker on "Dick"	Mr. A. Pugh on "The Rake"	Mr. Gresson on "Asthere"	Mr. Grant on "Saionara"
7th Chase	Mr. C. Campbell on "Miss Theo"	Mr. Barnett on "Ellerslie"	Capt. Turner on "Damages"	Mr. Gresson on "Asthere"	Capt. Agnew on a chestnut	Mr. Glasgow on "Blink Bonny"
8th Chase	Miss C. Campbell on "Miss Theo"	Mr. Barnett on "Ellerslie"	Capt. Turner on "Damages"	Mr. Orrell on "The Bun"	Mr. Glasgow on "Blink Bonny"	Mr. Patterson on a bay
9th Chase	Mr. Gresson on "Dinah"	Mr. C. Campbell on "Miss Theo"	Capt. Turner on "Damages"	Miss King on "School Girl"	Mr. Glasgow on "Blink Bonny"	Mr. H. O. King on "Storm"
10th Chase	Mr. Glasgow on "Blink Bonny"	Capt. Turner on "Damages"	Mr. Barnett on "Ellerslie"	Mr. Gresson on "Asthere"	Mr. Stranger on "Saionara"	Mr. Patterson on a bay
11th Chase	Mr. Butler on "The Cat"	Mr. Magor on "Saionara"	Mr. Rees on "Enticer"	Mr. Glasgow on "Blink Bonny"	Mrs. Barrow on "Melton"	Capt. Fuller on "Queen"



1896

	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th
1st Chase	Mr. Butler on "Saturn"	Mr. H. O. King on "Storm"	Mrs. Parrow on "Newmarket"	Mr. L. Walker on "Dick"	Mr. Barrow on "Flatcatcher"	Mr. West or "Ida"
2nd Chase	Mr. Butler on "Saturn"	Mr. Rees on "Caliban"	Mrs. Walker on "Dick"	Mr. Campbell on "Miss Theo"	Mr. West on "Ida"	Mrs. Barrow on "Flatcatcher"
3rd Chase	Mr. Butler on "Saturn"	Mr. Rees on "Caliban"	Major Lyle on "Midnight"	Mrs. Walker on "Dick"	Mr. Birkmyre on a black	Mrs. Barrow or "Flatcatcher"
4th Chase	Mr. Butler on "Saturn"	Mr. Rees on "Caliban"	Mr. G. Walker on a chestnut	Mrs. L. Walker on "Dick"	Major Lyle on "Midnight"	Mrs. Barrow or "Flatcatcher"
5th Chase	Mrs. Barrow on "Flatcatcher"	Mrs. Walker on "Dick"	Capt. Agnew on a chestnut	Miss King on "School Girl"	Mr. A. Pugh on "Sir Gareth"	Mr. Currey on a chestnut
6th Chase	Mr. King on "Storm"	Mr. Rees on "Caliban"	Mr. Pugh on "Sir Gareth"	Capt. Turner on "Damages"	Mr. Walker on "Dick"	Ld. Fincastle on "Unity"
7th Chase	Mr. A. Pugh on "Sir Gareth"	Ld. Fincastle on a brown	Capt. Turner on "Damages"	Mr. H. O. King on "Storm"	Capt. Agnew on a chestnut	Mrs. Walker on "Dick"
8th Chase	Mr. A. Pugh on "Sir Gareth"	Capt. Turner on "Damages"	Capt. Swanston on "Leila"	Mr. McLeod on "Strabane"	Mrs. Barrow on "Unity"	Major Lyle on "Midnight"
9th Chase	Mr. Butler on "Unity"	Capt. Turner on "Damages"	Mr. A. Pugh on "Sir Gareth"	Mr. Whitty Smith on "Jericho"	Col. Hunt on "Postboy"	Mrs. Barrow on "Flatcatcher"

1897

	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th
1st Chase	Mrs. Barrow on "Belinda"	Mr. C. Campbell on "Miss Theo"	Mr. Apostolides on "Foam"	Mr. Butler on "Saturn"	Capt. Grimston on "Queen"	Mr. Milton on a grey
2nd Chase	Mr. Gresson on "Eau de Vie"	Mr. Milton on a grey	Capt. Grimston on "Queen"	Mrs. Barrow on "Belinda"	Mr. Geo. Walker on "Marguerite"	Mr. Barrow on "Newmarket"



# PLACED HORSES AND RIDERS SINCE 1889—(continued.)

1897

1st

2nd

3rd

4th

5th

3rd Chase

...

Mr. Gresson on  
"Eau de Vie"

Mr. Geo. Walker  
on "Marguerite"

Mr. Milton on a  
grey

Maj. Turner on a  
bay

Capt. Grimston on  
"Queen"

Mr. Martin on a  
chestnut

4th Chase

...

Capt. Turner on  
"Aconite"

Mr. Rees on a  
grey

Mr. C. Campbell  
on "Miss Theo"

Mr. Gresson on  
"Eau de Vie"

Capt. Grimston on  
"Queen"

Mrs. Barrow on  
"Belinda"

5th Chase

...

Maj. Turner on  
"Aconite"

Mr. C. Campbell on  
"Miss Theo"

Capt. Grimston on  
"Queen"

Mr. Milton on  
"Consequence"

Mrs. Barrow on  
"Ginger"

Capt. Adam on a  
bay

6th Chase

...

Mr. C. Campbell  
on "Miss Theo"

Capt. Grimston on  
"Queen"

Mr. Gresson on  
"Eau de Vie"

Mr. A. Pugh on  
"Beche-de-Mer"

Mr. Martin on a  
chestnut

Mrs. Barrow on  
"Belinda"

7th Chase

...

Mr. Gresson on  
"Eau de Vie"

Mr. G. Walker on  
"Marguerite"

Mr. Martin on a  
chestnut

Capt. Adam on  
a bay

Mr. Butler on  
"Saturn"

Mr. O. Gray on  
"Second Thoughts"

8th Chase

...

Mr. Pugh on  
"Cockell"

Major Turner on  
"Aconite"

Mr. Gresson on  
"Eau de Vie"

Miss Prophit on  
"The Bun"

Mr. C. Campbell on  
"Miss Theo"

Mr. Rees on  
"Silver Prince"

1898

1st Chase

...

Maj. Turner on  
"Aconite"

Mr. C. Hill on  
"Beche-de-Mer"

Vety.-Capt. Mar-  
tin on a chest-  
nut

Mrs. Barrow on  
"Molly Riley"

Miss Prophit on  
"The Bun"

Mr. Jordan on  
"Flatcatcher"

2nd Chase

...

Mr. C. Hills on  
"Beche-de-Mer"

Mr. Lamond  
Walker on "Ice  
Cream"

Mr. Crane on  
"Flatcatcher"

Miss Prophit on  
"The Bun"

Vety.-Capt. Mar-  
tin on "Barney"

Mr. Milton on  
"Consequence"



3rd Chase	{	Miss Prophit on "The Bun"	Vety.-Capt. Mar- tin on "Barney"	Mr. G. Walker on "Ice Cream"	Capt. Ross on a bay	Mrs. Barrow on "Flatcatcher"	Capt. Taylor on a bay
4th Chase	{	Mrs. L. Walker on "Lilac"	Mr. G. Walker on "Ice Cream"	Maj. Turner on "Aconite"	Mr. Rees on a brown	Mr. Barrow on "Flatcatcher"	Mr. Martin on "Barney"
5th Chase	{	Major Turner on "Aconite"	Mr. Rees on "Mon Ami"	Mr. Gresson on "Good Heavens"	Mr. H. Pugh on a chestnut	Vety.-Capt. Mar- tin on "Barney"	Capt. Venables on "Satan"
6th Chase	{	Major Turner on "Aconite"	Mr. Hayden on a chestnut	Mrs. Perkins on "Leander"	Capt. Adam on "Islonsay"	Capt. Taylor on a bay	Mr. Barrow on "Margery"
7th Chase	{	Mr. Rees on "Mon Ami"	Mrs. Perkins on "Leander"	Capt. Adam on "Islonsay"	Mr. Birkmyre on "Drums"	Mrs. Barrow on "Molly Riley"	Mr. Whitby Smith on "Jericho"
8th Chase	{	Mrs. Perkins on "Leander"	Mr. Rees on "Mon Ami"	Mr. Birkmyre on "Drums"	Capt. Adam on "Islonsay"	Mr. Hayden on a chestnut	Mrs. Barrow on "Molly Riley"
9th Chase	{	Mr. G. Walker on "Ice Cream"	Mr. Birkmyre on "Drums"	Mrs. Barrow on "Molly Riley"	Mr. Rees on "Luxury"	Vety.-Capt. Mar- tin on "Barney"	Capt. Taylor on "Busby"
10th Chase	{	Mrs. Barrow on "Molly Riley"	Mr. Birkmyre on "Drums"	Capt. Agnew on "Good Heavens"	Mr. Gresson on "Mavourneen"	Capt. Taylor on a bay†	† Mr. Martin on "Consequence"
1899							
1st Chase	{	Mr. Gresson on "Mavourneen"	Mr. Butler on "Defender"	Mr. Birkmyre on "Drums"	Col. Reid on "Tantalus"	Mr. Souttar on "Trombone"	Mr. Beaty on "Sea Lawyer"
2nd Chase	{	Mr. A. Perry on "Coon"	Mr. Loftus on "Barbarian"	Mr. Birkmyre on "Drums"	Mr. Mayne on a chestnut	Col. Reid on "Tantalus"	Mr. Souttar on "Trombone"
3rd Chase	{	Mr. Edward on "Mark II"	Mr. Rees on "Princess"	Mr. Milton on "Drums"	Mrs. Barrow on "Molly Riley"	Mrs. Jenkins on "Tantalus"	Mrs. Perkins on "Leander"
4th Chase	{	Mr. Rees on "Princess"	Mr. Edwards on "Mark II"	Mrs. Jenkins on "Tantalus"	Miss Prophit on "The Bun"	Mrs. Barrow on "Flatcatcher"	Mr. Wheeler on "Eau de Vie"



# PLACED HORSES AND RIDER - SINCE 1889- (continued.)

1899	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th
5th Chase	Mrs. Barrow on "Molly Riley"	Mr. Edward on "Mark II"	Mrs. Jenkins on "Tantalus"	Mr. Birkmyre on "Drums"	Capt. Witham on "Cumbungo"	Miss Prodd on "The Bun"
6th Chase	Mr. Birkmyre on "Drums"	Mrs. Jenkins on "Tantalus"	Mr. Edwards on "Mark II"	Mrs. Collin on "Mavourneen"	Mrs. Barrow on "Molly Riley"	Mr. Arnold on "Sprite"
7th Chase	Mr. Birkmyre on "Drums"	Mr. Martin on "Consequence"	Mrs. Barrow on "Molly Riley"	Mrs. Jenkins on "Tantalus"	Ld. Suffolk on "Flatcatcher"	Mr. Arnold on "Sprite"
8th Chase	Ld. Suffolk on "Molly Riley"	Mr. Rees on "Princess"	Mr. Birkmyre on "Drums"	Mrs. Barrow on "Flatcatcher"	Mrs. Jenkins on "Tantalus"	Mr. Wheeler on "Lan de Vye"
9th Chase	Ld. Suffolk on "Molly Riley"	Mr. Rees on "Princess"	Mrs. Barrow on "Flatcatcher"	Mr. Martin on "Consequence"	Mr. Jenkins on "Tantalus"	Mr. Gresson on "Kago"
10th Chase	Mrs. Collins on "Mavourneen"	Mrs. Jenkins on "Tantalus"	Mr. J. Muir on "Sentiment"	Mrs. Barrow on "Flatcatcher"	Mr. Mayne on "Boat"	Mr. Rawson on "Good Heavens"
11th Chase	Mr. Barrow on "Molly Riley"	Mr. C. Campbell on "Miss Theo"	Mrs. Barrow on "Flatcatcher"	Capt. Betty on a chestnut	Mrs. Walker on "Lilac"	Capt. White on a bay
1900						
1st Chase	Vet.-Capt. Martin on "Consequence"	Mr. R. Pugh on "Lady Bird"	Mr. W. H. Edwards on "Don Juan"	Mr. Stokes on "Mary"	Mrs. L. Walker on "Lilac"	Mr. Butler on "Recreation"
2nd Chase	Mr. Mayne on "Lad"	Mr. Pugh on "Lady Bird"	Mr. Stokes on "Mary"	Mr. Antram on a black	Mrs. L. Walker on "Lavender"	
3rd Chase	Mr. R. Pugh on "J. B."	Mr. Pugh on "bay"	Mr. Stokes on "Mary"	Mr. Dods on "Tim"	Mr. Russell on "Cossack"	Mrs. L. Walker on "Lilac"



4th Chase	{ ... }	Mr. McKellar on "Amalgam"	Lord Suffolk on "Jimmy"	Capt. Hood on a bay	Mr. Dods on "Tim"	Mr. Birkmyre on "Drums"	Mr. Cleaver on a gray
5th Chase	{ ... }	Mr. McKellar on "Amalgam"	Mr. Catto on "Tantivy"	Mr. Robertson on "The Sheik"	Mr. L. Walker on "Islander"	Mr. Birkmyre on "Drums"	Capt. Hood on "Isionlay"
6th Chase	{ ... }	Mr. McKellar on "Amalgam"	Lord Suffolk on "Franciscan"	Mr. Turner on "Kapo"	Mr. Stokes on a bay	Capt. Tyrrel on "Idolator"	Mrs. L. Walker on "Lilac"
7th Chase	{ ... }	Ld. Suffolk on "Franciscan"	Mr. Stokes on "The Wreck"	Mrs. Lawrie John- stone on "The Bun"	Mrs. L. Walker on "Lilac"	Mr. Turner on "Kapo"	Capt. Tyrrel on "Idolator"
8th Chase	{ ... }	Ld. Suffolk on "Franciscan"	Mr. Stokes on "The Wreck"	Mr. Russel on "Cossock"	Mrs. L. Walker on "Lilac"	Capt. Beatty on a bay	Mr. L. Walker on "Islander"
9th Chase	{ ... }	Mr. Geo. Walker on "Ice Cream"	Mr. Stokes on "The Wreck"	Mrs. L. Walker on "Lilac"	Mr. Barrow on "Franciscan"	Mr. Orr on "Blue Boy"	Mrs. Forsyth on "Cumbungo"
10th Chase	{ ... }	Mr. Galstaun on a bay	Mr. R. Pugh on "Lady Bird"	Mr. Stokes on "The Wreck"	Mrs. L. Walker on "Lilac"	Mr. Turner on "Idolator"	Mrs. Barrow on "The Gospel"
11th Chase	{ ... }	Mr. A. Pugh on "Red Eagle"	Mr. Stokes on "The Wreck"	Mrs. L. Walker on "Lilac"	Mrs. Barrow on "The Gospel"	Mrs. Elliot on a chestnut	Capt. Beatty on "Idolator"
12th Chase	{ ... }	Capt. Beatty on "Idolator"	Mr. Catto on "Glentilt"	Mrs. Barrow on "The Gospel"	Mr. Stokes on "The Wreck"	Mrs. L. Walker on "Lilac"	Mr. L. Walker on "Islander"
1901							
1st Chase	{ ... }	Mr. Deakin on "Colebrook"	Maj. Ferrar on "Protection"	Mr. McKellar on "Amalgam"	Mr. R. Griffith on "Topsail"	Mr. Russell on "Cossack"	Mr. Martin on "Franciscan"
2nd Chase	{ ... }	Mr. McKellar on "Amalgam"	Mr. Pugh on "Lady Bird"	Mr. Deakin on "Colebrook"	Mr. Stokes on "Matchlock"	Mr. Paris on "Shikar"	Mr. Cowie on "Balmain"



# PLACED HORSES AND RIDERS SINCE 1889—(continued.)

1901	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th
3rd Chase	... { Mr. Deakin on "Colebrook"	Mr. Martin on "Franciscan"	Lady Jenkins on "Tantalus"	Miss Hemingway on "None Nicer"	Mr. Russell on "Cossack"	Major Kenny on a bay
4th Chase	... { Mr. Martin on "Franciscan"	Mrs. Paris on "Shikar"	Mr. Deakin on "Colebrook"	Mr. Stokes on "Matchlock"	Mr. Russell on "Cossack"	Mr. Griffith on "Topsail"
5th Chase	... { Mr. Stokes on "Matchlock"	Maj. Ferrar on "Protection"	Capt. Wilkinson on "The Wreck"	Mr. Deakin on "Colebrook"	Mr. Griffith on "Topsail"	Mr. W. O. Rees on "Decoy"
th Chase	... { Maj. Ferrar on "Protection"	Mr. Stokes on "Matchlock"	Mr. Gresson on "Mavourneen"	Mr. Deakin on "Colebrook"	Mr. Russell on "Cossack"	Mr. R. R. Griffith on "Topsail"
7th Chase	... { Mr. Stokes on "Matchlock"	Mr. Deakin on "Colebrook"	Major Kenny on a bay	Mr. Cowie on "Balmain"	Mr. Russell on "Cossack"	Mr. K. Pugh on "Red Eagle"
8th Chase	... { Mr. Deakin on "Colebrook"	Mrs. L. Walker on "Lilac"	Major Kenny on "Tankar"	Capt. Holden on "Eldorado"	Mr. Richardson on a pony	Mr. Muir on "The Butcha"
9th Chase	... { Mr. Gresson on "Sligo"	Mr. Deakin on "Colebrook"	Mr. Stokes on "Matchlock"	Mr. Griffith on "Topsail"	Miss Heming- way on "None Nicer"	Mr. Hudson on a bay
1902						
1st Chase	... { Mr. Turner on "Colebrook"	Capt. Holden on "Eldorado"	Mr. Wheeler on "Hailstorm"	Mrs. Paris "Shikar"	Mr. Griffiths on "Topsail"	Mr. Cowie on "Hermia"
2nd Chase	... { Mr. Pugh on "Lady Bird"	Capt. Holden on "Eldorado"	Mr. Griffiths on "Topsail"	Mrs. Paris "Shikar"	Mr. McKellar on "Amalgam"	The Earl of Suffolk on "Medowra"



3rd Chase	...	Mr. Rees on "Bush Girl"	Mr. Griffiths on "Topsail"	Mr. Wheeler on "Hallstorm"	Capt. Holden on "Eldorado"	Mr. R. Thomas on "Glentilt"	Lady Jenkins on "Medowra"
4th Chase	...	Mr. Gresson on "Monte Carlo"	Mr. Barrett on "Primate"	Mr. Pugh on "Franciscan"	Lady Jenkins on "Medowra"	Mr. Thomas on "Glentilt"	Dr. Hossack on "Lucy Glitters" —d. heat
5th Chase	...	Mr. Pugh on "Lady Bird"	Mr. Gresson on "Monte Carlo"	Mr. Turner on "Morocco Bound"	Lady Jenkins on "Medowra"	Mr. King on "Black Maria"	Dr. Hossack on "Lucy Glitters"
6th Chase	...	Mr. Gresson on "Monte Carlo"	Mr. McKellar on "Amalgam"	Mr. Rees on "Bush Girl"	Mr. Pugh on "Lady Bird"	Mr. Wheeler on "Hallstorm"	Mr. H. House on "Lucy Glitters"
7th Chase	...	Mr. Gresson on "Monte Carlo"	Mr. Rees on "Bush Girl"	Mr. Turner on "Morocco Bound"	Mr. H. House on "Lucy Glitters"	Mr. King on "Nancy Lee"	Mr. Evers on "Ginger"
8th Chase	...	Mr. Gresson on "Monte Carlo"	Mr. Evers on "Lucy Glitters"	Capt. Wallace on "Franciscan"	Mr. R. Pugh on "Lady Bird"	Mr. Cowie on "Hermia"	Mr. Turner on "Dundonald"
9th Chase	...	Mr. Gresson on "Monte Carlo"	Mr. Cowie on "Hermia"	Mr. House on "Lucy Glitters"	Mr. Turner on "Morocco Bound"	Mr. Warburton on "The Wreck"	Mr. Miles on "Bacchus"
10th Chase	...	Mr. Cowie on "Hermia"	Mr. McKellar on "Amalgam"	Mr. Stokes on "Nancy Lee"	Miss Holford on "Chum"	Mr. Miles on "Bacchus"	Mr. Pugh on "Jimmy"
11th Chase	...	Mr. Gresson on "Colebrook"	Mr. R. Pugh on "Rufus"	Miss Holford on "Twilight"	Mr. House on "Lucy Glitters"	Maj. Crocker on "Paleface"	Mr. Miles on "Bacchus"
1903							
1st Chase	...	Dr. Hossack on "Lucy Glitters"	Mr. Miles on "Bacchus"	Mr. Bell-Irving on "Dunnabie"	Mr. Pugh on "Lady Bird"	Mr. Simson on "Patch"	Mr. Wheeler on "The Judge"
2nd Chase	...	Mr. Parsons on "Dundonald"	Mr. Rees on "Bush Girl"	Dr. Hossack on "Lucy Glitters"	Mr. R. Pugh on "Lady Bird"	Mr. Miles on "Bacchus"	Mr. Simpson on "Liberty"
3rd Chase	...	Mr. Wheeler on "The Judge"	Mr. Evers on "Flamingo"	Dr. Hossack on "Lucy Glitters"	Mr. Macdonnell on "Perth"	Mr. Bennett on "Quaker"	Mrs. Paris on "Twilight"



# PLACED HORSES AND RIDERS SINCE 1889—(continued.)

1903	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th
4th Chase	{ Mr. Wheeler on "The Judge"	Mr. Murray on "Amalgam"	Mr. R. Craik on "Colebrook"	Mr. Bennett on "Quaker"	Mr. Walker on "Liberty"	Mr. Lamotte on "Perth"
5th Chase	{ Mr. Lamotte on "Perth"	Dr. Hossack on "Lucy Glitters"	Maj. Kenny on "Tinker"	Mr. Deakin on "Paleface"	Mr. Macdonnell on "Beeswing II"	Mr. L. Walker on "Liberty"
6th Chase	{ Mr. Lamotte on "Perth"	Dr. Hossack on "Lucy Glitters"	Mr. McKellar on "Amalgam"	Capt. Peacock on "Cart"	Mr. Wheeler on "The Judge"	Mr. Walker on "Liberty"
7th Chase	{ Mr. Pugh on "Beeswing II"	Mr. Miles on "Bacchus"	Mr. Wheeler on "The Judge"	Mr. McKellar on "Amalgam"	Major Kenny on "Tinker"	Dr. Hossack on "Lucy Glitters"
8th Chase	{ Mr. Miles on "Bacchus"	Lady Jenkins on "Perth"	Mr. Wheeler on "The Judge"	Earl of Suffolk on "Beeswing II"	Mr. Evers on "Flamingo"	Mr. Dring on "Douglas"
9th Chase	{ Mr. R. Pugh on "Beeswing II"	Mr. Wheeler on "The Judge"	Dr. Hossack on "Lucy Glitters"	Mr. Wade on "Sylvia"	Mr. Ralli on "True Blue"	Mr. Cumberleg on "Starlight"
10th Chase	{ Mr. Ralli on "True Blue"	Mr. Wheeler on "The Judge"	Mr. Macdonnell on "Gauntlet"	Mr. Cowie on "Hermia"	Dr. Hossack on "Lucy Glitters"	Capt. Peacock on "Cartel"
11th Chase	{ Mr. Rees on "Bush Girl"	Mr. Cowie on "Hermia"	Dr. Hossack on "Lucy Glitters"	Mr. Wheeler on "The Judge"	Major Crocker on "Paleface"	Capt. Keighley on "Marquis"
12th Chase	{ Mr. Parsons on "Dundonald"	Mr. Pugh on "Beeswing II"	Mr. Rees on "Bush Girl"	Dr. Hossack on "Lucy Glitters"	Mr. Wade on "Sylvia"	Mr. Wheeler on "The Judge"
13th Chase	{ Mrs. Crocker on "Paleface"	Mr. Hildyard on "Svengali"	Dr. Hossack on "Lucy Glitters"	Mr. Cumberleg on "Starlight"	Mr. Lamotte on "Dapto"	Mr. Ballantyne on "Ophelia"



	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th
1st Chase	{ Mr. D. Parsons on "Twilight"	Mr. Miles "Bacchus"	Capt. Holden on "Eric"	Mr. Morshead on "Odin"	Capt. Rennie on "Rivalry"	Mr. Damiano on "Beeswing"
2nd Chase	{ Mr. Courage on "Blue Bell"	Mr. Ralli on "True Blue"	Mr. Miles on "Bacchus"	Capt. Rennie on "Rivalry"	Mr. Dring on "Douglas"	Miss Dupuis on "Planet"
3rd Chase	{ Maj. Maxwell on "English Lord"	Capt. Foster on "Modesty"	Mr. Miles on "Bacchus"	Capt. Rennie on "Rivalry"	Mr. Dring on "Douglas"	Mr. Ballantyne on "Fairy"
4th Chase	{ Maj. Maxwell on "English Lord"	Mr. Morgan on "Mascot"	Capt. Rennie on "Rivalry"	Mr. Ballantyne on "Fairy"	Mr. Curtis-Hayward on "Sylvia"	Dr. Hossack on "Lucy Glitters"
5th Chase	{ Maj. Maxwell on "English Lord"	Mr. Curtis-Hayward on "Sylvia"	Mr. Wheeler on "The Judge"	Maj. Rennie on "Rivalry"	Mr. Hadow on "Yarn"	Dr. Hossack on "Lucy Glitters"
6th Chase	{ Maj. Maxwell on "English Lord"	Mr. Gresson on "Blue Bell"	Capt. Rennie on "Rivalry"	Mr. Ballantyne on "Fairy"	Mr. Ralli on "Othello"	Mr. Wheeler on "The Judge"
7th Chase	{ Mr. Evers on "Flamingo"	Capt. Rennie on "Rivalry"	Maj. Maxwell on "English Lord"	Mr. Ballantyne on "Fairy"	Mr. Dring on "Douglas"	Dr. Hossack on "Lucy Glitters"
8th Chase	{ Mrs. Morgan on "Mascot"	Capt. Rennie on "Rivalry"	Dr. Hossack on "Lucy Glitters"	Mr. Wheeler on "Hailstorm"	Mr. Pugh on "Joyful James"	Mr. Tanner on "Topsail"
9th Chase	{ Mr. Evers on "Flamingo"	Mr. Morshead on "Yarn"	Capt. Rennie on "Rivalry"	Mr. Ralli on "Othello"	Miss Dupuis on "Planet"	Mr. Miles on "Bacchus"

1st Chase	{ Mr. Curtis-Hay- ward on "Syl- via"	Capt. Rennie on "Rivalry"	Mr. R. Pugh on "Odin"	Mr. Evers on "Flamingo"	Dr. Forsyth on "Corydon"	Mr. Gresson on "Claymore"
2nd Chase	{ Capt. Rennie on "Rivalry"	Mr. Evers on "Look Out"	Mr. Pugh on "Odin"	Mr. Campbell on "The Babe"	Capt. Courage on "Blue Bell"	Mrs. Tanner on "New haven"



# PLACED HORSES AND RIDERS SINCE 1889—(continued.)

1905	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th
3rd Chase	... { Capt. Courage on "Blue Bell"	Mr. K. Hamilton on "Day Dream"	Mr. Evers on "B."	"J. Mr. Pugh "Odin"	Capt. Rennie on "Rivalry"	Dr. Forsyth on "Corydon"
4th Chase	... { Mr. Evers on "Orphan Boy"	Capt. Rennie on "Rivalry"	Mr. R. Pugh on "Odin"	Mr. Antram on "Myrene"	Dr. Forsyth on "Corydon"	Mr. Rees on a bay
5th Chase	... { Mr. Evers on "Orphan Boy"	Mr. Pugh on "Odin"	Capt. Rennie on "Rivalry"	Miss Bletsoe on "Blue Bell"	Mr. Parsons on "Royal"	Mr. Antram on "Myrene"
6th Chase	... { Mr. Evers on "Gauntlet"	Mr. Pugh on "Odin"	Capt. Rennie on "Rivalry"	Mr. Curtis-Hay- ward on "Syl- via"	Mr. Gresson on "Kildare"	Mr. Antram on "Myrene"
7th Chase	... { Capt. Rennie on "Rivalry"	Mr. Pugh on "Odin"	Mr. Antram on "Myrene"	Dr. Forsyth on "Corydon"	Mr. Ballantyne on "Fairy"	Mr. Graves on "Gauntlet"
8th Chase	... { Mr. Antram on "Myrene"	Mr. Gresson on "Kildare"	Mr. Pugh on "Odin"	Dr. Forsyth on "Corydon"	Capt. Rennie on "Rivalry"	Dr. Hossack on a chestnut
9th Chase	... { Capt. Rennie on "Rivalry"	Dr. Forsyth on "Corydon"	Dr. Hossack on "Lady Gold"	Mr. Butler on "Lady Marjorie"	Mr. Evers on "Follorn Hope"	Mr. Pugh on "Odin"
10th Chase	... { Mr. Pugh on "Odin"	Capt. Rennie on "Rivalry"	Mr. Ding on "Douglas"	Mr. Evers on "Mistletoe"	Mr. Stokes on "Maid of Kent"	Col. Kenny on "Handy Andy"
1906						
1st Chase	... { Mr. Holmes on "Kildare"	Capt. Rennie on "Rivalry"	Mr. Evers on "Twilight"	Mrs. L. Walker on "Detective"	Dr. Forsyth on "Corydon"	Capt. Holden on "Lord Harry"



2nd Chase	...	{	Mr. Barrow on "Mistletoe"	Mr. Damiano on "Fusilier"	Mr. Pugh on "Gleam"	Mr. K. Hamilton on "Pretender"	Dr. Forsyth on "Corydon"	Mr. Robertson on "Morning Light"
3rd Chase	...	{	Mrs. Paris on "Odin"	Capt. Holden on "Lord Harry"	Mr. Barrow on "Kildare"	Dr. Forsyth on "Corydon"	Mrs L. Walker on "Detective"	Maj. V. Brooke on "Gaiety Girl"
4th Chase	..	{	Mr. Antram on "Myrene"	Mrs. L. Walker on "Detective"	Capt. Holden on "Lord Harry"	Mrs. Damiano on "Lucifer"	Maj. Brooke on "Gaiety Girl"	Capt. Lambert on "Wandering Willie"
5th Chase	...	{	Mr. Evers on "Pretender"	Mrs. L. Walker on "Detective"	Mr. Pauntley on "Ballyhooley"	Mr. Antram on "Myrene"	Mrs. Paris on "Odin"	Capt. Lambert on "Wandering Willie"
6th Chase	...	{	Mr. Evers on "Cain"	Mrs. Antram on "Myrene"	Mrs. Walker on "Detective"	Miss King on "Kildare"	Mr. Hamilton on "Pretender"	Capt. Lambert on "Wandering Willie"
7th Chase	...	{	Mr. Evers on "Cain"	Mrs. L. Walker on "Detective"	Mr. Holmes on "Nevermore"	Mr. Antram on "Myrene"	Mr. Turner on "Fusilier"	Mrs. Paris on "Odin"
8th Chase	..	{	Mr. Holmes on "Nevermore"	Mr. Evers on "Jorrocks"	Mrs. Walker on "Detective"	Mr. Lamotte on "Athos"	Mr. K. Macdonald on "Belfast"	Mr. D. B. Myers on "Commerce"
9th Chase	...	{	Mr. Evers on "Cain"	Mr. Pauntley on "Fusilier"	Mr. Butler on "Sultan"	Mrs. L. Walker on "Detective"	Mr. Shearne on "Little Ray"	Mr. Morshead on "Merry Lass"
1907								
1st Chase	...	{	Mr. Evers on "Cain"	Mr. Ballantyne on "Fairy"	Maj. V. Brooke on "Gaiety Girl"	Capt. Holden on "Lord Harry"	Mr. Halliday on "Ruddigore"	Dr. Hossack on "Lady Gold"
2nd Chase	...	{	Mr. Evers on "Cain"	Mr. Ballantyne on "Fairy"	Mr. Rees on "Turk"	Mr. Halliday on "Ruddigore"	Capt. Pritchard on "Young Poetess"	Mr. Antram on "Myrene"
3rd Chase	..	{	Mr. Evers on "Cain"	Mr. Ballantyne on "Fairy"	Mr. Rees on "The Turk"	Mr. Halliday on "Ruddigore"	Mrs. L. Walker on "Detective"	Mr. Stokes on "Lady Fox"



# PLACED HORSES AND RIDERS SINCE 1889—(concluded)

1907	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th
4th Chase	{ Mr. Evers on "Cain"	Mrs. Walker on "Detective"	Mr. Ballantyne on "Fairy"	Mr. Halliday on "Ruddigore"	Mr. Pugh on "Great Heart"	Capt. Pritchard on "Young Poetess"
5th Chase	{ Mr. Evers on "Solanus"	Mr. Ballantyne on "Fairy"	Mr. Levetus on "Jorlocks"	Mrs. Walker on "Detective"	Mr. Sopper on a bay	Mr. Birkmyre on "Lady Fox"
6th Chase	{ Dr. Hossack on "Lady Gold"	Mr. Rees on "Turk"	Mr. Evers on "Orphan Boy"	Mr. Ballantyne on "Fairy"	Mrs. Walker on "Detective"	Mr. Pugh on "Posey"
7th Chase	{ Mr. Rees on "Turk"	Mr. Ballantyne on "Fairy"	Mrs. L. Walker on "Detective"	Mr. R. Pugh on "Great Heart"	Mr. Halliday on "Ruddigore"	Mr. Pauntley on "Ledbury"
8th Chase	{ Mr. Evers on "Cain"	Mrs. L. Walker on "Detective"	Mr. Ballantyne on "Fairy"	Mr. K. Robertson on "Kyong"	Mr. Halliday on "Ruddigore"	Mr. Levetus on "Jorlocks"
9th Chase	{ Mr. Evers on "Cain"	Mr. Rees on "Turk"	Mr. Ballantyne on "Fairy"	Capt. Holden on "Lord Harry"	Mrs. Walker on "Detective"	Mr. Pugh on "Great Heart"
10th Chase	{ Mrs. L. Walker on "Detective"	Mr. DMyers on "Sir Walter"	Mr. Halliday on "Ruddigore"	Capt. Fitzgerald on "Fermoy"	Mr. Deakin on "Tilby"	Dr. Forsyth on "Corydon"
11th Chase	{ Mr. Rees on "Turk"	Mr. Evers on "Cain"	Mr. Pauntley on "Ledbury"	Mr. Pierson on "Lady Fox"	Capt. Fitzgerald on "Fermoy"	Capt. Webber on a brown
1908						
1st Chase	{ Mr. Rees on "Turk"	Capt. Fraser on "Diablo"	Mr. Scaramanga on "Lucifer"	Mr. Evers on "Eclipse"	Mr. Halliday on "Ruddigore"	Mr. Winckworth on "Ermine"
2nd Chase	{ Mr. Scaramanga on "Lucifer"	Capt. Fraser on "Diablo"	Mr. Halliday on "Ruddigore"	Capt. Fitzgerald on "Fermoy"	Mr. Higgon on "Sir Walter"	Capt. Holden on "Jasper"



Mr. Chotà Pedestrian	...	... Mr. Lamond Walker
Mr. Cochin China	.	... Mr. Petrocochino.
The Count	... ..	... Count R. de Naxela.
Mr. Dacca	...	.. Mr. George Garth.
Mr. d'Arcy	...	... Mr. d'Arcy Thuillier.
Mr. Delphin	... ..	... Mr. C. D. Petersen.
Mr. P. D'Estrian	..	... Mr. George Walker.
The Doctor		Dr. Morgan.
Doctor Durrum Toller	..	.. Dr. Morgan.
Doctor Durrum Toller Junior	...	... Dr. Woolcott.
Mr. Donald	...	.. Mr. Donald Drysdale
Mr. Drydendale	...	... Mr. Donald Drysdale.
Duggie	... ..	... Mr. A. S. Douglas.
Mr. Durrud	... ..	... Mr. Payne.
Mr. Dusra	... ..	... Mr. Lamond Walker.
Mr. Dynamite	..	... Mr. W. Thomson.
Mr. Edward	... ..	.. Mr. Traill.
Fred. Archer	... ..	... Mr. D. A. Dickson.
Mr. Gateacre	... ..	.. Mr. J. H. Edwards.
Mr. George	..	... Mr. George Thomas.
Miss Gipsy	... ..	.. Mr. D. A. Dickson.
The Greek	... ..	.. Mr. E. C. Apostolides.
Mr. Grenoul	.	... Mr. W. D. Kilburn.
Mr. Harold	... ..	... Mr. Harold Ellis.
Mr. Haitland Meriot		... Mr. W. Maitland-Heriot.
Mr. Hatband Merlot	..	.. Mr. W. Maitland Heriot.
Mr. Hen	... ..	.. Mr. Henry Peter.
Indigo Billy	... ..	.. Mr. W. McDonell.
Mr. Jack Spraggon	...	... Mr. George Cheetham.
Mr. J. E. K. B.	..	... Mr. J. E. K. Boyd.
Jaggerit	... ..	... Mr. H. Millett
Mr. Jasper Polly	...	... Mr. James Sinclair.
Mr. Jonsin Clair	...	... Mr. John Sinclair.
The Jumping Brothers	...	... Messrs L. B. and E.
		L. Hamilton.
Mr. Kilhim and Oiler	...	... Mr. Killian Euler.
Mr. Killus	... ..	... Mr. W. D. Kilburn.
Mr. Kinoul	... ..	... Hon'ble F. Hay.
Mr. Latham	... ..	... Mr. L. B. Hamilton.
Mr. Lauderdale	...	... Mr. W. Maitland-Heriot.
Mr. Lawrence	... ..	... Mr. C. Lawrie Johnstone.
Mr. Lawrie	}	... Mr. W. L. Alston.
Mr. Lowrie		
The Lawyer	... ..	... Mr. N. S. Watkins.
Mr. Leatherhead	...	.. Mr. H. Simpson.
Our Leading lady	...	... Mrs. Cook.



## APPENDIX C.

To admit of the identification of the riders appearing in C. C. M.'s records under a system of nomenclature which has since almost disappeared, the following list has been drawn up and gives, as far as it has been possible to trace them, the individuality of the numerous sportsmen to whom reference is made :—

Mr. Adjutant ...	...	... Capt. Innes Hopkins.
Mr. Agra ...	...	... Mr. G. F. Mayne.
Mr. Alipore ...	..	... Mr. F. Crooke.
Mr. Allthere ...	.	... Mr. W. L. Alston.
Lord Alwyn ...	...	.. Lord Alwyn Compton.
The Apostle ...	...	... Mr. E. C. Apostolides.
Mr. Arthur ..	...	.. Mr. A. S. Dunne.
Mr. P. Ask ...	...	... Mr. A. L. Paske.
Mr. G. Aspirant	.	... Mr. G. W. Hope.
Ballygunge Jim	...	... Mr. J. Petrie.
The Bank Representative ...	...	... Mr. S. Slater.
Mr. Banker ...	...	... Mr. R. Murray.
Mr. Baron (Borron)	—	... Mr. D. B. Myers.
Mr. Barnagore...	..	.. Mr. Alexander.
Mr. Bintang ...	.	... Mr. R. Murray.
Mr. Blue Bag ...	...	... Mr. H. T. Hyde.
Mr. Bombay ...	...	... Mr. A. S. Russell.
Mr. Boojum ...	...	.. Mr. H. J. C. Turner and later Mr. H. D. Cartwright.
The Bounding Jockey ..	...	... Mr. George Walker.
Brasspot Junior Sahib ...	...	.. Mr. W. M. Beresford.
The Bummer ...	..	... Mr. C. D. Petersen.
Calcutta's Own		... Mr. W. M. Beresford.
Mr. Campobello	..	.. Mr. Alex. Campbell.
The Captain ..	...	... Capt. Egan.
Captain Sapper	...	... Capt. Barton.
Mr. Chasma ...	.	... Mr. T. S. Anderson.
Mr. Choter ...	—	... Mr. E. L. Hamilton.



Mr. Chotá Pedestrian	...	... Mr. Lamond Walker
Mr. Cochin China	.	... Mr. Petrocochino.
The Count	... ..	... Count R. de Naxela.
Mr. Dacca	... ..	.. Mr. George Garth.
Mr. d'Arcy	... ..	... Mr. d'Arcy Thuillier.
Mr. Delphin	... ..	... Mr. C. D. Petersen.
Mr. P. D'Estrian	..	... Mr. George Walker.
The Doctor		Dr. Morgan.
Doctor Durrum Toller	..	.. Dr. Morgan.
Doctor Durrum Toller Junior	...	... Dr. Woolcott.
Mr. Donald	...	.. Mr. Donald Drysdale
Mr. Drydendale	..	... Mr. Donald Drysdale.
Duggie	... ..	.. Mr. A. S. Douglas.
Mr. Durrud	... ..	... Mr. Payne.
Mr. Dusra	... ..	... Mr. Lamond Walker.
Mr. Dynamite	..	... Mr. W. Thomson.
Mr. Edward	... ..	.. Mr. Traill.
Fred. Archer	... ..	... Mr. D. A. Dickson.
Mr. Gateacre	... ..	.. Mr. J. H. Edwards.
Mr. George	..	... Mr. George Thomas.
Miss Gipsy	... ..	.. Mr. D. A. Dickson.
The Greek	... ..	.. Mr. E. C. Apostolides.
Mr. Grenoul	.	... Mr. W. D. Kilburn.
Mr. Harold	... ..	... Mr. Harold Ellis.
Mr. Haitland Meriot		... Mr. W. Maitland-Heriot.
Mr. Hatband Merlot	..	.. Mr. W. Maitland Heriot.
Mr. Hen	... ..	.. Mr. Henry Peter.
Indigo Billy	... ..	.. Mr. W. McDonell.
Mr. Jack Spraggon	...	... Mr. George Cheetham.
Mr. J. E. K. B.	..	... Mr. J. E. K. Boyd.
Jaggerit	... ..	... Mr. H. Millett
Mr. Jasper Polly	...	... Mr. James Sinclair.
Mr. Jonsin Clair	...	... Mr. John Sinclair.
The Jumping Brothers	...	... Messrs L. B. and E.
		L. Hamilton.
Mr. Kilhim and Oiler	...	... Mr. Killian Euler.
Mr. Killus	... ..	... Mr. W. D. Kilburn.
Mr. Kinoul	... ..	... Hon'ble F. Hay.
Mr. Latham	... ..	... Mr. L. B. Hamilton.
Mr. Lauderdale	...	... Mr. W. Maitland-Heriot.
Mr. Lawrence	... ..	... Mr. C. Lawrie Johnstone.
Mr. Lawrie	! ..	
Mr. Lowrie	... ..	... Mr. W. L. Alston.
The Lawyer	..	... Mr. N. S. Watkins.
Mr. Leatherhead	... ..	.. Mr. H. Simpson.
Our Leading lady	...	... Mrs. Cook.



Mr. Leep	...	Mr. Peel.
Lord William	...	Lord William Beresford.
Mr. Lowlander	...	Mr. C. Lawrie Johnstone.
Mr. Mac	...	Mr. J. F. Macnair.
The Major	...	Major Cook.
Mr. Masher	...	Mr. A. L. Butler.
Mr. Maxwell	...	Mr. Orrell.
The Mem Sahib	...	Mrs. Cook.
Mr. Mercantile	...	Mr. R. Murray.
Mr. Mountflummery	...	Mr. W. M. Beresford.
Mr. Nagrom	...	Mr. (Dr.) Morgan.
Mr. Nastrelep	...	Mr. C. D. Petersen.
Necktie Billy	...	Mr. W. M. Beresford.
Mr. Nedraw	...	Mr. Warden.
Mr. Neophyte	...	Mr. C. Lawrie Johnstone.
Mr. Newall	...	Mr. G. N. Nairn.
Mr. Nilloc	...	Mr. E. W. Collin.
Mr. Nosnevets	...	Mr. J. Stevenson.
Mr. Nosredneh	...	Mr. J. Henderson.
Mr. Nosredna	...	Mr. T. S. Anderson.
The Notlimah Brothers	...	Messrs. L. B. & E. L. Hamilton.
Mr. N. W. P.	...	Mr. Peel.
The Old Man	...	Mr. F. W. Perman.
Mr. O'Malley	...	Mr. D. A. Dickson.
Mr. Pat	...	Mr. Chamney.
Mr. Patchwork	...	Mr. H. Simpson.
Mr. Pedestrian	...	Mr. George Walker.
Mr. Phocuss	...	Mr. George Fox.
The Prophit	...	Mr. J. M. G. Prophit.
The Policewalla	...	Mr. A. B. Barnard.
Mr. Poolwallah	...	Mr. J. O. Bridgeman.
Mr. Rivers	...	Mr. R. G. Currie.
Mr. Roland	...	Mr. Rowland Hudson.
Mr. Sedgwick	...	Mr. A. S. Russell.
Mr. Sholto	...	Mr. A. S. Douglas.
Mr. Sille	...	Mr. Harold Ellis.
The Silent One	...	Mr. E. Dangerfield.
Mr. Sniktaw	...	Mr. N. S. Watkins.
The Sporting Vet	...	Dr. Morgan.
Mr. Sunder	...	Mr. S. Slater.
Mr. Titwillow	...	Mr. A. S. Barrow.
The Tougall	...	Mr. C. C. McLeod.
Wool Saheb	...	Mr. George Yule.
The Young'un	...	Mr. D. R. Dickson.























